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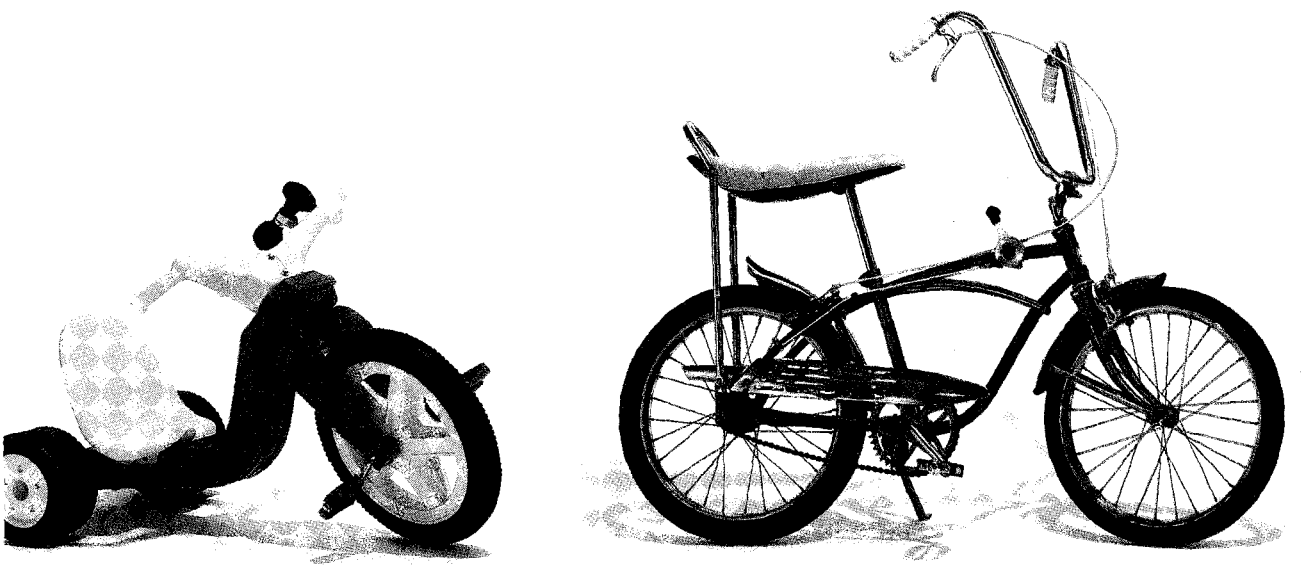

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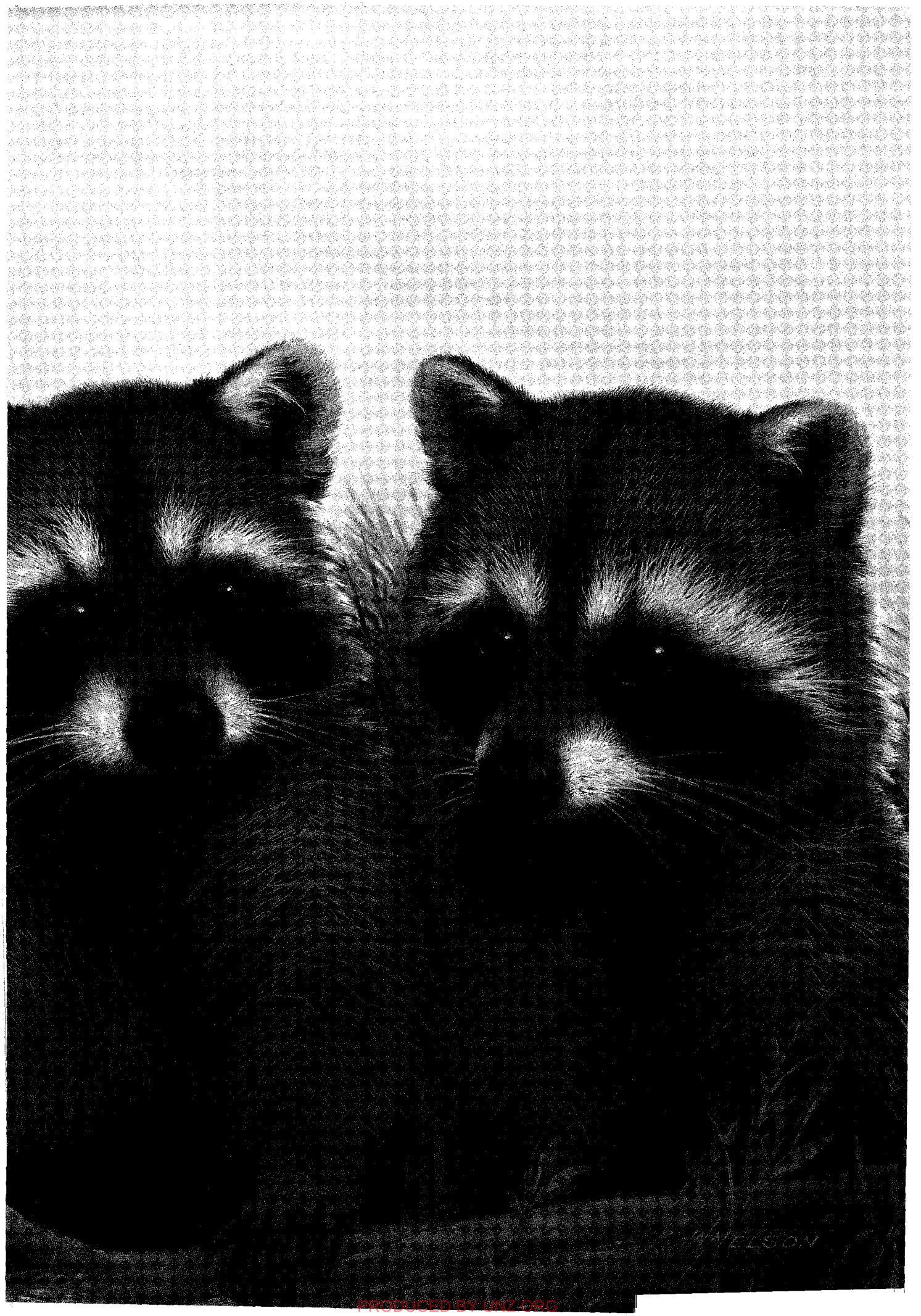

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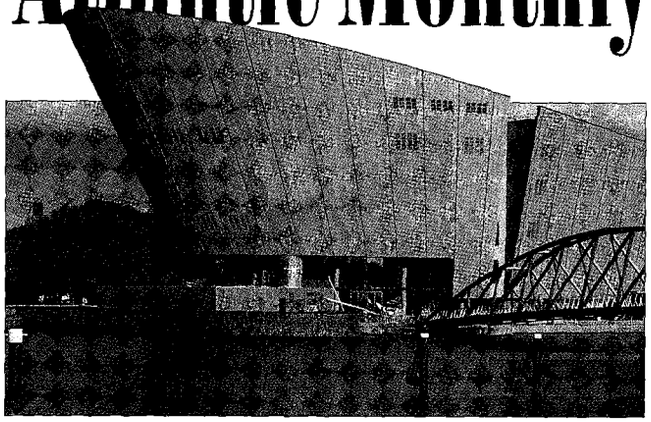

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77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

LAST August, in the aftermath of the bombings of two U.S. embassies in Africa, many Americans first heard the name of Osama bin Laden—the Saudi-born multi-millionaire who has been charged with planning and financing those acts of terrorism. But *Atlantic* readers had already encountered Osama bin Laden in a prescient article by Mary Anne Weaver, titled "Blowback" (May, 1996), which pointed out that Bin Laden was emblematic of the cadre of present-day Islamic terrorists who were trained and armed by the CIA in order to fight the Soviets in Afghanistan. Portions of that *Atlantic* article appear in Weaver's new book, *A Portrait of Egypt: A Journey Through the World of Militant Islam*, to be published next month by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

VIRGINIA SHERRY

Is Egypt the next Algeria—or the next Iran? Is this country of 62 million approaching a religiously fired civil war? This issue troubles Weaver, who began reporting on Egypt more than twenty years ago. Her new book is a warning to the Clinton State Department, which is fixated on the Egypt-Israel relationship, to be mindful of the parallel between Egypt's internal problems—among them political repression and religious disaffection—and those of Iran in the last days of the Shah. Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi was an authoritarian secular ruler backed by the United States, like Egypt's President, Hosni Mubarak, today. Weaver views 1979, when the Shah was driven from his throne by Islamic revolutionaries, as a turning point in the modern history of the Middle East. That year also saw the conclusion of Egypt's historic peace with Israel and the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan. At the time, few could have imagined it, but the ensuing war in Afghanistan has proved to be one of the great Cold War boomerangs. As Weaver showed, Islamic veterans of the Afghan war are now applying their American-taxpayer-subsidized talents to attacking U.S. targets.

Weaver was a student at the American University of Cairo in 1977–1979, and some of her former classmates and professors are now leaders of the Islamic rebellion against the Egyptian government. In *A Portrait of Egypt*, Weaver lets her Islamic contacts—along with Hosni Mubarak—talk. Her journalistic forte is politically objective yet humanly sympathetic reportage on people often depicted in the West as inhuman antagonists.

Weaver's 1996 *Atlantic* article is available on Atlantic Unbound at www.theatlantic.com. An interview with Weaver will appear on the site in February. —THE EDITORS

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LETTERS

Holocaust Studies

Lawrence L. Langer's condemnation ("Pre-empting the Holocaust," November *Atlantic*) of moralists who would put a smiley face on the Holocaust constitutes an important recalibration of thinking about this horrifying event. He flirts with nihilism, however, when he implies that human discourse is inadequate to assign a meaning to the Holocaust atrocities ("we require a scroll of *in*human discourse to contain them"). Viktor Frankl, whom Langer seems to trivialize when he refers to his "all-night reassuring harangue" to help fellow Auschwitz inmates bear their suffering, felt no such inadequacy of language. In *Man's Search for Meaning*, Frankl concluded that the world is divided into just two races, the decent and the indecent, which are present in all communities. Although the degree of indecency practiced in the Holocaust may read way off the scale, it is nevertheless clearly indecency. I cannot imagine how human beings could have behaved as the Nazis did toward the Jews, but that doesn't mean I can't understand in plain language that they were indecent and as such deserve to be condemned forever.

Craig Bridgman
Stonington, Conn.

Lawrence Langer seems to have a low opinion of camp prisoners, denying, in effect, that moral life was possible in the camps. But moral (and intellectual!) life in the camps existed and was widespread. How do I know? I was there, as a prisoner, for more than four years. My KL Auschwitz number is 8886, KL Flossenbürg number 2561. Since liberation I have talked with many survivors, especially the authors of memoirs and scholarly studies. Most of them share my view: the Nazis lost the battle of ideas. They could kill people, but they could not make the majority of them willing slaves.

Why is Langer so pessimistic? Perhaps he bases his opinions on the writings of those authors—"lonely intellectuals" such as Jean Améry and Tadeusz Borowski—who could not find a group of friends in the camps and, deprived of friendly support, fell into the Slough of Despond. But other prisoners who had such support have a more optimistic outlook. More than fifty female survivors, whose opinions are published in the book *Values Won*, by Urszula Wińska, considered themselves victors in the battle of ideas in the camps. So did the professors of Jagiellonian University, in Cracow (seventy of them were arrested by the German conquerors and sent to the camps, mainly to KL Sachsenhausen in 1939), who wrote memoirs after coming back home.

Contrary to Langer's opinion, Todorov was right when he said, "After the intensity of this experience everything seemed colorless, futile, false." So it was. Just read the excellent book *Return to Auschwitz*, by Kitty Hart, a Jewish girl from Cracow.

Tadeusz Debski
Chicago, Ill.

Unwanted Sex

Stephen Schulhofer, in "Unwanted Sex" (October *Atlantic*), is much too eager to protect women from responsibility. Several of his examples in which women had unwanted sex involve situations in which they could have said no and walked away. They could also have gone to the appropriate authorities immediately, instead of waiting. The purpose of Schulhofer's argument seems to be to permit a system in which a woman can legally claim victim status in almost any situation in which she feels pressured to have unwanted sex. Physical coercion or direct physical threat doesn't have to be involved, and there is no requirement that she clearly communi-

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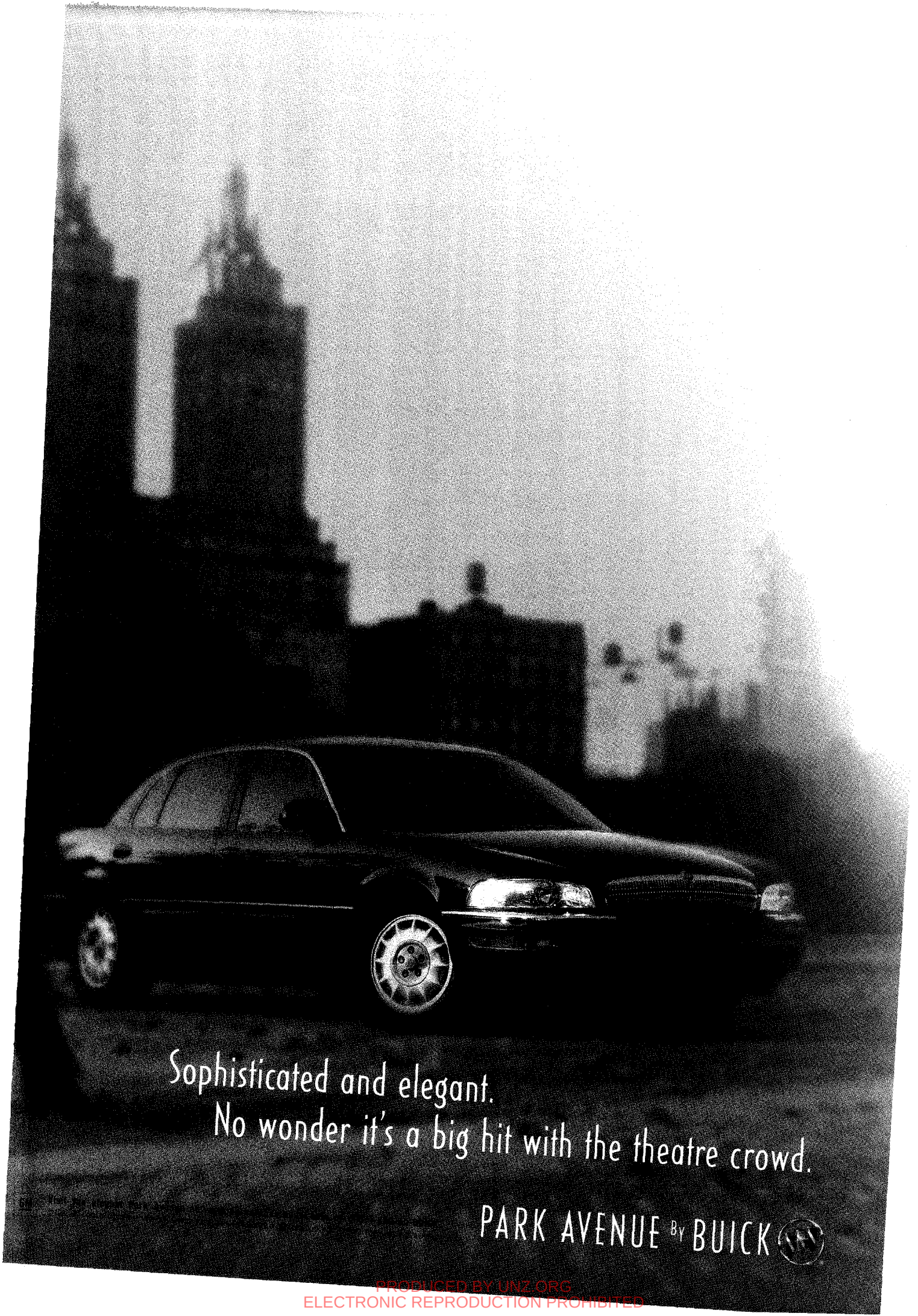

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cate her objections. If men should face penalties for pressuring women to have unwanted sex in these ambiguous cases, why shouldn't those sanctions apply equally to women who pressure men for unwanted sex? Men's lives can be deeply affected by sexual encounters with women, especially when pregnancy or disease results. Why are only women entitled to sexual autonomy?

In Schulhofer's view, a woman doesn't choose to have sex with her therapist, boss, or professor—she succumbs to his advances. A woman doesn't go to a bar or a fraternity house and choose to drink to the point of intoxication—a man gets her drunk and then has his way with her before she can object. A woman is like a helpless child or a Victorian innocent. This paternalistic attitude is both unfair to men and condescending toward women.

Chris Heard
Nashville, Tenn.

The sexual behavior described in "Unwanted Sex" is horrendous. But making laws to deal with every problem between individuals engaged in undefined relationships is bound to endanger fundamental rights. Requiring courts to try to determine who is honest without factual evidence will not improve individual sexual autonomy. Trusting a judge and jury to determine what laws apply to sexual behavior that is described as not physically violent but a matter of bad taste is risky. The courtroom will become a place of rhetoric without justice. Trying to bring lawyers into a suit involving a complex encounter between two confused people is not the best solution. Communication about the problems will help, but there will always be those who are unable to treat others with respect.

Criminal law is "murky" because it reflects the reality of sexual relations. Few men in their early years in relationships have the right "moral" understanding of sex. Fewer men are talking about sex in mature conversations—and I do not see this problem addressed in Stephen Schulhofer's essay. Making laws tougher on criminal sexual behavior will add to the confusion and likely will not stop the abuses.

Jason Benton
Waukegan, Ill.

Stephen Schulhofer replies:

It's revealing that so many men see nothing wrong in requiring a woman to "clearly communicate her objections." Such men simply take for granted *their* right to forge ahead, to penetrate her body, unless and until she unambiguously resists them. They think it "patronizing" and "condescending" of me to suggest an obligation to respect the privacy of a woman's body until she chooses freely to accept intimate contact. Do the same men consider it patronizing or condescending for society to say that strangers can't walk into their homes or surgeons can't cut into their bodies unless permission has been given freely in advance?

It's equally odd to tar a permission requirement as confusing; the confusion is in plentiful supply already. By requiring actual permission, we would for once make matters clear and, more important, we would put the sexual boundary where it should be, giving sexual intimacy the protection it has always deserved. Women would be the primary beneficiaries, but—yes—men often need, and always deserve, protection for their sexual autonomy as well.

"Ready, Read!"

Nicholas Lemann, in "'Ready, Read!'" (November *Atlantic*), questions the continued vitality of local control of public education, but defines his target so vaguely that it is not clear whether he hit it or even precisely what he intended to hit. As an attorney who represents public school districts, I don't conceive local control to mean pedagogical autonomy for individual teachers—nor does anyone I know. Instead it involves the ability of the local school community to decide what curriculum teachers will implement—a decision that is rightly made with the input of the teachers who will be called upon to implement it. As Lemann recognizes, curricula, like textbooks, generally are products imported into local school districts. Thus the fact that Success for All lesson plans originate in Baltimore, not in the school that he observed in New York, is hardly a distinguishing feature. If Lemann intended to expose local control as anachronistic, he might have chosen a better vehicle

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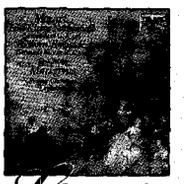

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than a reading program whose inventor, Robert E. Slavin, refuses to introduce it into a school unless 80 percent of the school's teachers agree to its implementation. As Slavin recognizes, the success of any educational program is closely linked to the strength of the school's commitment to that curriculum. That is why local control remains so important.

W. Stuart Stuller
Boulder, Colo.

I was pleased to see the article on our Success for All program, but I want to clarify some of the issues Nicholas Lemann raises.

Lemann's focus is on Success for All as a proven, practical means of turning around schools in extremely difficult circumstances. He argues that this kind of rigorous reform within the public system is more likely to work than untested choice or voucher plans. This is true as far as it goes, but it makes Success for All sound like bitter if effective medicine for desperate cases. Yes, Success for All has been used and successfully evaluated primarily in high-poverty schools; the great majority are Title I schoolwide projects, in which at least 50 percent of children are in poverty. Yet relatively few of these schools are in the kind of desperate shape that New York's P.S. 114 was in before the program, and few are involved in imminent takeovers or reconstitutions.

I would also take issue with the characterization of Success for All as "Parris Island." Yes, the program is structured and prescriptive, but as Lemann saw at P.S. 114, the school's tone is upbeat, purposeful, and joyful. Teachers do have leeway to innovate when they have the basics down, and children are constantly engaged in cooperative work, creative writing, singing, acting, speaking, and so on. The rapid-fire, whole-class lessons Lemann describes do take place, and as he saw, the kids love them. But that is not the whole day.

Robert Slavin
Center for Research on the Education of Students Placed at Risk
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

Nicholas Lemann has written an important and perceptive article. I do want to correct one wrong statement about the teachers union, though. We fully supported the closing and redesign of failing schools with an agreement allowing the replacement of 50 percent of the teachers long before it was done at P.S. 114 and in District Nine. And we did it not because we feared a loss of union teachers but because we believed it was the right thing to do.

Lemann is right: vouchers or "choice" won't fix the worst public schools, and there are programs and methods that will. The American Federation of Teachers is working hard to support these efforts.

Sandra Feldman
American Federation of Teachers
Washington, D.C.

Nicholas Lemann replies:

I would remind W. Stuart Stuller that the situation at the elementary school I wrote about is not simply one of buying curricular materials from an outside supplier, as all schools do. Community control of public schools failed in New York City, which is why it has been substantially rescinded. The Success for All curriculum does require an invitation from a school's teachers, but as my article made clear, the impetus for using it at P.S. 114 came from without, as it usually does around the country. The school's history is as clear a case of the failure of local authority as one could find.

Downcycling

The thought-generating and important article by William McDonough and Michael Braungart ("The Next Industrial Revolution," October *Atlantic*) presents a new way of looking at how we do business. It is a joy to consider methods that better merge ecology and the economy.

However, the authors need to reconsider recycling, because the information provided in the article is one-sided and inaccurate. McDonough and Braungart place far too much emphasis on "downcycling," or the use of a recovered material to make something that itself is not recyclable. Certainly downcycling occurs, as the authors note, but it is a tiny portion of the recycling market. When residents and businesses set out their recyclables, they essentially can be assured that these materials will not be downcycled. Old paper becomes new paper, scrap glass is made into new bottles, and ferrous scrap becomes new steel. Less than 10 percent of recyclables collected in this country are downcycled, although the authors are correct to note that downcycling is an issue in the recycling of one material—plastics.

Jerry Powell
Resource Recycling
Portland, Oreg.

William McDonough and Michael Braungart reply:

Jerry Powell defines downcycling as "the use of a recovered material to make something that itself is not recyclable." But what we mean by "downcycling" is the degrading of a product's original quality as the product is recycled. Downcycling occurs in glass as well as in plastic: clear glass is often mixed with other glasses in recycling processes and is degraded in quality. Conventional paper recycling can also degrade quality: inks cannot be reused and are disposed of as waste sludge; paper fiber is reduced in length, and new fiber must be added to restore the strength of the product.

Thus products that were not designed to be truly recyclable at a consistent level of quality are in fact downcycled. In the larger picture we envision, materials maintain quality through many life cycles. Some even involve what we call "upcycling"—improving material quality during recycling (for example, removing antimony residues from PET).

Nevertheless, we want to encourage community recycling practices. Downcycling's reduction of damage to natural resources makes it an extremely valuable transitional strategy. However, it does not create the magnificent opportunities possible when materials are designed for safe and constant reuse.

Advice & Consent

Cullen Murphy's delightful and much-needed "Anticipation" (November *Atlantic*) reminded me of the words of a woman overheard at a gas station not long ago. After inspecting the pump she told her husband, "It says here we have to pre-pay in advance."

Allen Harrison
Ashland, Oreg.

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THE FEBRUARY ALMANAC

Government

February **1**: As of today the century-long use of Morse code by ships in trouble effectively comes to an end. The International Maritime Organization, an agency of the United Nations, has mandated that all passenger and cargo ships weighing 300 or more gross tons must instead use the Global Maritime Distress and Safety System, which transfers calls, in the form of digital information or audio recordings, by satellite or radio. Morse code was used, with mixed results, during the sinking of the *Titanic*, in 1912. A wireless operator on the nearby *Californian* had issued a warning about icebergs, but the *Titanic*'s operator replied, "Shut up! I am busy!" The *Californian*'s operator went to sleep and so missed the *Titanic*'s distress calls. One was finally received by the *Carpathia*, which managed to rescue some passengers, although it was farther than the *Californian* from the sinking ship. Subsequent to the disaster ocean liners were required to have round-the-clock radio coverage and to adopt SOS as the universal distress signal, because it is easily tapped out and recognized.

Arts & Letters

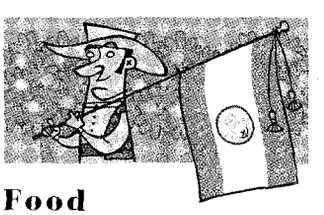
February **2**: The only extant version of the nineteenth-century moving panorama *Pilgrim's Progress* begins a national tour today. Like other moving panoramas, an art form that was a precursor to the movies, *Pilgrim's Progress* consisted of an enormous painted canvas wound onto giant wooden spools, to be unfurled scene by scene and accompanied by narration and music. It became something of a blockbuster in its day, traveling to various theaters, churches, and meetinghouses. The work, which will first be exhibited at the Montclair Art Museum, in New Jersey, was presumed lost for more than 100 years; it was rediscovered in 1995 at the York Institute Museum, in Saco, Maine, which had long assumed that it was simply an old piece of stage scenery. The panorama will be displayed in two 200-foot restored sections.

Environment

February is the last full month of the hunting season for snow geese. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service hopes that by season's end this year a new policy will have begun to address a long-standing problem: an overabundance of snow geese, which has a negative impact on other bird species and, because the nesting grounds of snow geese are fragile, could eventually lead to a population crash among the geese themselves. The agency has eliminated its season-long possession limit for snow geese (typically 40 birds per hunter); this season hunters had to observe only a daily limit of 20 geese. Because the season is 107 days long in most areas, a single hunter could conceivably end this season having killed as many as 2,140 snow geese. There are more than 3 million snow geese in North America; the Fish and Wildlife Service would like to halve this number over the next four years. Other tactics under consideration include allowing the use of electronic calls, making national wildlife refuges less attractive to snow geese, and harassing the geese during nesting season.

Health & Safety

According to a rule issued last year by the Food and Drug Administration, beginning this month any company that sponsors a new drug or medical device submitted for FDA approval must report any financial ties to the researchers who have tested the product. A 1998 article in *The New England Journal of Medicine* surveyed the literature concerning the safety of certain drugs used to treat hypertension, and found that authors who endorsed the drugs were much more likely than authors who were critical or neutral to have financial relationships with the manufacturers. According to the new rule, if the FDA finds a conflict of interest or is concerned about the integrity of study data, it may audit the data or ask for additional information. The agency may propose similar rules for new foods, animal foods, and animal drugs submitted for FDA approval.



Food

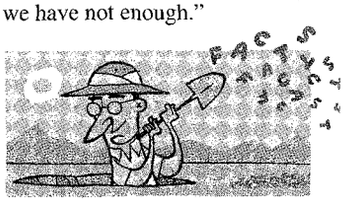
February **11**: Today is the deadline for public comment on a proposal by the U.S. Department of Agriculture to lift its long-standing ban on importing oranges, grapefruits, and lemons from Argentina. The fruit has been banned in order to protect domestic trees from diseases known to infect Argentinian citrus. USDA inspectors recently agreed that four Argentinian states have been "citrus-canker free" since 1992 and recommended that citrus from those states be allowed into the country, as long as certain protective procedures—for example, surrounding each exporting grove with a buffer zone—were followed. U.S. growers worry that the safeguards are inadequate and that the market will be flooded with cheap imported fruit.

The Skies

February **1**: The Moon lies below the bright star Regulus in the eastern sky just after sunset. **18**: The crescent Moon makes a striking threesome with Jupiter and Venus in the west, again just after sunset. **23**: Jupiter and Venus pass within a quarter degree of each other, in the closest conjunction of them that has been visible from North America for several decades. Because February is slightly shorter than the 29½-day cycle of the Moon and there was a Full Moon on January 31, there will be no Full Moon this month.

75 Years Ago

L. P. Jacks, writing in the February, 1924, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Facts are too often spoken of as if they were poor naked things, which exist for the purpose of being exploited by our lordly intellects, while explanations are a kind of aristocracy whose function is to order the facts about and live by sweating them. Or again, facts are conceived as a voting democracy, or a vulgar multitude, which determines by a majority of votes the laws that are to 'govern' it. I suggest that all this is wrong. Facts are the true aristocrats of the spiritual world. We need to recover that reverence for fact which Carlyle extolled so highly, and deplored so bitterly, as the lost virtue of the modern world. Eagerness to find the facts must not be confused with reverence for them when found. Of such eagerness we have plenty; of such reverence we have not enough."



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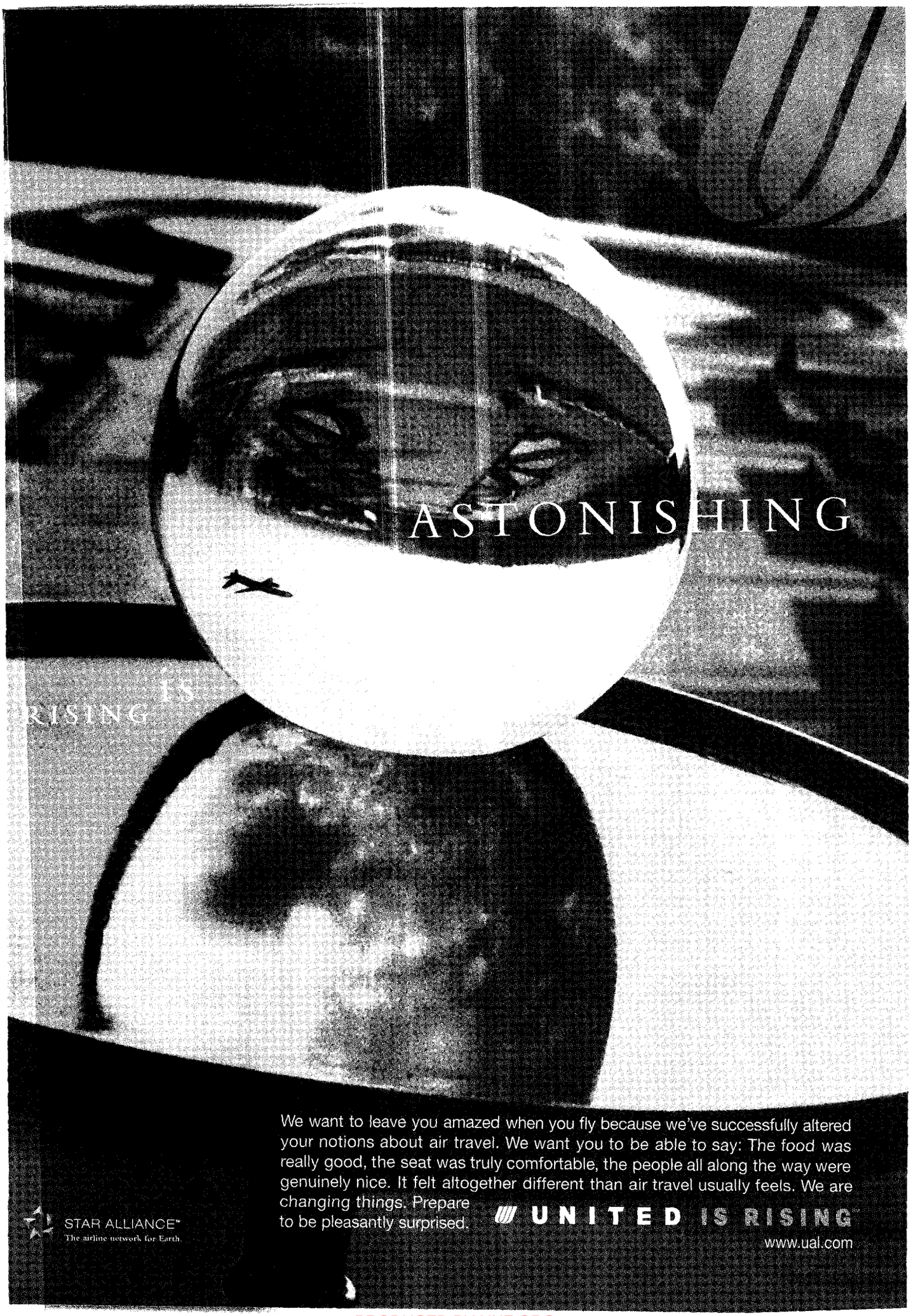

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The Penumbra of Pedigree

A revived reference book offers a fanfare for the common aristo

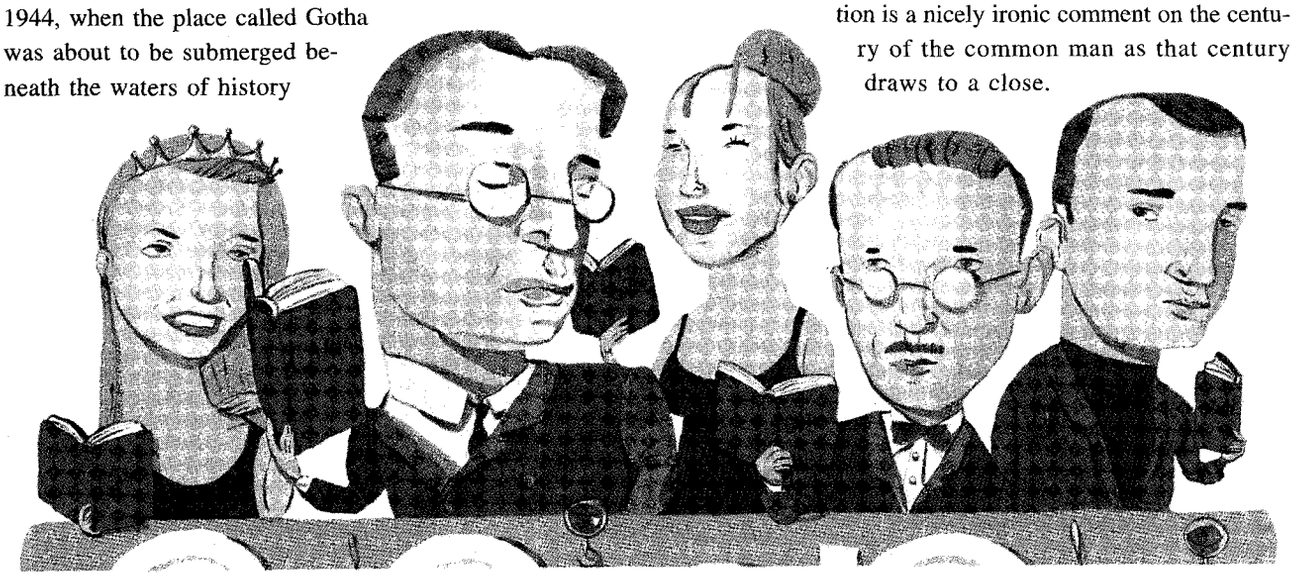
by Geoffrey Wheatcroft

ONE day last September the "Court page" of the London *Times* carried a longer-than-usual item.

The marriage took place on Saturday at the Brompton Oratory of Count Manfredi, younger son of Count and Countess Guelfo della Gherardesca, of Florence, to Princess Maria-Theodora, only daughter of Prince and Princess Rupert zu Loewenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberg, of Petersham, Surrey. The marriage was celebrated by the Rev Robert Gates, assisted by Brother Rudolf zu Loewenstein, OP, and Solemn Nuptial Mass, in the presence of His Eminence Luigi, Cardinal Poggi, was celebrated by the Rev Ronald Creighton-Jobe, the Very Rev Ignatius Harrison and the Rev Patrick Doyle.

Phew! And it didn't end there. We also learned that the bridesmaids included Contessa Constanza della Gherardesca and Lady Martha Lowry-Corry, and the witnesses Marchese Giovanni Incisa della Rochetta and Conte Leone Spalletti-Trivelli. Lady Martha will be found in both *Burke's* and *Debrett's Peerage*. (Recall Oscar Wilde's play *A Woman of No Importance*, in which a character recommends, "You should study the *Peerage*. . . . it is the best thing in fiction the English have ever done.") What *Burke's Peerage* is to England, the *Almanach de Gotha* is to Europe: the studbook of the royal and princely classes, where the Loewenstein pedigree is found. The *Almanach* was published annually from 1763 to 1944, when the place called Gotha was about to be submerged beneath the waters of history and the European upper classes themselves seemed on the point of extinction, swept away by war and revolution, communism and democracy. Two years before that last edition appeared, Henry Wallace, Franklin D. Roosevelt's Vice President, had proclaimed "the century of the common man"; three years later Gotha was occupied by the Red Army, from a country that had already savagely disposed of its royalty and nobility. With Marxism-Leninism on one side and Wallace's rhetoric on the other, it surely seemed as if everything the *Almanach* represented had been thrown, in Trotsky's phrase, into the dustbin of history.

But the cunning of history has a way of its own. Less than ten years ago the Soviet Union itself was thrown into that dustbin, and Marxian socialism was virtually discredited (except on American campuses); and only last year the Romanovs were reinterred with honor as Boris Yeltsin lachrymosely bewailed their murder at the hands of the Bolsheviks. Anyone who thinks the European aristocracy has disappeared need only look at that marriage announcement in the *Times* (even if the bride's father has made his fortune as an adviser to Mick Jagger—though then again, perhaps that's in itself a sign of continuing vitality). And this year has seen the appearance of a new edition of the *Almanach de Gotha* for the first time in more than fifty years. Its publication is a nicely ironic comment on the century of the common man as that century draws to a close.



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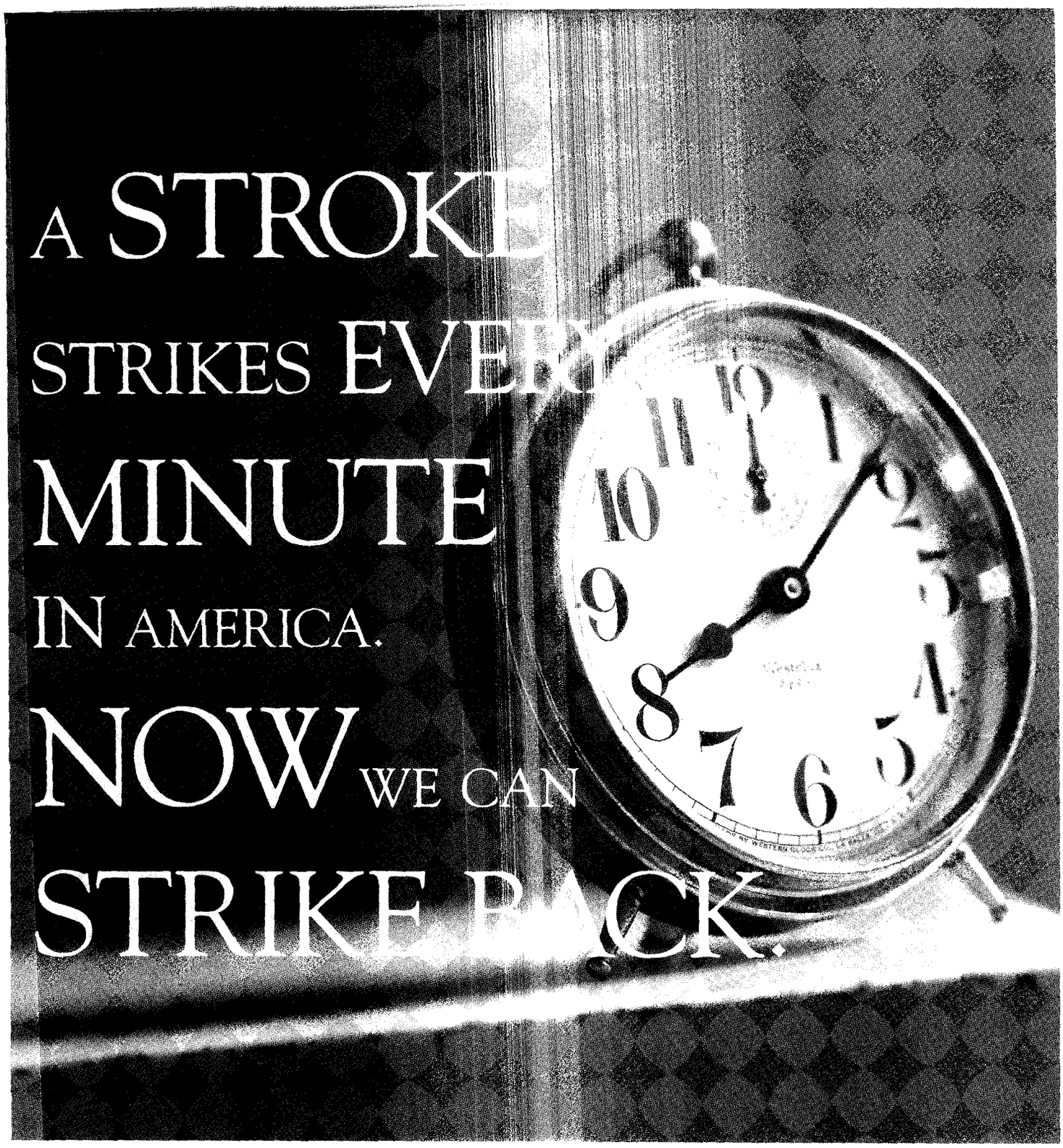

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"The *Gotha*," as its devoted readers knew it, took its name from a small town in Thuringia, just west of Erfurt. As the fissive House of Saxony divided over and over again into numerous principalities, the town became one of the twin residences of the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the dynasty that gave Queen Victoria her husband, and London the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial. In Prince Albert's day Gotha was famous for its sausages, its insurance companies, and its publishing houses. Notable among these last was Justus Perthes, which took over the *Gotha* from the *Almanach*'s founding family.

When it first saw life, monarchy and aristocracy seemed the natural order of things in Europe, and absolute monarchy at that. Then came the revolutions, American and French. A king was guillotined, along with a good many aristos, and the old order trembled throughout Europe. But when the dust of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars settled, kings and dukes were still there. A century later another cataclysm shook Europe. The end of the Great War saw also the end of four empires—Romanov, Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, and Ottoman—and the war after that brought further devastation. Once more it seemed that the very idea of royalty and nobility was finished.

And yet one of the oddest phenomena of the past half century has been not merely the survival of royalty and aristocracy but the continuing fascination they exercise. England has a monarch still, as do the three Low Countries and the three Scandinavian countries. But who would have guessed sixty years ago, or thirty, that Spain would once more have a monarchy? And who could have guessed eighty years ago, in the shadow of the October Revolution, just how addicted to the upper classes newspaper readers would still be?

The new *Gotha* is published in its traditional pocket size: those who were in it used to carry it with them to check the credentials of those who might not be (the person who claims falsely to be in the *Gotha* was once a stock figure of fun in novels and plays). Nowadays, however, those who need the *Gotha* aren't so much those in it as gossip columnists everywhere. In England, where the new edition was published, we don't clamor to read about dissolute aristocrats on the Continent (we get quite enough of that sort of thing at home). But look at Germany, a republic for many decades, where the use of titles for official purposes is supposedly illegal, and yet the pages of German papers and magazines pullulate with the names of Thurn und Taxis, Hanover, Bismarck, and Sachsen-Weimar.

This "Erster Teil," or first volume, of the *Gotha* covers reigning and formerly reigning houses and also the mediatized sovereign houses of the Holy Roman Empire, ranging from the famous to the obscure, with the Hapsburgs standing first. Ninety years ago that dynasty ruled over a large part of Central Europe, from Switzerland to the Ukraine, from the north of what is now the Czech Republic to the northern part of what is now Serbia. (Considering what has happened in the intervening ninety years, it isn't only sentimental monarchists who sometimes regret the passing of "imperial and royal" Austria-Hungary.)

The last Emperor was Karl, who abdicated in 1918. But his son Otto—or, rather, Franz Joseph Otto Robert Maria Anton Karl Max Heinrich Sixtus Xaver Felix Renatus Ludwig Gaetan Pius Ignatius, Archduke of Austria, formerly Crown Prince of Austria and Hungary, Head and Sovereign Order of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Honourable Teutonic Order, Bailiff Grand Cross of Honor and Devotion of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta, et, as you might say, cetera—sits as Dr. Otto von Hapsburg in the European Parliament. As the "formerly" in that list suggests, he has formally renounced any aspiration to the old throne, and indeed he resides in Brussels; although I notice that his youngest son, Archduke Paul Georg, now lives in Budapest with his wife, the daughter of Duke Johann of Oldenburg, perhaps awaiting the call from the Magyar people.

Even the Hapsburgs haven't been free from the advances of social equality. Of Otto's other children, one daughter is married to a duke and grandee of Spain, but others are married to a lawyer, a Swedish farmer, and a count who holds a diploma in agricultural engineering and sounds "The sort of peer who well might pass/For someone of the middle class." These are not men who would have been considered by the August House to possess *Ebenbürtigkeit*, the equality of birth deemed necessary for marriage to royalty (a sore point with the Hapsburgs: the Archduke Franz Ferdinand married a woman who was not *ebenbürtig*, and he was subsequently, if not consequently, assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914, precipitating the Great War).

As well as having married beneath them, many of the other old ruling families are now far-flung. Princess Beatrice-Maria of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach lives in west London with her businessman husband, and Prince Carl Christian von Hohenzollern has washed up in Calgary, Alberta. And so with the princely families. The princes of Lobkowicz once owned large parts of Bohemia, before it became part of Czechoslovakia, whence they departed for obvious reasons more than half a century ago. Several members of the family have now returned there, but they also have cousins living everywhere from France and Switzerland to Canada.

Does it matter—or do they? For all that ironic comment on the century of the common man, the age of aristocratic rule is ended: even the hereditary peers of Great Britain's House of Lords have accepted that the game is up. But you don't have to be a political legitimist to take a legitimate interest in the families, who did, after all, play a part in the making of European history. During his unhappy involvement in 1961 in the affairs of the former Belgian Congo, Conor Cruise O'Brien met the Prince de Ligne, and later wrote that this brought out the Proust in him.

> Like most people who read history—however progressive their opinions—I was not insensitive, at a sub-rational level, to the penumbra of a historic name. (Reader: "A pompous way of admitting he is a snob.")

Despite that little joke, snobbishness is not required. I neither want to be ruled by the Auerspergs and Schwarzenburgs nor want to spend many evenings among the Loewensteins and Gherardescas. All the same, even if it was right to chuck 'em out of political power, it's comforting to have the *Gotha* once more to check 'em out.

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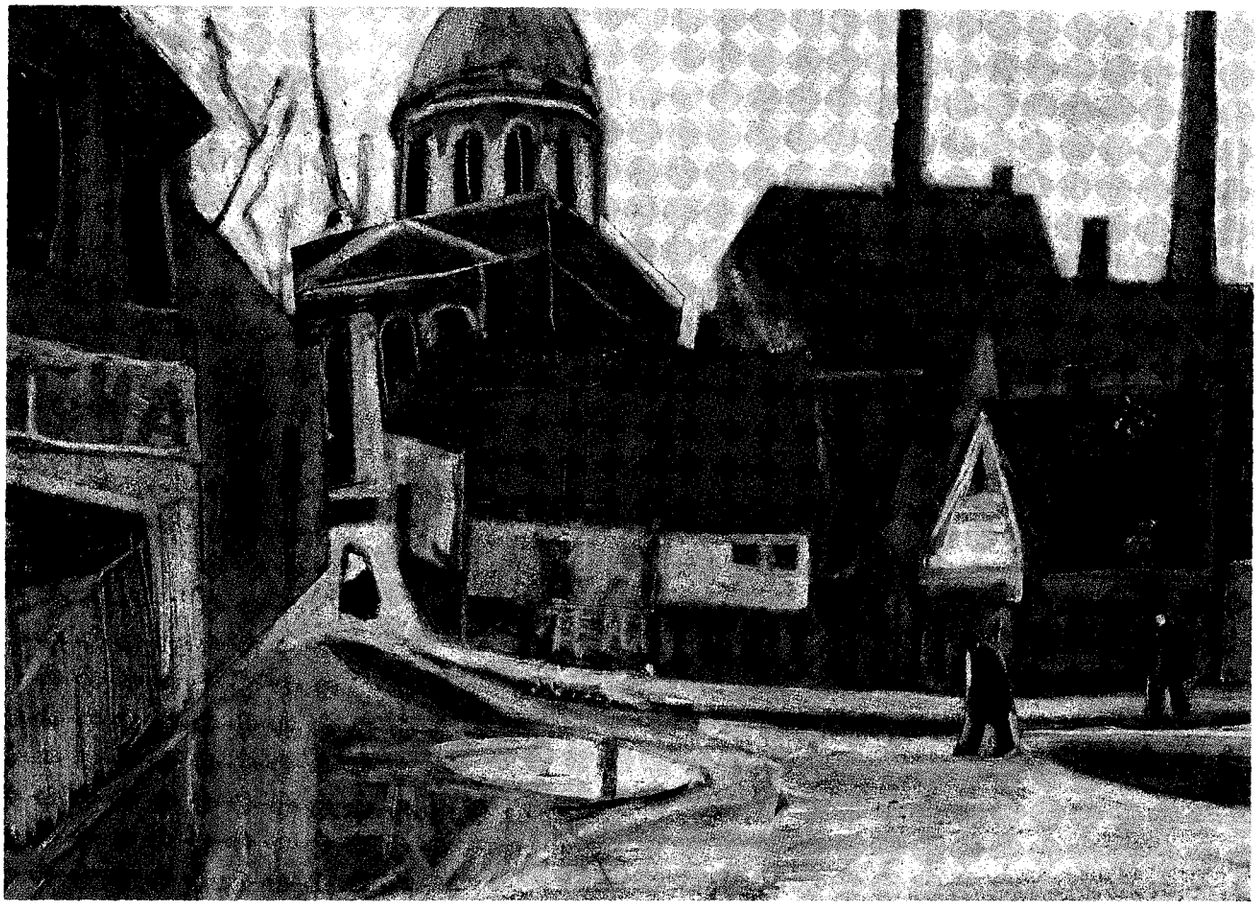

Exiled Beyond Kilometer 101

Life in the Russian countryside makes life in Moscow—even during times of economic crisis—look pretty good

by Jeffrey Tayler

FOR the past three and a half years I have found myself traveling regularly to Ozyory, a small town ninety-seven miles southeast of Moscow, to check in on the apartment of my friend Svetlana, to pay the accumulated heating and phone bills for her there, and to pick up her mail. Though I enjoy the respite that Ozyory provides from the churning pace of Moscow, Svetlana, now a Muscovite, is loath to return to her home town, even for a day, and not only because it lies outside the zone of relative prosperity surrounding the capital, which has persisted despite the countrywide economic crisis. "Ozyory is full of exiles, criminals, and drunks," she says. "But what do you expect? It's beyond the hundred-and-first kilometer."

The lingering stigma associated in the new Russia with towns more than 101 kilometers (sixty-three miles) outside Moscow or other big cities reflects a perdurable Soviet legacy: the division of the land into favored urban areas and a neglected, poverty-stricken hinterland. This contrast has only grown more marked since the economic crisis began, in August. The bright lights of Moscow have not yet dimmed. Supermarkets are still stocked with goods unavailable elsewhere in the country; restaurants are still frequented, if less than before; and designer boutiques are still in business, though with fewer customers. A relatively small number of Muscovites kept their savings in banks, preferring to hoard cash dollars, so many have come through the collapse of the financial system with their money safe under the mattress, even if their salaries have been diminished by the devaluation of the ruble.

The geographic precision with which

Illustration by Andrea Ventura

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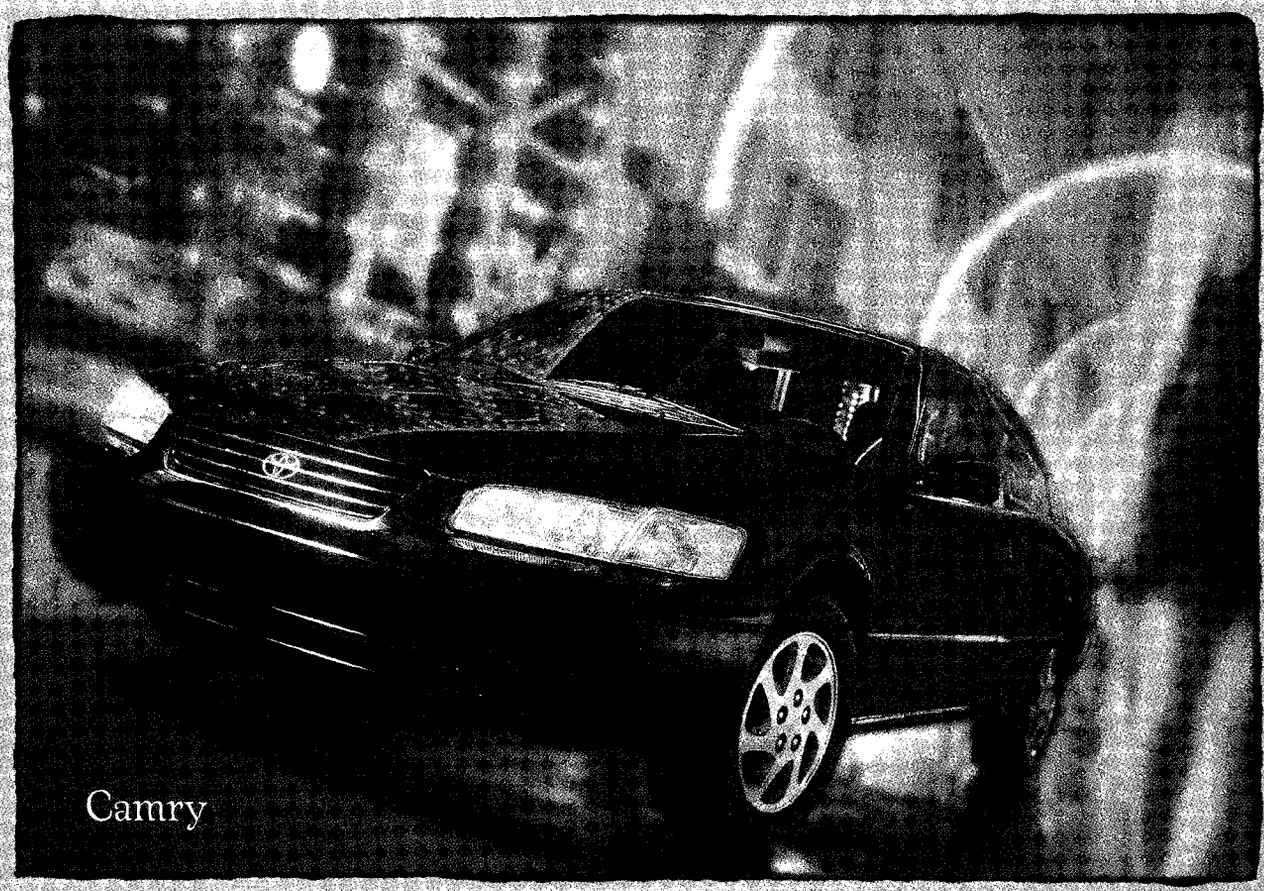

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the city-countryside division was originally made bespeaks its police-state origins. To implement totalitarian governance, the Communist rulers zoned, rated, and regimented places and people to such an extent that Soviet citizens used to joke bitterly that their country was divided into *malyye zony*, or "small zones," a euphemism for labor camps, and *bol'shaya zona*, or "the big zone," meaning the rest of the Soviet Union, with *zona* here conveying the sense of a giant gulag. Peasants suffered a status equivalent to that of prisoners or serfs. By not issuing them the internal passports necessary for domestic travel, the Soviet government for decades forced them to stay on state and collective farms and, at the cost of their own impoverishment, to labor at providing the privileged proletariat with a regular and inexpensive supply of food.

Muscovites call much of the area outside their city* glush'*—denoting "a remote place of silence."

The countryside was indeed demarcated along the lines of a gulag. For most of the Soviet era, criminals and other undesirables, including supposedly rehabilitated political prisoners returning from the labor camps after Stalin's death, were often banished beyond kilometer 101. (Presumably this was intended to keep disaffected elements away from foreigners, who were usually restricted to areas within twenty-five kilometers, or about sixteen miles, of city centers.) With the fall of the police state this practice has lapsed, but for many Russians mention of the land beyond kilometer 101 still connotes a pale of exile, a domain of reprobates and societal waste. Ozyoryans themselves assert that much of their population descends from former prisoners who had the words EXILED BEYOND KILOMETER 101 stamped on their release documents.

I began a recent trip to Ozyory from central Moscow, entering the metro a few steps away from Versace and Sandra Star boutiques near the Marriott Grand Hotel. I rode the train out to the southeastern suburb of Vykhino and boarded a worn-out red-and-white bus, which departed in a cloud of exhaust fumes and snaked its way through Mercedes-clogged traffic to Ryazan' Avenue. Twenty minutes later the driver was shuffling his documents into order; ahead of us stood the mud-splattered glass-and-aluminum police checkpoint marking Moscow's city limits. The flak-jacketed officer on guard recognized him, and motioned us through with an uninterested wave of his baton. At the checkpoint for the lanes leading into the city a half dozen cars had been pulled over; their occupants were showing papers and explaining what business had brought them to Moscow. Russians must register with the militia and pay a fee to stay in the capital for more than three days if they are not Muscovites. Leaving is easier.

After passing the checkpoint we rocked and rattled down the road amid flurries of snow. We soon left behind Moscow's neon-and-glitz environs and entered a somnolent realm of villages with ancient-sounding Russian names—Zhilino, Stepanshchino, Vokhrinka—where women gather at wells and goats scavenge for food among weathered wooden dwellings. We crossed over the Severka River, and the tarmac, now flanked by birch and fir groves, turned bumpy. Within a couple of hours we were beyond kilometer 101 and were passing the onion domes of cathedrals in Kolomna, where we picked up a side road to the south. Rusted signs along the way announced destitute state farms, decrepit factories, and then, finally, the county of Ozyory and the town itself.

AFTER a brief tour one could be forgiven for concluding that Ozyory, with a population of 28,000, lies deep in the Russian hinterland. Many of its roads are tracts of mud, and hardly a car or truck engine breaks the whisper of the wind in its birches and aspens. Huge, crumbling concrete apartment blocks here and there tower over quaint but rickety wooden houses that hark back to the nineteenth century, when serfs who had bought their freedom from the landlords of surrounding estates began flooding into Ozyory to take up work in its burgeoning textile plants. The boom is over: today the town has a desolate, abandoned look that calls to mind broken lives, banishment, and poverty—in short, the lot of the Russian countryside and its people since the 1917 Bolshevik coup.

Svetlana's apartment is in the center of town, where Ozyory's main drag, Lenin Street, dead-ends at Soviet Square. Along the north side of Lenin Street stand a number of pre-revolutionary wooden buildings, latticed and colorful, that now serve as stores selling a haphazard assortment of bread, knitwear, flowers, vodka, Kodak film, sausages, Rambo videos—and more vodka and more sausages. On the other side of the road are scattered tumbledown shops, adjacent to the bus station and the outdoor market, offering the same goods. A profusion of shabby kiosks skirts the edge of a foot-deep lake of mud fifty yards wide. This is the heart of town—of the county, no less—after more than seven years of market reform.

Ozyory's economy collapsed with that of the Soviet Union. Its two textile factories (which suffered when the cheap supply of cotton from Uzbekistan ceased) and a defense-related optics plant (converted unsuccessfully to a chandelier factory) now stand idle. Many of Ozyory's kiosks, harbingers of the free market, have recently closed down. About all that still functions is a foreign-owned dairy plant. Reportedly, 40 percent of adult Ozyoryans are unemployed, most of those who work are paid late, and thousands more are pensioners whose stipends are months in arrears. Many survive only by farming their dacha plots; others have taken to small-time trading or have left to look for work in Moscow. In these economic straits a fierce power struggle has developed among local politicians: the regional branch of Vladimir Zhirinovsky's reactionary Liberal Democratic Party is trying to overthrow the current (nominally reformist) county administration—which, it appears, does little more than preside over the town's decline. It is difficult to assess what a victory of the Liberal Democrats would mean for Ozyory, but one thing is certain: since 1991 the town has witnessed a tragic drop in living standards that makes the affluence of nearby Moscow, lessened though it may be by the economic crisis, look criminal by comparison.

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MUSCOVITES and residents of St. Petersburg refer to territories farther than 101 kilometers from their cities—that is to say, almost all of Russia—by a number of words roughly equivalent to "hinterland," the most common of which are *glubinka* (related to "depth") and *glush'* (deriving from "deaf" and denoting "a remote place of silence"). But Ozyory and other towns like it are not exactly dormant outposts lost to humanity. Ozyoryans evince a vigorous peasant heartiness that urbanites simply no longer need.

This is most apparent on market days. The Saturday morning after my recent arrival I wandered over to the market after Svetlana's neighbor, Vera, suggested that I do my grocery shopping there instead of in the foul-smelling stores across from the bus station. Fenced off and empty for most of the week, the market on Saturdays becomes *the* county hot spot, the place to see and be seen. Often it looks as if the entire town has turned out to slosh about in the mud under the rattling aluminum roofs, examining the unsteady tables stacked high with foodstuffs, cut-rate Turkish and Chinese goods, and secondhand bric-a-brac. When I walked in, a hale blonde woman was hawking Turkish Lycra sweaters, a cherubic fishmonger was tending piles of salted herring from the Black Sea, and a lively Azeri woman, whirling like a dervish with two Romanian overcoats on her shoulders, was laughing and urging the crowd to step right up and try one on.

Nearby, a grandmotherly peasant with gold teeth stood over a pile of shriveled red peppers. I took one in hand and examined it.

"With that pepper there you can season a whole pot of potatoes," she said, flashing me a smile. "It's from my own plot."

"Is it hot?"

"Hot?" She raised her arms. "My God! It'll clear your sinuses and spice up your love life! Your wife will be happy tonight if you buy that pepper!" She and the women next to her broke into laughter that was all gold teeth and ruddy tonsils. I bought the pepper and moved on.

I drifted over to the tent area beyond the tables, needing to buy a plastic bag to put my pepper and other produce in.

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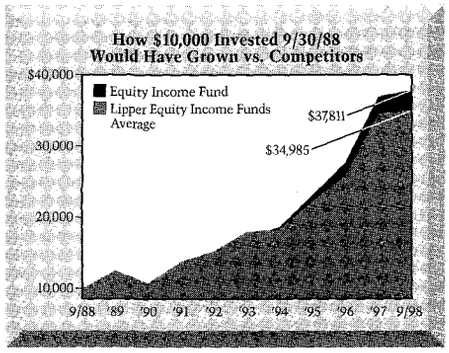

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At one table I had a choice among bags emblazoned with likenesses of the Marlboro Man, Marilyn Monroe, the Golden Arches, and a half dozen interchangeable beautiful blondes stretched out under the sun on a half dozen interchangeable idyllic beaches. As I was paying for Marilyn, a declamatory voice rang out behind me.

"Ladies and gentlemen, there's a killer in our midst!"

Heads turned toward a young man standing behind a row of aerosol cans arrayed on a table under a blue tent. "Yes, it's Killer—the new nemesis of roaches," he announced, tapping a can. He sprayed a dose into the crowd. "No, Killer won't hurt you or your children if you don't drink it. And for those ladies whose hairdos fly apart in our stiff Ozyory breezes, how about this American hairspray here!"

"I'll take some Killer!" one woman shouted, forcing her way through the gawkers with a handful of rubles.

"Woman, here's your roach spray, but you might also want to remove that sweaty stench of yours with some of this German deodorant! And dear housewives, take those nicotine stains right off your teeth with this bleach paste!"

There were muffled laughs and a general rummaging in purses for rubles. The crowd pressed in around him.

Just beyond the tents middle-aged women were rifling through stacks of bucket-sized bras while the rave song "Encore Une Fois" blasted from a boom box nearby. Behind the women stood a cassette display marked RUSSKIY KHIT ("Russian Hit"), where a dozen crew-cut young men wearing track suits, black-leather jackets, and mud-caked wingtip shoes, and reeking of cheap toilet water, huddled around four or five teenage girls. As "Encore Une Fois" reached its climax, the young people began tapping their feet and singing along, adding distortions that turned the chic dance lyrics into a sort of Slavic burlesque—all the while glancing sidelong to see who was watching. They were, it appeared, the Ozyory *jeunesse dorée,* and the muddy market was their weekly venue.

My shopping done, I walked past the young people and started toward the apartment. Behind the kiosks, at the edge of the mud lake, an old woman bundled in a brown-wool shawl sat hawking sunflower seeds in a weary treble. "Buy my seeds! Please, *please*, buy my seeds!"

Two young militiamen marched over. One prodded her with his baton. "Okay, Grandma, move along. You have no license to trade, and you know it."

The old woman looked this way and that. "Oh, I beg you, boys. I'm just trying to earn a few rubles. My pension is late."

"You can earn your rubles when you buy a license from the city. You heard us—move it!" The militiaman prodded her again with his baton. With a sigh of resignation, she grabbed her sack of seeds and hobbled away. Snow was falling. I trudged home along the embankment.

VODKA has served Russia's entertainment needs for centuries, especially in the hinterland, where there is often nothing to do but drink. There it replaces theaters, cinemas, operas; it binds men together in fraternal stupor and provides an escape from soul-numbing winters of darkness and slush. As a result, and not surprisingly, alcoholism has always been one of the countryside's most lethal afflictions. In Ozyory it is a scourge that nightly turns the elevator in Svetlana's building into a pissoir, provokes fights in the courtyard that often end bloodily, and, judging by the screams and plate-smashing one occasionally hears while walking around town, sparks domestic violence in kitchens up and down the otherwise placid lanes. It is only fitting that Russians have dubbed vodka—ever tempting, finally destructive—the *zelyonyi zmey,* or "green serpent."

During a previous stay in Ozyory, Vera had told me, "We call *pyatnitsa* [Friday] *pitnitsa* [drink day] here!" She was cheerfully foretasting the serpent's venom, it seemed, when I stopped to greet her in the stairwell one frigid Thursday. "You should go out and do the town tomorrow," she added.

The following night I took her advice and strolled over to Soviet Square. Blue-gray clouds of birch smoke hung in the icy air above the wooden houses. A militia car—the only vehicle on the road—chugged up alongside me and slowed down; the officers looked me over before accelerating. Time seemed suspended, hanging as still as the smoke, as frozen as the forest that came right up to the edge of town.

Soon I fell in behind the threesomes and foursomes of teenagers who were ambling up and down Lenin Street, carrying boom boxes and bottles of booze, swearing like stevedores, smoking and spitting and tussling and guzzling. I ended up across from a *pivnushka*, or beer bar. Strongly illuminated inside, the *pivnushka* was a cynosure of white light in the smoke and soft dark. I stuck my head in. Near the counter a fat woman was dancing on one leg, hopping around and hooting with drunken laughter. A teenage girl was slurping beer out of a murky stein and wiping the froth moustache off her upper lip with her sleeve. At the kiosk next door I asked the saleswoman what there was to do in town on a Friday night.

"You must be from Moscow. Our restaurant and café closed down after '91. All we have now on weekends is the Saturday-night dancing party in the Oktyabr' movie theater," she said.

I put off my outing for a day.

SATURDAY night the No. 2 bus was jammed with excited teens heading down Lenin Street to the dance. The boys among them were already three sheets to the wind, and some of the girls had taken on the role of nursemaid, keeping their dates upright as the bus bobbed and bounced down the pitted road. *Mat*—swearwords—resounded all the way; it was as if the kids had just been released from reform school. Their lurching, expletive-filled horseplay had a vaguely threatening quality.

We arrived. Volgas idled in front of the movie theater; thick-necked *mafiozy* stood under a streetlamp with their fur-clad molls, smoking cigarettes and hawking phlegm into the snow. Inside, a sign reading NO ALCOHOL ALLOWED hung above the entrance to the dance, which was to be held in a hall above the theater proper. Taking Vera's advice, I had hidden two beers in my bulky overcoat. A nail-tough woman stood at the door and extracted from me and the rowdy youths what amounted to a one-dollar cover charge.

The hall was unheated—and it was twenty below zero outside. On the dance floor a legion of animated mummies—revelers in parkas and furs boogying to Euro-pop—puffed white breath into the red-lit gloom. Lining the walls were

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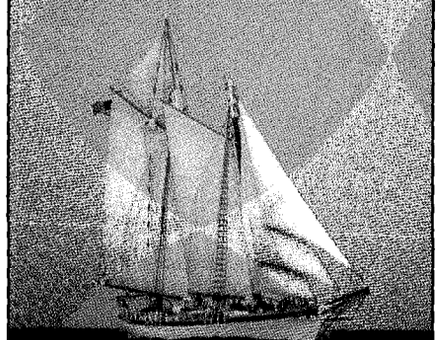

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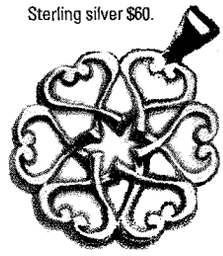

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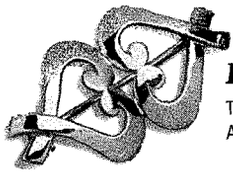

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rows of wobbly seats that seemed to have been torn out of an Aeroflot jet. On the stage an Arizona license plate was nailed to a pole around which two women were doing a dance, running their hands seductively up and down their minks. Empty vodka bottles littered the floor. I sat down and took out my beer.

"Mind if I have a sip of that?"

A youth who looked no older than nineteen was standing over me. I handed him the can.

"Name's Sasha. Just got done with my army service. Two years on an island near the Kurils. They hardly had food to feed us. Almost starved."

He gulped some beer. He still had his service crew cut.

"So what are you going to do here?" I asked.

"What *can* I do here? Join the mafia."

Even in indigent Ozyory the underworld takes its cut from the few people who are in business, and its well-heeled thugs enjoy a measure of prestige among young people. Sasha took another swig. His friend Sergei showed up, staggering drunk and surly, and they both glared defiantly at the militiamen on duty. They had barely survived their tours, they said. No one in the military or the government gave a damn about them, and there wasn't a hope of finding work in Ozyory.

As I listened to them, a swarthy, petite woman walked past me, and our eyes locked; she looked to be in her mid-thirties, and was as out of place amid the teens as I was. With her mittened hands clasped in front of her and her head cocked coyly to one side, she introduced herself as Ilona. "Won't you invite me to dance?" she asked.

Saying good-bye to Sasha, I led her onto the floor. Among the patrolling militiamen and gyrating mummies we shimmied to "Scatman," our breath clouds mingling. After an hour or so we noticed that almost all the males in the place were slumped chin to chest in the Aeroflot seats, spent vodka bottles at their feet. We sat down; the boy next to us thrust his head between his knees and upchucked a florid stream of vomit onto his shoes.

Ilona winced with disgust and jumped up. "I hate all this," she said. "I can't stand it anymore. May I invite you home?" A fight broke out nearby: a pair of teenage boys in parkas and fur hats were swinging at each other, missing wildly in their drunkenness, and the militiamen on duty, brandishing their clubs, came running.

We walked out, picking our way through the crowd of lurching drunks, and then proceeded down Lenin Street, eventually turning up an unlit lane overhung with aspens, our boots crunching the fresh snow. The one streetlamp in the neighborhood was enveloped in a hazy white orb; the air twinkled with frost. Under the candy-striped tower of one of Ozyory's defunct factories we came upon a century-old green wooden house, and Ilona took me inside, to the room she rented there, where she seated me on the sofa. She worked for the city bureaucracy, she said. After clattering around in a credenza, she pulled out an album chock-full of yellowing black-and-white photographs.

"Dear housewives," a salesman said, "take those nicotine stains right off your teeth with this bleach paste!"

"All that's left of my family is these photos. I was married once, but my husband turned out to be a drunk. I've long since lost track of him. I never knew my father—he left my mother and disappeared. My mother moved away and remarried."

She made tea and showed me the pictures. There she was: in her toddler's Octobrist uniform at camp on the Black Sea; at the May Day parade on Red Square in 1974; with friends in Abkhazia. She had no interest in politics, but the participation in political life that was obligatory under the Soviets had given her security and people to socialize with, and she reminisced volubly about the Brezhnev years. But then she dropped her eyes.

"I won't marry again—all the men here in the *glush'* are drunks or *mafiozy*. No one needs me anywhere else. The only place I could go would be Moscow,

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but you have to have friends to give you a job and papers there or you'll end up on a street corner. So I stay here and live out my time."

After tea we said good-bye, and I left. Snow had begun to fall, hissing as the wind swept it through the aspens. Rows of wooden houses stretched ahead of me until the murk absorbed them. Ozyory was only a few hours' drive from Moscow, yet a smothering pall of futility lay on the place. I found myself thinking that if anything sends Russia hurtling into anarchy or back to totalitarian rule, it will be despair bubbling into fury over the contradiction between what 10 million Muscovites see as the fruits of the new system, shriveled though those may currently be, and what 147 million other currently voiceless Russians see. In the same way that Lenin played on widespread discontent with czarist Russia to mobilize support for a revolution whose ideology the masses could hardly understand, in the same way that Pugachev could count on a reserve of serfs' rage in the countryside to fuel his devastating peasant uprising of the eighteenth century, so might a demagogue come to power riding the crest of the legitimate grievances of those residing beyond kilometer 101, impoverished and forgotten, now more than ever, by Moscow.

WHENEVER I arrive in Moscow from Ozyory, it is as if I am returning from a Lethean interlude. Invariably, as the bus nears the capital's outer districts, the visages of people from the countryside—set in a permanent cast of despondency and distrust—give way to the expressions of haste and preoccupation that might be seen on faces in any big city in the world. The deeper we penetrate the metropolis, the more we see garments of shining black leather, swatches of Day-Glo phosphorescence, gold and jeweled earrings glinting amid the flowing sidewalk seas of weather-beaten wool and flannel. When I reach the center itself, I often find something new being built—a boutique, a restaurant—that signals change for Moscow. Seeing this, I am reminded that I can count on the capital to continue growing steadily as much as I can expect Ozyory to remain depressed and silent—for now.

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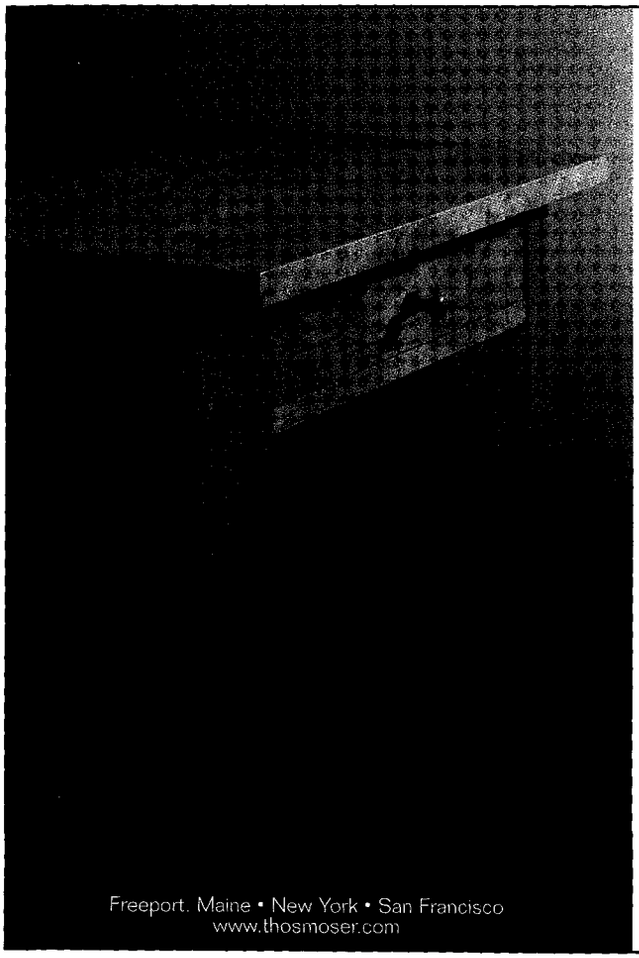

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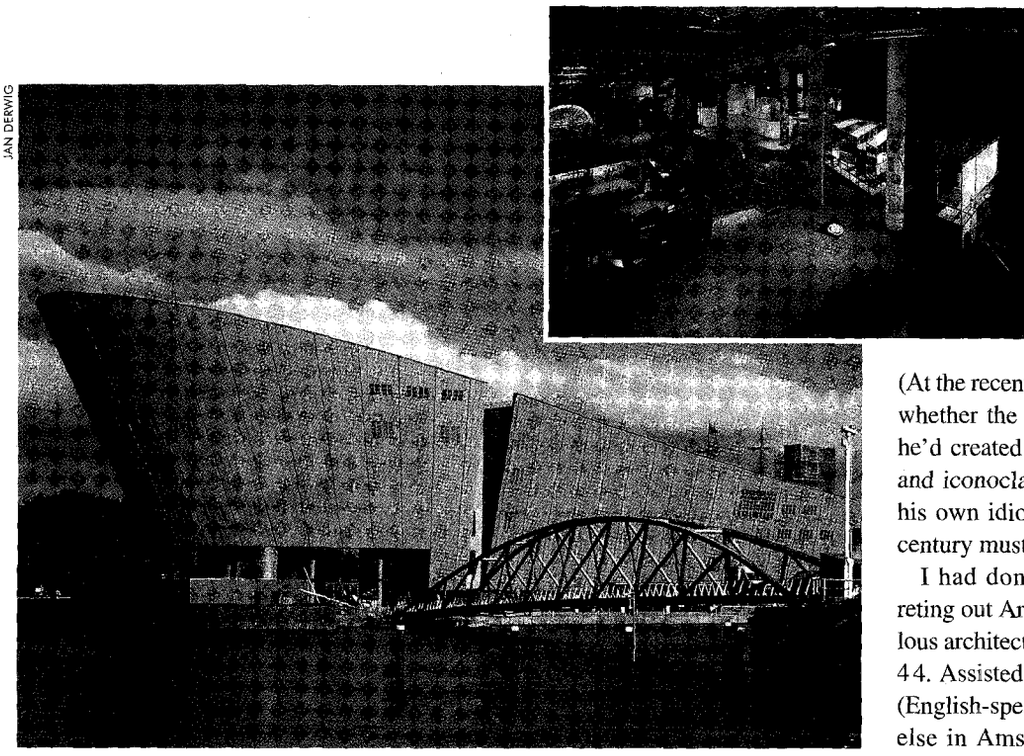

JAN DERWIG

A Mecca for Modernists

The Netherlands is studded with twentieth-century architectural marvels

by Francine Russo

REM Koolhaas, who may well be architecture's reigning radical of the moment, is only the latest in a long line of Dutch innovators in modern architecture. Hendrik P. Berlage had been shaking up European design for a quarter century when he and Gerrit Rietveld helped to define the modernist principles in 1928, at the seminal Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne, in Switzerland. So when you visit the Netherlands, you can tour the land of Rembrandts and tulips and Dutch-gabled canal houses, as most people do, or you can see some of the most adventurous architecture of the twentieth century—the original, the quirky, the inspired.

Of course, you can do both—as I did. When, not long ago, I swapped my Manhattan apartment for a two-bedroom flat just outside Amsterdam's old, canal-ringed center for two weeks, I found no shortage of friends eager to visit. The first arrival was Jean, a teacher from Oakland, California. With her I saw the Amsterdam that figures in most people's imaginations—cobblestoned bridges, medieval churches, and the seventeenth-century canal houses whose bourgeois comfort we know from Vermeer's light-infused interiors.

Jean was literally wheeling her suitcase to the door when my next guest rang the bell—Brian Carey, an architect from New York and a card-carrying modernist. Brian was taking a break from his work on the Grounds for Sculpture museum complex, near Princeton, New Jersey, where he'd been designing both buildings and landscapes, making things that at times span the line between architecture and sculpture. (At the recent opening some people asked whether the whimsical undulating lawn he'd created was a new exhibit.) Funny and iconoclastic, he had brought along his own idiosyncratic list of twentieth-century must-see buildings.

I had done my homework too, ferreting out Architectura & Natura, a fabulous architecture bookstore at Leliegracht 44. Assisted by the knowledgeable staff (English-speaking, like nearly everyone else in Amsterdam), I picked up Paul Groenendijk and Piet Vollaard's *Guide to Modern Architecture in the Netherlands*. This contains photographs of more than 600 notable buildings, along with short descriptions of them and a street-map locator, city by city. Once you've got a book like this—and a good general guide like the Michelin Green Guide for the Netherlands—you can devise an architecture tour to suit you. Also helpful in planning a trip are recent architecture magazines, which have trumpeted a lot of new Dutch design.

THE nation's architectural genius seems to have expressed itself most fully in housing. The high population density that over the centuries has driven the Dutch to scavenge ever more land from the sea has also been the force behind their urban building. In this century, galvanized by slum conditions and periodic postwar housing shortages, the Dutch government has legislated, financed, and commissioned new urban design. The Housing Act of 1901 required the council of every city with a population greater than 10,000 to prepare an expansion plan, and the councils encouraged experimentation. So some of the most inventive Dutch architecture is to be found in public housing, rather than in private homes for the wealthy.

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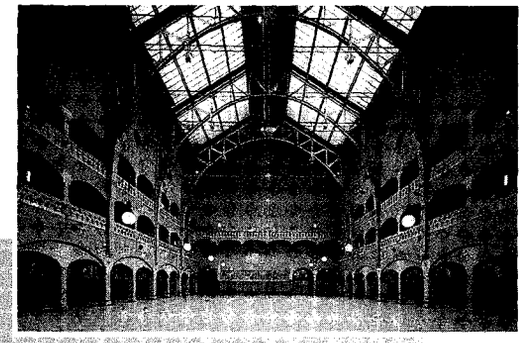
Hendrik Berlage was the father of modern architecture in the Netherlands and a force throughout Europe. A great urban planner (he created the expansion plans for Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and The Hague), Berlage was the country's original modernist, guiding architecture away from heavily decorated façades and toward the use of glass and steel to shape light and space. At the same time, he had expressionist qualities and was committed to returning fine handcraftsmanship to building. The Amsterdam School, one of the three modern movements he influenced, relates to Berlage's expressionist side; his pronounced rationalism influenced the De Stijl and Nieuwe Bouwen (functionalist) movements.

The Stock Exchange, or Beurs, which was completed in 1903, is considered to be his most influential design, so that's where we headed first. This masterpiece is smack in the middle of the crowded street theater of the Beursplein. (A *plein* is a large, open square that frequently—and confusingly—does not bear the name of the *gracht* [canal] or *straat* [street] that leads you there.) Meandering between medieval church towers and past the many cafés ranged seductively along the canals, we didn't reach the Beurs (which is now used only for public exhibitions and events) until after four o'clock, when it closed. We thought we'd have to be content with admiring the elegant geometric proportions of its exterior, but because preparations were under way for a party, we were able to sneak a look inside. The soaring central space is spanned by graceful steel trusses, arched and intricately detailed, and is topped by a glass roof composed of slender angled panes. Two facing walls contain double-decker rows of balconies with fascinating Near Eastern–style designs on rails and overhangs. It looks austere and yet full of latent drama.

Another day we set out to find the masterpiece of the Amsterdam School, known for its highly eccentric housing blocks, each conceived of as a massive sculpture. Eigen Haard (Our Hearth) is three blocks of apartment complexes designed by Michel de Klerk from 1913 to 1920, in the Spaarndammer area, a workaday immigrant neighborhood some ways out beyond the central canal rings.



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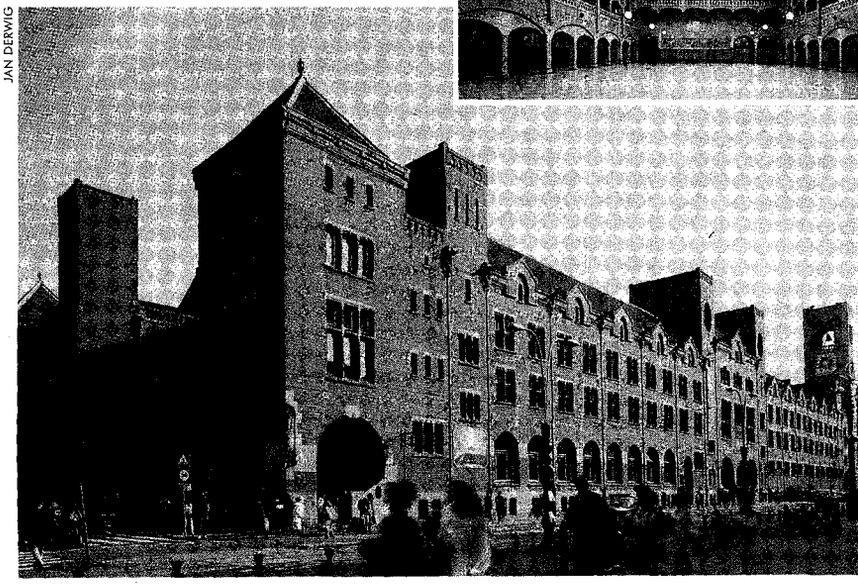

Berlage's 1903 Beurs led the way toward modernism

A word about getting around. Amsterdam is a city for walkers and bikers. (Bikes are available for rent at most train stations or bike shops.) There are buses, trams, and a subway, but we preferred cycling, because we would often have had to take more than one line. Cars are difficult to maneuver in central Amsterdam, though they're quite useful in the outskirts and beyond.

We pedaled. I was huffing and puffing when we finally made it to the Spaarndammer area, and here our map was a little vague. Brian, with his architect's eye, spotted some telltale brick chimneys in the distance, but a park and an overpass blocked our way. He considered it useless to ask the locals about a recondite Amsterdam School building, but after our third pass through what by then was a frustratingly familiar intersection, I approached some folks drinking outside. We were searching for a very odd-looking historical building, I explained. "Oh," a young Pakistani man said, "the one that looks like a ship." He pointed to a nearby street. "It's *there*."

It was—topped by the squat, rounded chimneys Brian had spied. Its outrageous style suggested Hansel and Gretel crossed with Peter and the Wolf. The jewel of Eigen Haard, Het Schip, takes up an entire, triangular block, and one end is shaped like a prow. A five-story apartment house in red, sand, and brown brick, it undulates and straightens along its length; extrusions bulge out like medieval castle towers. Its multiplicity of brickwork patterns and flourishes is mesmerizing: geometric designs adorn cornices and doorways; raised snakes trail down rounded brick stair rails. And the windows—every way that a window can open, these do. There are curved horizontal panes, double-hung windows, lattices, casements, and small hinged panes that poke out at corners.

I wondered whether the residents now hanging laundry from the balconies appreciated the fantastical grandeur of their home; I liked to think so. Then I read of a tenant's letter sent to a newspaper when De Klerk died: "Is not the Spaarndammerplein," he wrote, "a fairy tale dreamt of as a child, as something we children never had?"

Tracking down buildings from the book gave us destinations most days, but even when we didn't plan, it seemed we inevitably ran across something striking—such as Renzo Piano's Science Centre New Metropolis, which appears even more seaworthy than Het Schip as it rises from the harbor like a massive ocean liner among the puny yachts and houseboats.

By chance or design we rambled

(Continued on page 36)

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Popular Music and Jazz

BY BOB BLUMENTHAL AND CHARLES M. YOUNG

AN EYE ON SPY

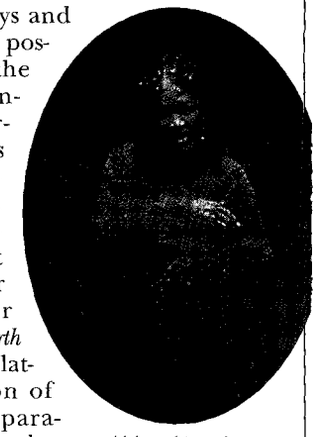
The problem with all the techno-weirdness that was supposed to take over the world a couple of years ago was that it could catch the ear but not hold it outside a dance club where the spinal column could undulate properly. To hold the ear in other environments, you need a song with structure and hooks. On *Music to Mauzner By* (Lava/Atlantic), Spy sounds state-of-the-techno-weirdness-art, with its dizzying, computerized manipulations of sound, but it's also got highly distinctive, often hilarious songs. And it drops a large dollop of humanity on techno-weirdness with its use of vintage instruments played by live human beings on many tracks. Spy consists mostly of Joshua Ralph, a twenty-three-year-old graduate of New York University's film school, whose good-natured bellowing in a variety of styles from around the world takes your mind off computer chips in a sterile recording studio. Biggest surprise: first single, "Baby." It rollicks, is irresistibly danceable, has an insanely catchy hook, and will garner some early nominations for "Song of the Year." Imagine Nine Inch Nails in a happy mood. There isn't much to analyze: "Baby baby, every time I get next to you/ Baby baby, all I want is what's next to you." But then who wants to analyze when you're chanting along? Second biggest surprise: the final cut, "Untitled 17." It's a classical composition recorded with a fifty-six-piece orchestra. The melody is so gorgeous that you assume you must have heard it when Lee surrendered to Grant in Ken Burns's Civil War documentary. In between, the only fault you'll find is the occasional chorus stretched too far, which isn't much of a fault. "Baby" and "Untitled 17" alone would be worth the price of the album. Truly an important debut. And what does it mean to "mauzner"? Ralph has a wild and adventurous friend by that name. With a little luck and proper marketing, he'll enter the language. **—C.M.Y.**

Joshua Ralph of Spy

C. TAYLOR CROTHERS

EARTH TONES

Abbey Lincoln has always dealt in broader issues than moon-June romance. In the early sixties she became jazz's unflinching voice of the civil-rights movement. After an extensive period when her focus shifted to acting, Lincoln has re-emerged as a sage who meditates on simple joys and transcendent possibilities of the universe. Lincoln has carried off this precarious artistic pose in a series of albums without sappiness or true-believer zeal. *Wholly Earth* (Verve), her latest collection of paeans and parables, is another lesson in how to mesmerize and instruct. To a gritty voice that recalls Billy Holiday in texture and emotional commitment, Lincoln adds personal magnetism and a knack for fashioning programs as surely paced as they are eccentric. She borrows from films, building the sky-seeking "Another World" out of the main theme from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind,* and finding unexpected depth in "If I Only Had a Brain." But she also creates her own stark original melodies, which are featured on the majority of the tracks. Record companies love to deploy artists on their rosters as special guests, and Verve has provided two name sidemen for Lincoln. The young trumpeter Nicholas Payton banks his usual fire in four reflective supporting appearances, while Bobby Hutcherson, who is simultaneously releasing his own invigorating album, *Skyline,* adds an international flavor with his vibes and marimba that make Lincoln's musings quietly bristle. **—B.B.**



Abbey Lincoln

THE ELEMENTS OF JAZZ

David Liebman may be the most prolific recording artist in jazz. In addition to discs by his working quintet, the soprano and tenor saxophonist has produced numerous special projects, including tributes to his idol John Coltrane and his former employer Miles Davis. Liebman reveals his most personal ideas on album-length suites with nature themes. *The Elements: Water* (Arkadia Jazz) is the first of a four-CD cycle, and it takes a lyrical opening theme through calms and storms. The bassist Cecil McBee and the drummer Billy Hart, who partnered with Liebman on his poetic *The Seasons* (Soul Note), bring the same eloquence to this more nuanced cycle, while Pat Metheny adds a critical fourth voice, on guitar, that alternately soothes and cries. Moving among two acoustic models and a forty-eight-string Picasso guitar that has the enveloping quality of a harp, Metheny reinforces the work's thematic distinctions. Relentless power, a Liebman trademark, is stressed in such movements as "White Caps" and the climactic "Ebb and Flow"; yet he also takes his primary horn, the soprano sax, into gentler areas on "Heaven's Gift" and "The Baptismal Font." Notwithstanding the affinity demonstrated by this particular quartet, Liebman promises a different ensemble for each succeeding element. **—B.B.**

David Liebman

GENE MARTIN

Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe. *Charles M. Young reviews popular music for* Playboy, Musician, *and other publications.*

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH DANIEL FIEDLER

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Dance and Theater

BY NANCY DALVA AND JOHN ISTEL

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Theater history is strewn with the literary wreckage left by fine writers who've become enthralled with the stage. Read a play by Voltaire or Henry James—it's a peculiar form of mind-torture. However, don't approach Don DeLillo's *Valparaiso*, showing this month at American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with trepidation. Not only is DeLillo one of our most acclaimed novelists (*White Noise, Libra, Underworld*), but his debut play, *The Day Room* (1986), also produced by ART, revealed an incipient theatricalist. The characters in that dark comedy, set inside a hospital room (or is it a lunatic asylum?), shift roles until it's not clear who's the doctor and who's the patient. DeLillo toys with similar Pirandellian complexities in *Valparaiso*, an exploration of media-mad America. Michael Majeski, a businessman, flies off to the eponymous Indiana town but somehow ends up in Valparaiso, Florida, and then in Valparaiso, Chile. Suddenly he's the hit of the talk-show circuit. According to DeLillo, "The man is making the most modern journey possible, . . . into the secret places of identity and transcendence." He must choose between "his sanity and his celebrity." Moreover, the production has a secret weapon: Will Patton. One of the theater's most mesmerizing performers, Patton has been lost in Hollywood, appearing in films that don't do justice to his quirky, mad-gleam, slow-boil intensity. Now that theater has reclaimed him—and hijacked DeLillo—don't lose your way to *Valparaiso*. **—J.I.**

The Day Room

OPEN HOUSE

The most memorable set design in twentieth-century American theater? Many critics would nominate Jo Mielziner's haunting Brooklyn house into which Lee J. Cobb as Willy Loman lugged his sample cases exactly half a century ago this month in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, directed by Elia Kazan. Its split levels—the realistic kitchen below an expressionistic skeleton of roof beams—symbolized Loman's psychic dislocation, a split between his rose-colored past and his precarious present. No matter where the play led Loman—to his office, to a restaurant, or to the graveyard—his home loomed overhead. Just as every actor playing Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire* (Kazan and Mielziner's previous Broadway triumph) must exorcise Brando's ghost, every designer must confront what Kazan called "the single most critically important contribution" to *Salesman*'s first production. With this month's Broadway revival, largely imported from Chicago's Goodman Theatre, Mielziner's triumph will be tested by Mark Wendland. Those who've seen his work—*Timon of Athens, The Dybbuk*—understand how Wendland's designs function as another character. They move, mutate, implode. In collaboration with the director Robert Falls, Wendland has not so much deconstructed Loman's elemental American home as dissected and redefined Mielziner's initial impulse. With the actor Brian Dennehy "riding on a smile and a shoeshine," and fellow cast members Elizabeth Franz and Kevin Anderson adding strong support, the production promises to be the *Salesman* for the next century. **—J.I.**

Death of a Salesman

ERIC Y. EXIT

IF THE SHOE FITS

Just in time for Valentine's Day, Pacific Northwest Ballet stages its opulent production of *Cinderella*, uniting the choreography of its own artistic director, Kent Stowell, with the quite fabulous design talents of Tony Straiges (sets) and Martin Pakledinaz (costumes). Neither is a stranger to ballet or fairy tales or onstage romance: Straiges's credits include *Into the Woods, Sunday in the Park With George*, and designs for American Ballet Theatre and the Joffrey Ballet; Pakledinaz, a regular designer for the Seattle Opera, has been a successful collaborator with the dance visionary Mark Morris. Thus PNB sets the stage for the perfect Valentine's Day: getting dressed up, listening to lavishly romantic music (score by Prokofiev), and seeing a complicated and deeply satisfying story: wimpy dad, nasty siblings, horrid stepmother, nothing nice to wear, everything awful to do—the whole Freudian panoply of actual and imagined childhood injustices. Stowell's version of the story introduces a dream element of Cinderella's happy life with her real mother. His Cinderella loses an embroidered pointe shoe on the palace steps at midnight. How perfect! A ballerina's slipper is every bit as much a means of magic as an enchanted crystal evening shoe, and ever so much more available. A ballerina's slipper is a symbol of desire, work, dream, and flight, and bears the marks of the wearer's striving. Therein lies the modern moral of *Cinderella*. As every woman knows, shoes have power. Some of us are born knowing this, and some of us learn it, perhaps at the ballet. Even if you have no use for princes and castles, you need shoes. And, as Cinderella discovers, the girl with the right shoe gets the best life. (Seattle Center Opera House, February 4–7, 10–14, 206-292-2787.) **—N.D.**

Pacific Northwest Ballet performs *Cinderella*

Nancy Dalva is the author of Dance Ink: Photographs. *John Istel is the editor-in-chief at* Stagebill.

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Classical Music

BY AUSTIN BAER

OVERNIGHT SENSATION

"I never liked countertenors very much," says Bejun Mehta, whose brilliant eight-year career as a boy soprano ended in 1983. "I never wanted to be one." But on November 4, 1997, when he read a profile of the much-admired countertenor David Daniels, the story felt oddly familiar. Like Mehta, Daniels had sung as long as he could remember. Like Mehta, he had struggled to remake himself in an accepted "grownup" vocal category. Only when he took flight as a countertenor did his primal connection to music suddenly return. "I put down the magazine," Mehta says, "got up out of my chair, took a breath, and made sound." Months later he was singing Handel in downtown Manhattan, a newborn countertenor blowing listeners away with his fluency, power, and emotional abandon. Performances of Handel's *Partenope* at the New York City Opera this fall brought the news uptown. A European tour has taken him to London and Vienna, where he celebrated his first anniversary as a countertenor. "We're on an arc of legitimization," he says. "When countertenors first came along, they got jobs if they had the notes, and the notes didn't even have to be pretty. Then people started demanding style, range, dynamic control, depth—all the things they demanded of 'normal' singers for years. I already know what the next phase will be. There are kids now who want to be countertenors and never wanted to be anything else. For them, it's not an exotic thing." Unlike their elders, whose repertoire was an either/or of baroque and the avant-garde, state-of-the-art countertenors range freely. In recital under the aegis of the Marilyn Horne Foundation at the Kosciuszko Foundation in New York City on February 7, Mehta offers Barber and Brahms (212-734-2130).

Bejun Mehta

LISA KOHLER

Austin Baer is a writer based in New York.

PICTURE-PERFECT

Nearly three years ago a glittering crowd in Monte Carlo cheered the world premiere of a new American opera: Lowell Liebermann's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, after Oscar Wilde's classic chiller. The music combines rich, unabashed emotion with an energy that at times recalls the minimalists. Dorian—the "golden boy" who never ages—is a tenor, of course, and Sybil Vane, the actress whose heart he breaks, is a high soprano. By convention, one might expect Dorian's diabolical corrupter to sing bass. In a remarkably imaginative touch, Liebermann cast him instead as a suave baritone, reserving the lower range for the innocent painter of Dorian's portrait, that mutable reflection of a disintegrating soul. Acting as his own librettist, the composer pared Wilde's prose down to lines that are literate yet eminently singable; as in a good musical, the words come across. Shot through with expressive melody, brilliantly orchestrated, paced with unerring dramatic flair, the score is all that Andrew Lloyd Webber's turgid *Phantom of the Opera* ought to be: something less than a milestone in the history of the medium, perhaps, but a first-class popular entertainment crafted with passion and art. It is no stretch to imagine *Dorian Gray* on Broadway. In fact, its next stop is the Florentine Opera Company, in Milwaukee, where it receives its U.S. premiere (February 3–5; 414-273-7206).

Lowell Liebermann

CHRISTOPHER CAMERON BEANE

MASTER OF THE HOUSE

The New York Philharmonic feels proprietary about Gustav Mahler (1860–1911), with just cause. More esteemed in his own time as a conductor than as a composer, the great late Romantic spent the last seasons of his short life on the podium of the New World's oldest orchestra. There he led (among much else) the U.S. premiere of his First Symphony and the New York premiere of his Fourth, but many decades passed before his music gained general acceptance. If today the public takes Mahler's eminence for granted, the credit should go to wave after wave of crusaders such as Leopold Stokowski, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Pierre Boulez, Zubin Mehta, and (most determined of them all) Leonard Bernstein, who struck some of their most splendid blows for Mahler at the New York Philharmonic. Next month the tradition continues when Daniele Gatti, a young Mahlerite of major promise, takes up the idyllic Symphony No. 4, which builds to a disarming vision of heaven as seen by a child (March 4, 5, 6, 9; 212-721-6500). To appreciate how high the bar is, listen to the Philharmonic's authoritative new twelve-CD box *The Mahler Broadcasts, 1948–1982*, featuring landmark performances of all the symphonies and major song cycles, plus a generous helping of oral history. Within the line-up of illustrious maestros, the name one looks for in vain is Leonard Bernstein, to whose tapes rights unforgivably proved unobtainable. (*The Mahler Broadcasts* may be ordered at 1-800-557-8268.)

The New York Philharmonic

CHRIS LEE

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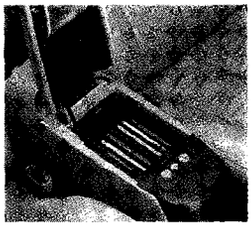

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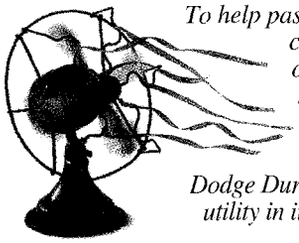

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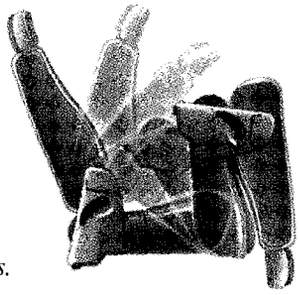

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(Continued from page 28)
through nearly every one of Amsterdam's zones. I especially liked the old city, with its Dutch East India Company building; the tree-lined, newly gentrified Jordaan; and the dock areas, where waterfront apartment houses are springing up block after block amid trendy bars where you can nibble tapas and wash them down with a local brew. Pay no attention to what they say about Dutch food. You don't have to eat any. Amsterdam is full of good restaurants, from such sophisticated bistros as D'Theeboom, on Singel, and Le zinc . . . et les dames, on Prinsengracht, to the slightly arty De Witte Uyl, a neighborhood place at Frans Hals Straat 26. We ate and drank well and pedaled home mellow from many late-night dinners, gliding along quiet canals shimmering with reflected streetlamps.

WHEN we'd seen most of Amsterdam, we rented a car for day trips outside; very few places in the Netherlands are more than a two-hour drive away. We crawled through traffic in The Hague, in order to make a quick run-through of the Mauritshuis Museum and drive by Rem Koolhaas's Danstheater. If you're a fan of Koolhaas's (perhaps you've read his thousand-plus-page tome *S,M,L,XL*), you can use the *Guide to Modern Architecture* to locate his other major buildings in Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Rotterdam. You might also want to see Jo Coenen's Nederlands Architectuurinstituut, in Rotterdam, itself a four-building showplace of various architectural styles, with a café and a space where exhibitions from the archives are presented.

We were more attracted to the older, quirky housing experiments that still look radical. Though often more brilliant in conception than livable in practice, they were based on the utopian premise that if you give people imaginative, inspiring housing, it will make them better people. Rotterdam's Kubuswoning (Cube Houses) are a famous example.

Flattened by German bombs during the Second World War, Rotterdam is almost entirely a postwar city, rebuilt with government-financed housing for which, paradoxically, bureaucracy provided architectural license. The city center is a riot of colors and architectural styles—brash, playfully perverse, even silly, as if each architect vied to outdo the others in the never-been-done.

We had no trouble finding the Cube Houses. Looking up at them from the sidewalk, I felt like a diminutive Gulliver in the Giant's nursery, where colorful blocks and toys were set precariously atop one another in a fantastical jumble. Up above us was a row of bright-yellow white-trimmed cubes, each balanced on one of its points atop a concrete column. Rising behind them was Het Potlood (The Pencil), a sharp-pointed apartment tower festooned with "white picket" railings.

Both are the bizarre creations of Piet Blom, who completed them in 1984. The public is invited to tour Kubuswoning No. 70. When it opened its door, at 11:00 A.M., we went in. I felt as if I were going to slide down into the point, but of course the floors are level. The walls and triangular windows do lean in, and every room bristles with oblique angles. Brian laughed at the winding narrow staircase to the two upper levels (barely navigable by a grown-up, he claimed), but, being smaller, I found the cube an altogether livable playhouse.

Afterward we walked through a lively open-air market where we bought miniature pineapples, and then gaped as we came upon what looks like a monstrous flying saucer suspended over the street. This transparent dish, more than a hundred feet in diameter, composed of colored neon tubes, was easy to find in

Piet Blom's The Pencil and Cube Houses, in Rotterdam

JAN DERWIG

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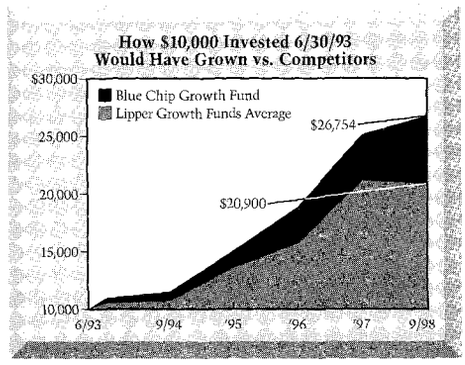

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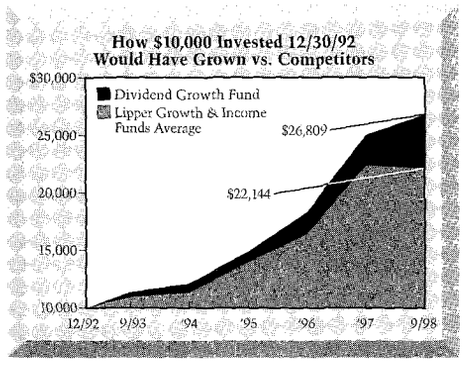

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our book—the Blaak subway and rail station, designed by H. Reijnders.

Before taking off from Rotterdam's otherworldly landscape, we stopped to see two famous sculptures, the early modernist *Construction*, by Naum Gabo, outside Marcel Breuer and Abraham Elzas's De Bijenkorf department store, and a mobile by George Rickey, radiating charm over a mundane shopping mall. The Rickey, two long plates of shiny metal pivoting gently up and down in the breeze like parallel seesaws, is called Het Ding. This means simply "The Thing," but we liked the sound of it. Afterward, whenever we saw something fabulous, we'd exclaim, "Het *Ding*!"

The next day we drove to Utrecht, about forty minutes southeast of Amsterdam, and pulled up at the Rietveld Schröderhuis to find a line of enthusiasts come to worship at the shrine. Gerrit Rietveld, known equally for his chairs and his buildings, was a member of the De Stijl movement, in which Piet Mondrian played a central role. When you enter this white box of a house, with its red, yellow, and blue horizontal and vertical bands, you feel as if you've stepped into a three-dimensional Mondrian painting.

BRIAN CAREY; CHAIR: JAN DERWIG

Gerrit Rietveld's Schröderhuis and chair

Countless art books will tell you what a marvel the Schröderhuis is. What they won't tell you is how tiny it is and how trying it must have been to live in. Completed in 1924, it was commissioned by Mrs. Truus Schröder-Schräder, a wealthy widow with three young children, who shared Rietveld's ideals of simplicity and universal beauty.

The main floor, upstairs, is one not terribly large open space, in which the living room and the bedrooms are defined by red and blue rectangles on the floor. Pristine and clutter-free, the room conceals many surprises: a skylight surrounded by a folding staircase to the roof; a hi-fi system within a series of colored boxes. Partitions slide out to create walls—every day the children had to make not just their beds but their *bedrooms*. If they were allowed toys, where they were to put them is unclear. Probably it wasn't like living in a Skinner box, but the comparison does come to mind.

On the tour (be sure to reserve ahead, and request a tour in English) you will learn that Mrs. Schröder's children *now* understand why their mother wanted to live there. (It turns out that they've all gone into architecture or design-related fields.) And you may wonder just what the deal was with the widow and the architect, since he used a downstairs room as his shop for nearly a decade. Hmmm.

The other reservation you should make for Utrecht—far in advance—is for dinner at Sot-l'y-Laisse, in the charming old quarter, with its shady, brick-terraced canals. Recently Dutch critics declared this low-key bistro the best restaurant in the Netherlands, and it is often booked solid months in advance. (The phone number is 011-31-30-232-1573.) Chef Edwin Severijn, formerly a pastry chef at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, and his wife, Marleen, who serves, feed no more than sixteen people each evening—and you may stay all evening if you wish. There is no menu; the only choice you're offered is how many courses you want, though you are asked if there's anything you *don't* like; and no two tables get the same meal. We were served vichyssoise with lobster and purslane; rabbit with glacéed rabbit kidneys, black summer truffle, and truffle sauce; and wild Dutch duck with broad beans, chanterelles, and duck liver. This was plenty for us, especially since we were also having dessert. Edwin laid before us no fewer than seven desserts, including crème brûlée, a maple-syrup parfait, and wild strawberries with sherbet. All this cost less than many more-modest meals at good New York restaurants.

Our next stop after Utrecht, about thirty miles farther east, was the Kröller-Müller Museum and De Hoge Veluwe National Park. Brian had come determined to see the Kröller-Müller's sculpture park, one of the largest in Europe. Set in a nature preserve of moors and grasslands that confounds anyone's image of the Dutch landscape, the park also includes the Berlage gem St. Hubertus, which is a 1920 Art Deco hunting lodge built for the wealthy businessman Anton Kröller and his wife Hélène Müller Kröller; and a transparent indoor-outdoor pavilion that is a later work by Rietveld.

Not everyone comes here for the sculpture or the architecture. The museum proper boasts more than 270 works by Van Gogh, including ninety-two paintings; many pieces by Mondrian and other De Stijl painters; and a dazzling collection of paintings by Impressionists, Cubists, and later artists. There is sculpture both indoors and out, including interesting pieces by contemporary Dutch artists. Outside, on the white bikes provided at no extra charge, we rode for miles to see the sculpture that dots the landscape—Henry Moore's totemic forms looming atop a windswept hill with cypresses; Richard Serra's monumental steel plates, set at angles in a forest clearing.

Back in Amsterdam for our last couple of days, we finally tracked down a dock we'd heard about where little motorboats are for rent (it's on the Kloveniersburgwal, opposite the Hotel de Doelen). Put-putting along at our boat's top speed, a crawl, we took in the grand canal sides from a new angle. When we passed a striking housing block with pseudo-Egyptian markings on the Amstel Canal, we were sure we recognized the Amsterdam School, but we were finished looking things up in our book. We just smiled. "Het *Ding*!"

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Eddie Arcaro slept here.
Then again, maybe he didn't.
One Derby Eve I got a call from Eddie Arcaro at two in the morning. He said these people had something in their suite & had to see. He said they had a million people and a horse. Well, who wants to miss a million people and a horse in a hotel room? I went to the party. Everybody who was prominent in racing was there. The horse didn't bother everybody. He seemed to be wandering around the room just like everybody else, seeing who else was there and what he could overhear. I figured seeing that horse was why Arcaro told me you need a drink as soon as you walked in the door." Joe Hirsch, Executive Columnist, Daily Racing Form

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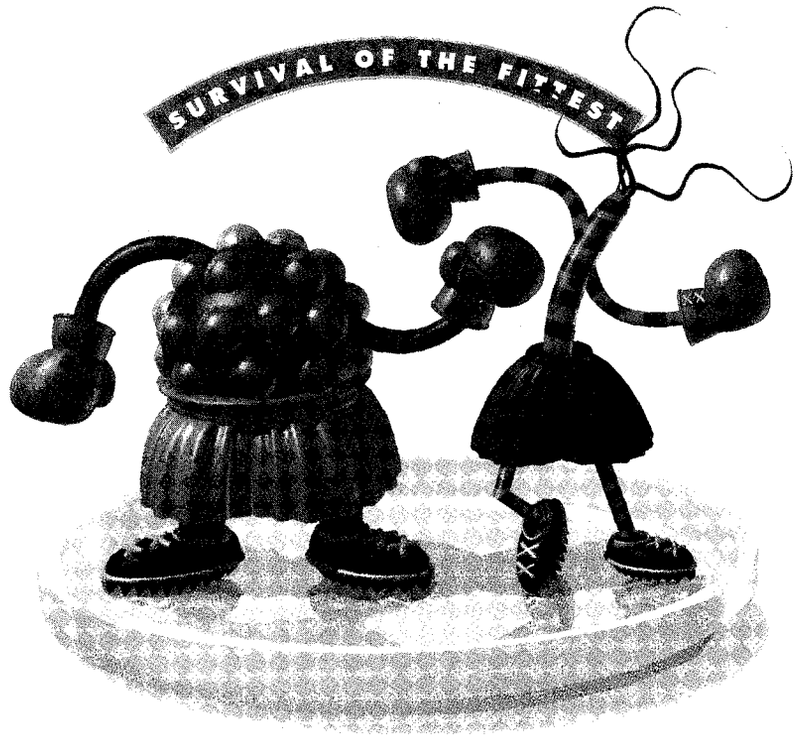
A NEW GERM THEORY

by JUDITH HOOPER

The dictates of evolution virtually demand that the causes of some of humanity's chronic and most baffling "noninfectious" illnesses will turn out to be pathogens—that is the radical view of a prominent evolutionary biologist



A LATE-SEPTEMBER heat wave enveloped Amherst College, and young people milled about in shorts or sleeveless summer frocks, or read books on the grass. Inside the red-brick buildings framing the leafy quadrangle students listened to lectures on Ellison and Emerson, on Paul Verlaine and the Holy Roman Empire. Few suspected that strains of the organism that causes cholera were growing nearby, in the Life Sciences Building. If they had known, they would probably not have grasped the implications. But these particular strains of cholera make Paul Ewald smile; they are strong evidence that he is on the right track. Knowing the rules of evolutionary biology, he believes, can change the course of infectious disease.

In a hallway of the Life Sciences Building an anonymous student has scrawled above a display of glossy photographs and vitae of the faculty, "We are the water; you are but the sponge." This is the home of Amherst's biology department, where Paul Ewald is a professor. He is also the author of the seminal book *Evolution of Infectious Disease* and of a long list of influential papers. Sandy-haired, trim, and handsome in an all-American way, he looks considerably younger than his forty-five years. Conspicuously outdoorsy for an academic, he would not seem out of place in an L. L. Bean catalogue, with a golden retriever by his side. Ewald rides his bike to the campus every day in decent weather—and in weather one might not consider decent—from the nearby hill village of Shutesbury, where he lives with his wife, Chris, and two teenage children in a restored eighteenth-century house.

As far as Ewald is concerned, Darwin's legacy is the most

Illustrations by Dave Jonason

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interesting thing on the planet. The appeal of evolutionary theory is that it is a grand unifying principle, linking all organisms, from protozoa to Presidents, and yet its essence is simple and transparent. "Darwin only had a couple of basic tenets," Ewald observed recently in his office. "You have heritable variation, and you've got differences in survival and reproduction among the variants. That's the beauty of it. It has to be true—it's like arithmetic. And if there is life on other planets, natural selection has to be the fundamental organizing principle there, too."

These Darwinian laws have led Ewald to a new theory: that diseases we have long ascribed to genetic or environmental factors—including some forms of heart disease, cancer, and mental illness—are in many cases actually caused by infections. Before we take up this theory, we need to spend a moment with Ewald's earlier work.

Ewald began in typical evolutionary terrain, studying hummingbirds and other creatures visible to the naked eye. It was on a 1977 field trip to study a species called Harris's sparrow in Kansas that a bad case of diarrhea laid him up for a few days and changed the course of his career. The more he meditated on how Darwinian principles might apply to the organisms responsible for his distress—asking himself, for instance, what impact treating the diarrhea would have on the vast populations of bacteria evolving within his intestine—the more obsessed he became. Was his diarrhea a strategy used by the pathogen to spread itself, he wondered, or was it a defense employed by the host—his body—to flush out the invader? If he curbed the diarrhea with medication, would he be benefiting the invader or the host? Ewald's paper outlining his speculations about diarrhea was published in 1980, in the *Journal of Theoretical Biology*. By then Ewald was on his way to becoming the Darwin of the microworld.

WE HAVE ARBITRARILY DECIDED, EWALD ARGUES, THAT CHRONIC DISEASES ARE HEREDITARY OR ENVIRONMENTAL OR "MULTIFACTORIAL"—AND WE MAY BE WRONG.

"Ironically," he says, "natural selection was first recognized as operating in large organisms, and ignored in the very organisms in which it is especially powerful—the microorganisms that cause disease. The time scale is so much shorter and the selective pressures so much more intense. You can get evolutionary change in disease organisms in months or weeks. In something like zebras you'd have to wait many centuries to see it."

For decades medical science was dominated by the doctrine of "commensalism"—the notion that the pathogen-host relationship inevitably evolves toward peaceful coexistence, and the pathogen itself toward mildness, because it is in the germ's interest to keep its host alive. This sounds plausible, but it happens to be wrong. The Darwinian struggle of people and germs is not necessarily so benign. Evolutionary change in germs can go either way, as parasitologists and population geneticists have realized—toward mildness or toward virulence. It was Ewald's insight to realize what we might do about it.

MANIPULATING THE ENEMY

SAY you're a disease organism—a rhinovirus, perhaps, the cause of one of the many varieties of the common cold; or the mycobacterium that causes tuberculosis; or perhaps the pathogen that immobilized Ewald with diarrhea. Your best bet is to multiply inside your host as fast as you can. However, if you produce too many copies of yourself, you'll risk killing or immobilizing your host before you can spread. If you're the average airborne respiratory virus, it's best if your host is well enough to go to work and sneeze on people in the subway.

Now imagine that host mobility is unnecessary for transmission. If you're a germ that can travel from person to person by way of a "vector," or carrier, such as a mosquito or a tsetse fly, you can afford to become very harmful. This is why, Ewald argues, insect-borne diseases such as yellow fever, malaria, and sleeping sickness get so ugly. Cholera uses another kind of vector for transmission: it is generally waterborne, traveling easily by way of fecal matter shed into the water supply. And it, too, is very ugly.

"Here's the [safety] hood where we handle the cholera," Jill Saunders explained as we toured the basement lab in Amherst's Life Sciences Building where cholera strains are stored in industrial refrigerators after their arrival from hospitals in Peru, Chile, and Guatemala. "We always wear gloves." A medical-school-bound senior from the Boston suburbs, Saunders is one of Ewald's honor students. As she guided me around, pointing out centrifuges, -80° freezers, and doors with BIOHAZARD warnings, we passed a closet-sized room as hot and steamy as the tropical zones where hemorrhagic fevers thrive. She said, "This is the incubation room, where we grow the cholera."

Cholera invaded Peru in 1991 and quickly spread throughout South and Central America, in the process providing a ready-made experiment for Ewald. On the day of my tour Saunders had presented to the assembled biology department her honors project, "Geographical Variations in the Virulence of *Vibrio cholerae* in Latin America." The data compressed in her tables and bar graphs were evidence for Ewald's central thesis: it is possible to influence a disease organism's evolution to your advantage. Saunders used a standard assay, called ELISA, to measure the amount of toxin produced by different

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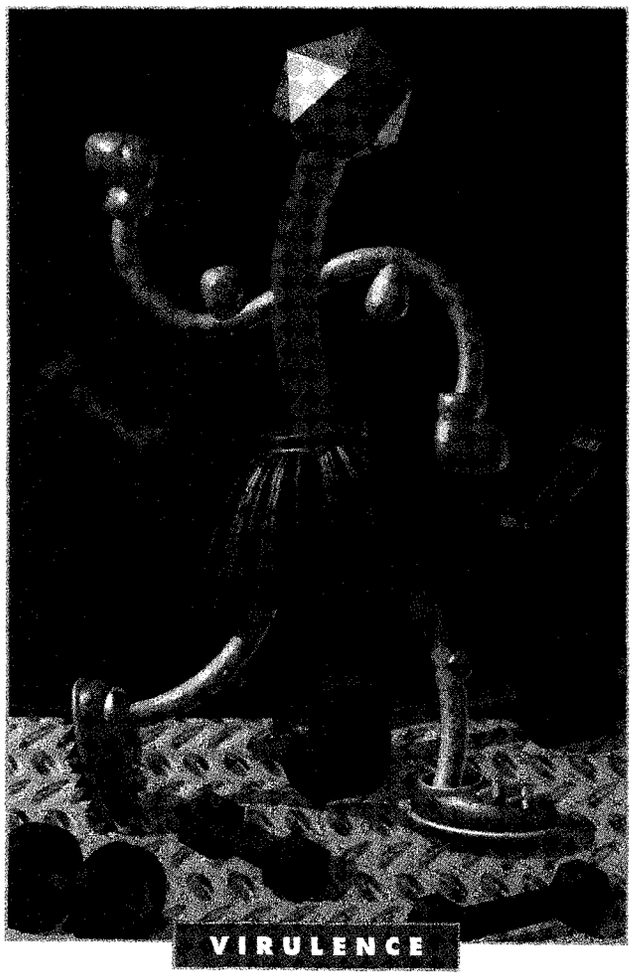
strains of cholera, thus inferring the virulence of *V. cholerae* variants from several Latin American regions. Then she and Ewald looked at figures for water quality—what percentage of the population had potable water, for example—and looked for correlations. If virulent strains correlated with a contaminated water supply, and if, conversely, mild strains took over where the water was clean, the implication would be that *V. cholerae* becomes increasingly mild when it cannot use water as a vector. When the pathogen is denied easy access to new hosts through fecal matter in the water system, its transmission depends on infected people moving into contact with healthy ones. In this scenario the less-toxic variants would prevail, because these strains do not incapacitate or kill the host before they can be spread to others. If this turned out to be true, it would constitute the kind of evidence that Ewald expected to find.

The dots on Saunders's graphs made it plain that cholera strains are virulent in Guatemala, where the water is bad, and mild in Chile, where water quality is good. "The Chilean data show how quickly it can become mild in response to different selective pressures," Ewald explained. "Public-health people try to keep a disease from spreading in a population, and they don't realize that we can also change the organism itself. If you can make an organism very mild, it works like a natural vaccine against the virulent strains. That's the most preventive of preventive medicine: when you can change the organism so it doesn't make you sick." Strains of the cholera agent isolated from Texas and Louisiana produce such small amounts of toxin that almost no one who is infected with them will come down with cholera.



Joseph Schall, a professor of biology at the University of Vermont, offers a comment on Ewald's work: "If Paul is right, it may be that the application of an evolutionary theory to public health could save millions of lives. It's a stunning idea. If we're able to manipulate the evolutionary trajectory of our friends—domestic animals and crops—why not do the same with our enemies, with cholera, malaria, and HIV? As Thomas Huxley said when he read Darwin, 'How stupid of me not to have thought of that before.' I thought when I heard Paul's idea, 'Gee, why didn't *I* think of that?'"

Ewald put forward his virulence theories in *Evolution of Infectious Disease*. Today his book is on the syllabus for just about every college course in Darwinian medicine or its equivalent. "I regard him as a major figure in the field," says Robert Trivers, a prominent evolutionary biologist who holds professorships in anthropology and biology at Rutgers University. "It is a shame his work isn't better known to the public-health and medical establishments, who are willfully ignorant of evolutionary logic throughout their training." While praising Ewald's boldness and originality, some of his peers caution that his data need to be independently corroborated, and others object that his hypotheses are too crude to capture the teeming complexity of microbial evolution. "Evolutionary biologists have had very poor success in explaining how an organism evolves in response to its environment," says James Bull, an evolutionary geneticist at the University of Texas. "Trying to understand a two-species interaction should be even more complicated."

Recently, in any case, Ewald has adopted a new cause, far more radical but equally rooted in evolution. Let's call it Germ Theory, Part II. It offers a new way to think about the causes of some of humanity's chronic and most baffling illnesses. Ewald's view, to put it simply, is that the culprits will often turn out to be pathogens—that the dictates of evolution virtually demand that this be so.

THE CASE FOR INFECTION

GERM Theory, Part I, the edifice built by men like Louis Pasteur, Edward Jenner, and Robert Koch, took medicine out of the Dark Ages. It wasn't "bad air" or "bad blood" that caused diseases like malaria and yellow fever but pathogens transmitted by mosquitoes. Tuberculosis was famously tracked to an airborne pathogen, *Mycobacterium tuberculosis*, by Robert Koch, the great German scientist who in 1905 won a Nobel Prize for his work. Koch also revolutionized medical epidemiology by laying out his famous

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four postulates, which have set the standard for proof of infectivity up to the present day. The postulates dictate that a microbe must be (a) found in an animal (or person) with the disease; (b) isolated and grown in culture; (c) injected into a healthy experimental animal, producing the disease in question; and then (d) recovered from the experimentally diseased animal and shown to be the same pathogen as the original.

By the early twentieth century the whole landscape had changed. Most of the common killer diseases, including smallpox, diphtheria, bubonic plague, flu, whooping cough, yellow fever, and TB, were understood to be caused by pathogens. Vaccines were devised against some, and by the 1950s antibiotics could easily cure many others. Smallpox was actually wiped off the face of the earth (if you don't count a few strains preserved in laboratories in the United States and Russia).

By the 1960s and 1970s the prevailing mood was one of optimism. Ewald is fond of quoting from a 1972 edition of a classic medical textbook: "The most likely forecast about the future of infectious disease is that it will be very dull." At least in the developed world, infectious diseases no longer seemed very threatening. Far scarier were the diseases that the medical world said were not infectious: heart disease, cancer, diabetes, and so on. No one foresaw the devastation of AIDS, or the serial outbreaks of deadly new infections such as Legionnaire's disease, Ebola and Marburg hemorrhagic fevers, antibiotic-resistant tuberculosis, "flesh-eating" staph infections, hepatitis C, and Rift Valley fever.

FRANK WARD

Paul Ewald

RUTH COCHRAN

Gregory Cochran

The infectious age is, we now know, far from over. Furthermore, it appears that many diseases we didn't think were infectious may be caused by infectious agents after all. Ewald observes, "By guiding researchers down one path, Koch's postulates directed them away from alternate ones. Researchers were guided away from diseases that might have been infectious but had little chance of fulfilling the postulates." That is, just because we couldn't readily discover their cause, we rather arbitrarily decided that the so-called chronic diseases of the late twentieth century must be hereditary or environmental or "multifactorial." And, Ewald contends, we have frequently been wrong.

Germ Theory, Part II, as conceived by Ewald and his collaborator, Gregory M. Cochran, flows from the timeless logic of evolutionary fitness. Coined by Darwin to refer to the fit between an organism and its environment, the term has come to mean the evolutionary success of an organism relative to competing organisms. Genetic traits that may be unfavorable to an organism's survival or reproduction do not persist in the gene pool for very long. Natural selection, by its very definition, weeds them out in short order. By this logic, any inherited disease or trait that has a serious impact on fitness must fade over time, because the genes that spell out that disease or trait will be passed on to fewer and fewer individuals in future generations. Therefore, in considering common illnesses with severe fitness costs, we may presume that they are unlikely to have a genetic cause. If we cannot track them to some hostile environmental element (including lifestyle), Ewald argues, then we must look elsewhere for the explanation. "When diseases have been present in human populations for many generations and still have a substantial negative impact on people's fitness," he says, "they are likely to have infectious causes."

Although its fitness-reducing dimensions are difficult to calculate, the ordinary stomach ulcer is the best recent example of a common ailment for which an infectious agent—to the surprise of almost everyone—turns out to be responsible.

When I visited him one afternoon, Ewald pulled off his shelves a standard medical textbook from the 1970s and opened the heavy volume to the entry on peptic ulcers. We squinted together at a gray field of small print punctuated by subheads in boldface. Under "Etiology" we scanned several pages: *environmental factors . . . smoking . . . diet . . . ulcers caused by drugs . . . aspirin . . . psychonomic factors . . . lesions caused by stress.* In the omniscient tone of medical texts, the authors concluded, "It is plausible to hypothesize a wealth of these factors. . . ." There was no mention of infection at all.

In 1981 Barry J. Marshall was training in internal medicine at the Royal Perth Hospital, in Western Australia, when he became interested in incidences of spiral bacteria in the stomach lining. The bacteria were assumed to be irrelevant to ulcer pathology, but Marshall and J. R. Warren, a histopathologist who had previously observed the bacteria, reviewed the records of patients whose stomachs were infected with large numbers of these bacteria. They noticed that when one patient was treated with tetracycline for unrelated reasons, his pain vanished, and an endoscopy revealed that his ulcer was gone.

An article by Marshall and Warren on their culturing of "unidentified curved bacilli" appeared in the British medical journal *The Lancet* in 1984, and was followed by other suggestive studies. For years, however, the medical establishment remained deaf to their findings, and around the world ulcer patients continued to dine on bland food, swear off stress, and swill Pepto-Bismol. Finally Marshall personally ingested a batch of the spiral bacteria and came down with painful gastritis, thereby fulfilling all of Koch's postulates.

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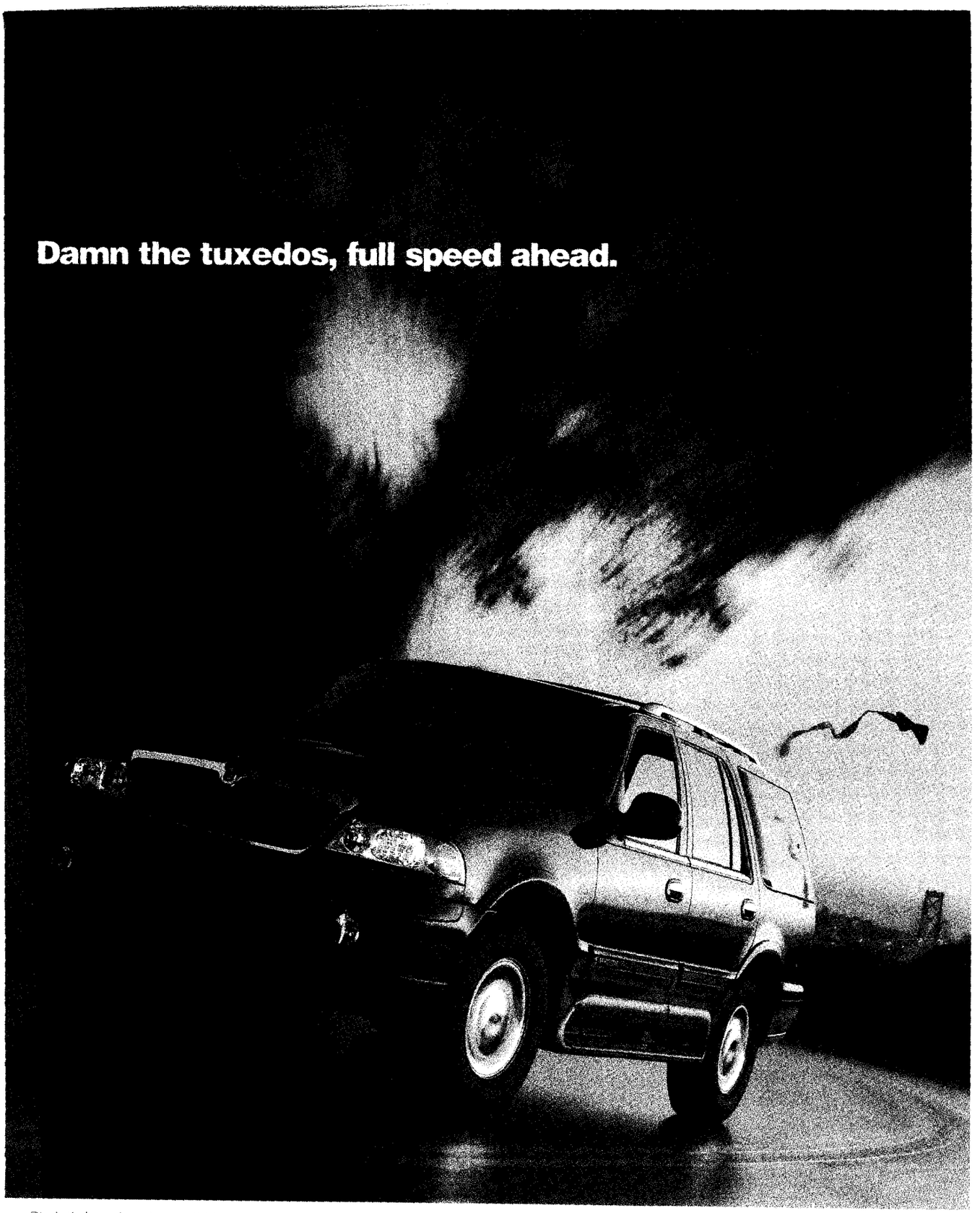

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There is now little doubt that *Helicobacter pylori*, found in the stomachs of a third of adults in the United States, causes inflammation of the stomach lining. In 20 percent of infected people it produces an ulcer. Nearly everyone with a duodenal ulcer is infected. *H. pylori* infections can be readily diagnosed with endoscopic biopsy tests, a blood test for antibodies, or a breath test. In 90 percent of cases the infections can be cured in less than a month with antibiotics. (Unfortunately, many doctors still haven't gotten the news. A Colorado survey found that 46 percent of patients seeking medical attention for ulcer symptoms are never tested for *H. pylori* by their physicians.)

ANTIBIOTICS AGAINST HEART DISEASE?

EWALD closed the medical textbook on his knee. "This was published twenty years ago," he said. "If we looked up 'atherosclerosis' in a textbook from ten years ago, we'd find the same kind of things—stress, lifestyle, lots about diet, nothing about infection."

Heart disease is now being linked to *Chlamydia pneumoniae*, a newly discovered bacterium that causes pneumonia and bronchitis. The germ is a relative of *Chlamydia trachomatis*, which causes trachoma, a leading cause of blindness in parts of the Third World. *C. trachomatis* is perhaps more familiar to us as a sexually transmitted disease that, left untreated in women, can lead to scarring of the fallopian tubes, pelvic inflammatory disease, ectopic pregnancy, and tubal infertility.

Pekka Saikku and Maija Leinonen, a Finnish husband-and-wife team who have evoked comparisons to the Curies, discovered the new type of chlamydial infection in 1985, though its existence was not officially recognized until 1989. Saikku and Leinonen found that 68 percent of Finnish patients who had suffered heart attacks had high levels of antibodies to *C. pneumoniae*, as did 50 percent of patients with coronary heart disease, in contrast to 17 percent of the healthy controls. "We were mostly ignored or laughed at," Saikku recalls.

While examining coronary-artery tissues at autopsy in 1991, Allan Shor, a pathologist in Johannesburg, saw "pear-shaped bodies" that looked like nothing he'd ever seen before. He mentioned his observations to a microbiologist colleague, who had read about a new species of chlamydia with a peculiar pear shape. The colleague referred Shor to an expert on the subject, Cho-Chou Kuo, of the University of Washington School of Public Health, in Seattle. After Shor shipped Kuo the curious coronary tissue, Kuo found that the clogged coronary arteries were full of *C. pneumoniae*. Before long, others were reporting the presence of live *C. pneumoniae* in arterial plaque fresh from operating tables. Everywhere the bacterium lodges, it appears to precipitate the same grim sequence of events: a chronic inflammation, followed by a buildup of plaque that occludes the opening of the artery (or, in the case of venereal chlamydia, a buildup of scar tissue in the fallopian tube). Recently a team of pathologists at MCP-Hahnemann School of Medicine, in Philadelphia, found the same bacterium in the diseased sections of the autopsied brains of patients who had had late-onset Alzheimer's disease: it was present in seventeen of nineteen Alzheimer's patients and in only one of nineteen controls.

By the mid-1990s a radical new view was emerging of atherosclerosis as a chronic, lifelong arterial infection. "I am confident that this will reach the level of certainty of ulcer and *H. pylori*," says Saikku, who estimates that at least 80 percent of all coronary heart disease is caused by the bacterium. Big questions remain, of course. Studies show that about 50 percent of U.S. adults carry antibodies to *C. pneumoniae*—but how many will develop heart disease? Even if heart patients can be shown to have antibodies to *C. pneumoniae*, and even if colonies of the bacteria are found living and breeding in diseased coronary arteries, is it certain that the germ *caused* the damage? Perhaps it's an innocent bystander, as some critics have proposed; or a secondary, opportunistic infection.

But suppose that a *Chlamydia pneumoniae* infection during childhood can initiate a silent, chronic infection of the coronary arteries, resulting in a "cardiovascular event" fifty

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years later. Could antibiotics help to address the problem?

A few early studies suggest they might. Researchers in Salt Lake City infected white rabbits with *C. pneumoniae*, fed them a modestly cholesterol-enhanced diet, killed them, and found thickening of the thoracic aortas, in contrast to the condition of uninfected controls fed the same diet. Additionally, treatment of infected rabbits with antibiotics in the weeks following infection prevented the thickening. Saikku and colleagues reported a similar finding, also in rabbits. Coronary patients in Europe who were treated with azithromycin not only showed a decline in antibodies and other markers of infection but in some studies had fewer subsequent cardiovascular events than patients who were given placebos. (These findings are preliminary; in a few years we may know more. The first major clinical trial is under way in the United States, sponsored by the National Institutes of Health and the Pfizer Corporation: 4,000 heart patients at twenty-seven clinical centers will be given either the antibiotic azithromycin or a placebo and followed for four years to gauge whether the antibiotic affects the incidence of further coronary events.)

Smoking, stress, cholesterol, and heredity all play a role in heart disease. But imagine if our No. 1 killer—with its vast culture of stress-reduction theories, low-fat diets, high-fiber cereals, cholesterol-lowering drugs, and high-tech bypass surgery—could in many instances be vanquished with an antibiotic. Numerous precedents exist for long-smoldering bacterial infections with consequences that appear months or years later. Lyme disease, leprosy, tuberculosis, and ulcers have a similar course. Ewald is confident that the association of *C. pneumoniae* and heart disease is real. He doesn't believe that the germ is an innocent bystander. "It reminds you a lot of gonorrhea in the 1890s," he says. "When they saw the organism there, people said, 'Well, we don't know if it's really causing the disease, or is just living there.' Every month the data are getting stronger. This is a smoking gun, just like *Helicobacter*."

EVOLUTIONARY BYWAYS

"I HAVE a motto," Gregory Cochran told me recently. "'Big old diseases are infectious.' If it's common, higher than one in a thousand, I get suspicious. And if it's old, if it has been around for a while, I get suspicious."

The fact that Ewald has dared to conceive of a big theory for the medical sciences owes much to Cochran's contributions. A forty-five-year-old Ph.D. physicist who lives in Albuquerque with his wife and three small children, Cochran makes a living doing contract work on advanced optical systems for weaponry and other devices. Whereas Ewald is an academic insider, with department meetings to attend and honors theses to monitor, Cochran is a solo player, with an encyclopedic mind (he is a former College Bowl contestant) and a manner that verges on edginess. These days he spends a lot of time at his computer, as rapt as a conspiracy theorist, cruising Medline for new data on infectious diseases and, one imagines, almost cackling to himself when he finds something really good. Cochran's background in a field dominated by grand theories and universal laws may serve as a valuable counterpoint to the empirical and theory-hostile universe of the health sciences.

Ewald and Cochran encountered each other serendipitously, after Cochran decided to pursue a certain line of thinking about a very sensitive subject. "I was reading an article in *Scientific American* in 1992 about pathogens manipulating a host to get what they want," Cochran recalls. "It described a flowering plant infected by a fungus, and the fungus hijacks the plant's reproductive machinery so that instead of pollen it produces fungal spores. I thought, *Could it be?*" Cochran strayed from his field to try his hand at writing an article on biology—elaborating an audacious theory that human homosexuality might result from a "manipulation" of a host by a germ with its own agenda. He sent his draft to a prestigious biology journal, which sent it out to three scientists for peer review. Two were unconvinced, even appalled; the third was Paul Ewald, who thought the article was flawed but who was nonetheless impressed by the logic of the idea. The article was rejected, but Ewald and Cochran began their association.

I HAVE A MOTTO," GREGORY COCHRAN SAYS. "'BIG OLD DISEASES ARE INFECTIOUS.' IF IT'S COMMON, HIGHER THAN ONE IN A THOUSAND, I GET SUSPICIOUS."

To illustrate his thinking about infectiousness and disease, Cochran not long ago gave me a tour of his conceptual bins, into which he sorts afflictions according to their fitness impact. Remember that fitness can be defined as the evolutionary success of one organism relative to competing organisms. Only one thing counts: getting one's genes into the future. Any disease that kills host organisms before they can reproduce reduces fitness to zero. Obviously, fitness takes a major hit whenever the reproductive system itself is involved, as in the case of venereal chlamydia.

Consider a disease with a fitness cost of one percent—that is, a disease that takes a toll on survival or reproduction such that people who have it end up with one percent fewer offspring, on average, than the general population. That small amount adds up. If you have an inherited disease with a one percent fitness cost, in the next generation there will be 99 percent of the original number in the gene pool. Eventually the number of people with the disease will dwindle to close

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to zero—or, more precisely, to the rate produced by random genetic mutations: about one in 50,000 to one in 100,000.

We were considering the bin containing diseases that are profoundly antagonistic to fitness, with a fitness cost of somewhere between one and 10 percent by Cochran's calculations. My eye took in a catalogue of human ills—some familiar, some exotic, some historically fearsome but close to extinct, some lethal in the tropics but of little concern to inhabitants of the temperate zones. This list also showed prevailing medical opinion about cause. Each name of a disease was trailed by a lower-case letter: *i* (for infectious), *g* (genetic), *g*+(genetic defense against an infectious disease), *e* (caused by an environmental agent), or *u* (unknown). I read, "Atherosclerosis (*u*), . . . chlamydia (venereal) (*i*), cholera (*i*), diphtheria (*i*), endometriosis (*u*), filariasis (*i*), G6PD deficiency (*g*+), . . . hemoglobin E disease (*g*+), hepatitis B (*i*), hepatitis C (*i*), hookworm disease (*i*), kuru (*i*), . . . malaria (vivax) (*i*), . . . pertussis (*i*), pneumococcal pneumonia (*i*), polycystic ovary disease (*u*), scarlet fever (*i*), . . . tuberculosis (*i*), typhoid (*i*), yellow fever (*i*)."

Of the top forty fitness-antagonistic diseases on the list, thirty-three are known to be directly infectious and three are indirectly caused by infection; Cochran believes that the others will turn out to be infectious too. The most fitness-antagonistic diseases must be infectious, not genetic, Ewald and Cochran reason, because otherwise their frequency would have sunk to the level of random mutations. The exceptions would be either diseases that could be the effect of some new environmental factor (radiation or smoking, for example), or genetic diseases that balance their fitness cost with a benefit. Sickle-cell anemia is one example of the latter.

Though sickle-cell anemia is strictly heritable according to Mendelian laws, it is widely believed to have persisted in the population in response to infectious selective pressures. It heads the list of genetic diseases that Ewald dubs "self-destructive defenses," in which a disease fatal in its homozygous form (two copies of the gene) carries an evolutionary advantage to heterozygous carriers (with one copy), protecting against a terrible infection: in this case falciparum malaria, common in Africa. Similarly, cystic fibrosis, some argue, evolved in northern Europe as a defense against *Salmonella typhi*, the cause of typhoid fever. Infection thus explains why these deadly genetic diseases have remained in the human gene pool when they should have died out.

But what about something like atherosclerosis? I asked. Leaving aside the evidence concerning *C. pneumoniae*, it is not apparent why a genetic cause for atherosclerosis should be dismissed out of hand on evolutionary grounds. If it hits people in midlife or later, after they have launched their genes, how could it possibly affect fitness?

Cochran's response illustrates some of the intricacies of evolutionary thinking. "Well, obviously, it's not as bad as a disease that kills you before puberty, but I think it does have a fitness cost. First of all, it's *really* common. Second, people think that all you have to do to pass your genes along is have children, but that's not true. You still need to raise the offspring to adulthood. In a hunter-gatherer or subsistence-farming culture, the fitness impact of dying in midlife might be considerable, especially during bad times, like famines. You've got to feed your family. Also, cardiovascular disease is a leading cause of impotence, and any disease that makes males impotent at age forty-five has got to affect reproduction somewhat."

But fifty-year-olds? Sixty-year-olds?

Grandmothers do a large proportion of the food-gathering in some tribal cultures, according to recent anthropological reports. "They aren't hampered by babies anymore, and they don't have to go around chucking spears like the men," says George C. Williams, a professor emeritus of ecology and evolution at the State University of New York at Stonybrook, and one of the pillars of modern evolutionary biology. "They contribute substantially to the family diet." If long-lived elders historically have made a difference by fostering the survival of their descendants, and therefore their genes, Cochran figures, then a disease that kills sixty-year-olds could have a fitness impact of around one percent.

THE CAUSE-AND-EFFECT CONUNDRUM

"KNOW what that is?" Ewald asked. We were standing in the main corridor of the Life Sciences Building, gazing up at a decorative metalwork frieze that runs along the walls just above door height. A pair of hummingbirds chase each other in a circle. A human eye and an octopus eye face off. A human hand is juxtaposed with a chimpanzee hand. Ewald pointed to something that looked like a daddy longlegs with a video camera for a head. "Some kind of insect?" I ventured. "It's a virus," he said. "See, it's like a spaceship. That"—he pointed at the head—"is its DNA. It injects it inside the cell."

There is something unsettling and fascinating about a virus, an organism that is neither strictly alive nor strictly inanimate, and that replicates by sneaking inside a host cell and commandeering its machinery. "Viruses are essentially bits of nucleic acid—either DNA or RNA—wrapped in a protein capsule," Ewald explained. "A retrovirus, like HIV, is an RNA virus with a protein called reverse transcriptase built into it, and once it gets into a cell, it uses the reverse transcriptase to make a DNA copy of its RNA. This viral DNA copy can insert itself into our DNA, where it can be read by our protein-making machinery the same way our own instructions are read."

The modus operandi of the world's most feared virus, HIV, is clever, killing its hosts very, very slowly. A sexually transmitted pathogen, without the luxury of being spread through sneezes or coughs, must await its few opportunities patiently; if those infected have no symptoms and don't know they are sick, so much the better. A mild, chronic form of AIDS had in

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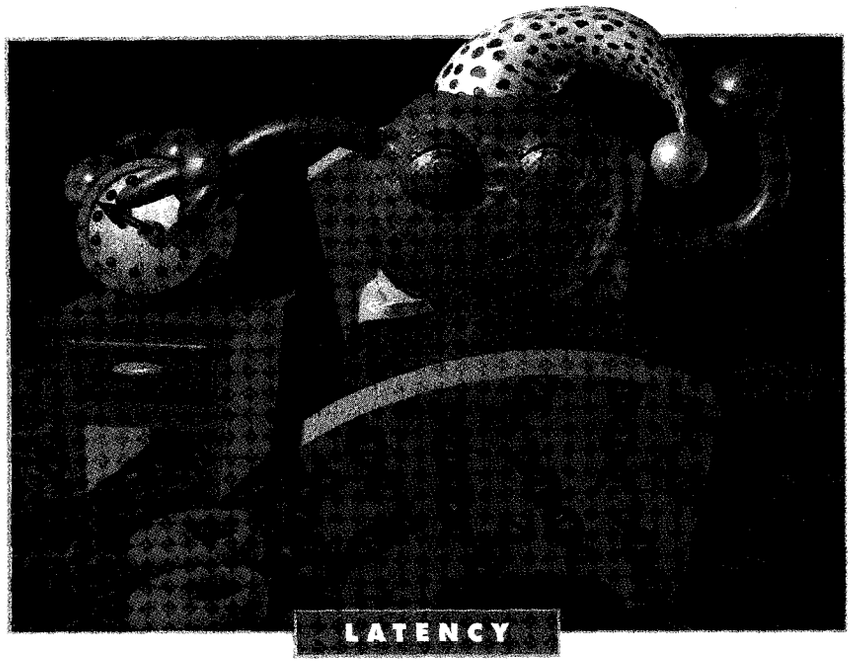

all likelihood been around for centuries in Africa, according to Ewald. Suddenly in the 1970s—owing to changing patterns of sexual activity and to population movements—deadly strains spread in the population of Central and East Africa.

HIV has an extremely high mutation rate, which means that it is continually evolving, even within a single patient, producing competing strains that fight for survival against the weapons produced by the immune system. If selective pressures—in this case a high potential sexual transmission—have forced the virus to evolve toward virulence, the opposite selective pressures could do the reverse. Conceivably, we could "tame" HIV, encouraging it to evolve toward comparative harmlessness. It was already known that preventive measures such as safe sex, fewer partners, clean needles, and so forth could curb the spread of the disease. But Ewald pointed out early on that social modification was a far more potent weapon than anyone realized. Once HIV was cut off from easy access to new hosts, milder strains would flourish—ones that the host could tolerate for longer and longer periods. Indeed, Ewald argues, given limited public-health budgets, it might make sense to put more money into transmission-prevention programs and less into the search for vaccines. (He also has strong opinions about how drugs should be used to treat AIDS. He asserts that every time we use an antiviral drug like AZT, we produce an array of AZT-resistant HIVs in the population; if viral evolution is taken into account, antiviral drugs can be used more judiciously.)

Ewald's theories tilt him decidedly toward the optimistic camp. Even in the absence of a vaccine the AIDS epidemic will not inevitably worsen; it can be curbed without reducing transmission to zero. A natural experiment now occurring in Japan, he says, could be a test case for his theories. In the early 1990s highly virulent strains of HIV from Thailand took root in Japan, but Ewald predicts that low rates of sexual transmission in that country—due to widespread condom use and other factors—will act as a selective pressure on these strains so that they evolve toward mildness. If this is true, the trend should become evident over the next ten years.

Like HIV, many other viruses have an indolent course, with a long latency between infection and the development of symptoms. Herpes zoster, the agent of chicken pox, lingers in the body forever, capable of erupting as painful shingles decades later. There are also so-called hit-and-run infections, in which a pathogen or its products disrupt the body's immunological surveillance system; once the microbes are gone (or when they are present in such low frequency as to be undetectable), the immune response stays stuck in the "on" mode, causing a lingering inflammation. By the time symptoms occur, the microorganism itself has disappeared, and its genome will not be detectable in any tissue.

"The health sciences are still grappling with the masking effects of long delays between the onset of infection and the onset of disease," Ewald says. "Any time you have hit-and-run infections, slow viruses, lingering or relapsing infections, or a time lag between infection and symptoms, the cause and effect is going to be very cryptic. You won't find these newly recognized infections by the methods we used to find old infectious diseases. We have to be ready to think of all sorts of new, clever ways to identify pathogens. We will have to abandon Koch's postulates in some cases."

THE GREAT SYNTHESIZER

As of this writing, the ideas at the core of Germ Theory, Part II, have been presented by Ewald mostly in the form of lectures, and in communications with colleagues. The papers in which the ideas will be formally articulated are in preparation. Given Ewald's prominence, the ideas are bound to cause a stir. They will also draw criticism. In the medical sciences, where "theory" is a bad word and "Stick to the data" is the reigning motto, Ewald will come under particular scrutiny because his hypothesis arrives detached from a vast corpus of laboratory data. It is helpful to think of Ewald as continuing the tradition of the great scientific synthesizers. Darwin himself was a synthesizer extraordinaire, who composed the thesis of *The Origin of Species* largely out of hundreds of odds and ends contributed by others, from pigeon breeders to naturalists. "Professor So-and-so has observed . . ." is a recurring motif in Darwin's book.

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Ewald's theory about evolution and infectiousness provides a framework that potentially unites diverse research on the front lines of various afflictions. Ulcers and heart disease have already been mentioned. Here are two more: cancer and mental illness.

In 1910 a man named Peyton Rous discovered the eponymous Rous sarcoma virus, demonstrating that chickens infected with it developed cancer. Over the years many other cancer viruses have been discovered in animals. And yet until 1979, despite broad hints from the animal world, not a single human cancer was generally accepted as infectious. Rous had been lucky: his chickens became sick only two weeks after infection. Human cancers follow a more languorous course, which means that by the time symptoms show up, any infectious causation may well be buried under a lifetime of irrelevant risk factors.

In 1979 HTLV-1, a retrovirus endemic in parts of Asia, Africa, and the Caribbean, and transmitted either sexually or from mother to child, was linked to certain leukemias and lymphomas; the cancer appeared decades after infection. The Epstein-Barr virus (the agent that causes mononucleosis) has now been associated with some B-cell lymphomas, with a nasopharyngeal cancer common in south China, and with Burkitt's lymphoma, a deadly childhood cancer of Africa. Some 82 percent of all cases of cervical cancer have been associated with the sexually transmitted human papilloma virus, a once relatively innocent-seeming pathogen responsible for genital warts.

EWALD'S IDEAS ABOUT INFECTIOUS DISEASE PROVIDE A THEORETICAL FRAMEWORK THAT POTENTIALLY UNITES DIVERSE RESEARCH ON MANY ILLNESSES.

H. pylori, the ulcer pathogen, confers a sixfold greater risk of stomach cancer, and accounts for at least half of all stomach cancers. Also, the lymphoid tissue of the stomach can produce a low-grade gastric lymphoma under the influence of this bacterium. Early reports indicate that the lymphoma is cured in 50 percent of cases by resolving the *H. pylori* infection—which may mark the first time in medical history that cancer has been cured with an antibiotic.

Hepatitis B and C, two of the ever-growing alphabet soup of hepatic diseases, have been linked to liver cancer. Herpes virus 8 has recently been discovered to be the cause of Kaposi's sarcoma. "There is no reason to believe that this flurry of discovery has now completed the list of infectious agents of cancer," Ewald says.

Among the many known animal cancer viruses is a closely studied retrovirus known as mouse mammary tumor virus (MMTV), which causes mammary-gland cancer in mice. This virus is transmitted from mother to offspring through mother's milk, lying latent in the daughter's mammary tissue until activated by hormones during her own lactation. Could such a virus be a factor in human breast cancer? In the mid-1980s researchers announced that they had found in malignant human breast tumors a DNA sequence resembling MMTV, but the excitement waned when the same sequence was found in normal breast tissue as well. Interest has been revived by the research of Beatriz G-T. Pogo, a professor in the departments of medicine and microbiology at Mount Sinai School of Medicine, in New York. Examining some 400 to 500 breast-cancer samples, she has found DNA sequences resembling MMTV that are not present in normal tissue or in other human cancers. She remains guarded about the implications.

CAN YOU "CATCH" SCHIZOPHRENIA?

MICROBES obviously can cause mental disorders—as syphilitic dementia, to name but one example, makes brutally clear. But most post-Freudian discussions of psychiatric dysfunction have tended not to invoke infection. Recently, however, some cases of childhood obsessive compulsive disorder (OCD) have hinted at a new set of possibilities. Children who have this disease may compulsively count the crayons in their book bags over and over again, or meticulously avoid each crack in the pavement, in order to ward off some imagined evil. Susan E. Swedo, of the National Institute of Mental Health, in Bethesda, Maryland, noticed strong resemblances between OCD and a disease called Sydenham's chorea, formerly known as Saint Vitus's dance, which, like rheumatic heart disease, is a rare complication of an untreated streptococcal infection. Streptococcal antibodies find their way into the brain and attack a region called the basal ganglia, causing characteristic clumsiness and arm-flapping movements along with obsessions, compulsions, senseless rituals, and *idées fixes*. Could some cases of childhood OCD be a milder version of this illness? The hunch paid off. In the early 1990s a new syndrome, known as PANDAS (pediatric autoimmune neuropsychiatric disorders associated with streptococcus), was recognized.

Some children with OCD get better when they are given intravenous immunoglobulin or undergo therapeutic plasma exchange to remove the antibodies from their blood. It is not known whether adult-onset OCD—whose most famous avatar was the germ-phobic Howard Hughes—also results from some sort of infection. But it is certainly provocative that a mental disorder can result from a lingering immune response. The phenomenon makes some people wonder about schizophrenia.

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[1] No fees or sales charges apply to benchmarks. Performance provided by Lipper Analytical Services, Inc.

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For years, amid the smorgasbord of theories about the etiology of schizophrenia, there has been recurring speculation about a schizophrenia virus. Karl Menninger wondered in the 1920s if schizophrenia might result from a flu infection. Later researchers pointed to data that showed seasonal and geographic patterns in the births of schizophrenics, suggestive of infection—though it must be said that the viral theorists were largely regarded as inhabiting the fringe. Genetic theories grabbed center stage, and by the 1990s most researchers were pinning their hopes on the genetic markers being identified in the Human Genome Project.

In Ewald and Cochran's view, evolutionary laws dictate that infection must be a factor in schizophrenia. "They announced they had the gene for schizophrenia, and then it turned out not to be true," Cochran said one day when I mentioned genetic markers. "I think they found and unfound the gene for depression about six times. Nobody's found a gene yet for any common mental illness. Maybe instead of the Human Genome Project we should have the Human Germ Project." Cochran is endorsing a suggestion made by several scientists in a recent issue of *Nature*. "I don't mean to say that the Human Genome Project isn't worthwhile for many reasons, but all the genes we've found have been for *rare* diseases. I don't think the common diseases are going to turn out that way."

Schizophrenia affects about one percent of the population, and thus in Ewald and Cochran's scheme is too common for a genetic disease that profoundly impairs fitness. As noted, the background mutation rate—the rate at which a gene spontaneously mutates—is typically about one in 50,000 to one in 100,000. Not surprisingly, genetic diseases that are severely fitness-impairing (for example, achondroplastic dwarfism) tend to have roughly the same odds, depending on the gene. (In a few cases, however, the gene involved may be especially error-prone, resulting in a higher frequency of mishaps. One of the most common genetic diseases, Duchenne's muscular dystrophy, afflicts boys at a rate of one in 7,000, reflecting the fragility of an uncommonly long gene.)

From the fitness perspective, schizophrenia is a catastrophe. It is estimated that male schizophrenics have roughly half as many offspring as the general population has. Female schizophrenics have roughly 75 percent as many. Schizophrenia should therefore approach the level of a random mutation after many generations. (To explain this away, some genetic theorists have proposed that in hunter-gatherer cultures schizophrenics were the tribal shamans—desirable as sexual partners—and thus did not incur a reproductive disadvantage.)

No one has found a schizophrenia virus yet, but some think they may be close. Following a tip from Ewald and Cochran, I typed "Borna virus" into my online search engine and ended up with a stack of scientific papers. Borna virus was first recognized as the cause of a neurologic disease in horses, and can infect nearly all warm-blooded animals, from birds to primates. Horses and other animals infected with Borna virus may exhibit depressed or apathetic behavior, weakness of the legs, abnormal body postures, or a staggering gait. Borna-infected laboratory rats exhibit learning disorders, exaggerated startle responses, and hyperactivity, among other things.

Royce Waltrip, an associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Mississippi with an expertise in virology, studies Borna virus. Despite being leery of a rash of inconsistent studies associating Borna virus with schizophrenia, Waltrip believes that "there is something there, though I don't know if it's a perinatal infection or an adult infection or what." When he started looking for antibodies to Borna in mental patients, he found that 14 percent of the schizophrenic patients had antibodies to two or three Borna proteins, whereas none of the healthy controls did. Waltrip speculates that Borna virus is not *the* cause of schizophrenia. "I think that schizophrenia is an etiologically heterogeneous disease," he said. "I think there are a finite number of ways the brain can respond to injury. There are probably different routes to schizophrenia, and there is probably more than one infectious pathway." One route, he hypothesizes, is Borna virus.

Ewald and Cochran do not doubt that multiple pathogens or multiple factors may be implicated in some broad disease syndromes, among them schizophrenia. But they worry, in general, that the "multifactorial" argument has become too facile a response. "That's what they *always* say when they don't know the cause of a disease," Cochran said on the phone. "They say it's *multifactorial*. Ulcers and heart disease were supposed to be multifactorial. But they're infections! Tuberculosis was supposed to be multifactorial. It's an infection!"

I happened to be visiting Ewald in his office when Cochran called, so we were having a three-way conversation, with Cochran's voice echoing over the static on a speaker phone. Outside the window the scene was shifting subtly into mid-autumn. Patches of orange and rust speckled the blue-green flanks of the Holyoke hills, and the students on the playing fields were wearing sweatpants.

But what about random accidents in utero as a cause of schizophrenia? I asked. Some kind of damage to the wiring?

"You'd have to say what caused the damage," Ewald responded, pointing out that the word "random" is often used to refer to something we haven't been able to understand. He noted once again how widespread schizophrenia is. "At this frequency—one percent of the population—we'd expect that natural selection would have led to protective mechanisms."

The same holds true for severe depression, Ewald believes. A tendency toward suicide doesn't make evolutionary sense in a world of organisms driven by the twin urgencies of survival and reproduction. The relentless engine of natural selection should have eliminated any genes that infringed on them. So why are these fitness-antagonistic traits still around?

This leads to a subject that Ewald is not shy about bringing

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up in discussions with colleagues and in professional lectures: homosexuality. Various pieces of evidence have been adduced in recent years, by prominent researchers, for some sort of genetic component to homosexuality. The question arises as to whether natural selection would sustain a homosexual trait in the gene pool for any length of time. The best estimates of the fitness cost of homosexuality hover around 80 percent: in other words, gay men (in modern times, at least) have only 20 percent as many offspring as heterosexuals have. Simple math shows how quickly an evolutionarily disadvantageous trait like this should dwindle, if it is a simple genetic phenomenon. The researchers Richard Pillard, at the Boston University School of Medicine, and Dean Hamer, at the National Cancer Institute, are not persuaded that natural selection would necessarily have eliminated a homosexual trait, and offer ingenious counterarguments. (And they note that historically the fitness cost may not have been very high, when gay men stayed in the closet, married, and had children.)

No one, of course, has ever isolated a bacterium or a virus responsible for sexual orientation, and speculations about the manner in which such an agent would be transmitted can be nothing more than that. But Ewald and Cochran contend that the severe "fitness hit" of homosexuality is a red flag that should not be ignored, and that an infectious process should at least be explored. "It's a very sensitive subject," Ewald admits, "and I don't want to be accused of gay-bashing. But I think the idea is viable. What scientists are supposed to do is evaluate an idea on the soundness of the logic and the testing of the predictions it can generate."

THE SEARCH FOR TELLTALE SIGNS

AFTER I had spent time talking to Ewald and Cochran and reading back issues of the journal *Emerging Infectious Diseases*, everything began to look infectious to me. The catalogue of suspected chronic diseases caused by infection, according to David A. Relman, an assistant professor of medicine, microbiology, and immunology at Stanford University, now includes "sarcoidosis, various forms of inflammatory bowel disease, rheumatoid arthritis, systemic lupus erythematosus, Wegener's granulomatosis, diabetes mellitus, primary biliary cirrhosis, tropical sprue, and Kawasaki disease." Ewald and Cochran's list of likely suspects would include all of the above plus many forms of heart disease, arteriosclerosis, Alzheimer's disease, many if not most forms of cancer, multiple sclerosis, most major psychiatric diseases, Hashimoto's thyroiditis, cerebral palsy, polycystic ovary disease, and perhaps obesity and certain eating disorders. From an evolutionary perspective, Cochran says, anorexia is strikingly inimical to the survival principle. "I mean, *not to eat*—what would cause that?"

"In all these situations you look for little signs of infectious spread," Ewald said in his office. "Is there geographic variation? Temporal variation? Does it go up or down across decades? Multiple sclerosis seems pretty clearly infectious, because you have these island populations where there was no MS and then you see it spread like a wave through the population. And you have this latitudinal gradient . . . "

"Yes!" Cochran burst from the speaker phone. "The farther you get from the Equator, the more common it is. It's three to four times more common if you grow up in Ontario than if you grow up in Mississippi. Some people have tried to say that's because Canadians are genetically different from Americans."

I downloaded a paper about extremely high rates of multiple sclerosis in the Shetland and Orkney Islands and other regions of Scotland, and I made a mental note of the many Canadian Web sites devoted to MS. Like other autoimmune diseases, MS looks suspiciously infectious for a number of reasons: epidemiological evidence of childhood exposure to disease agents, geographic clusters, abnormal immune responses to a variety of viruses, resemblances to animal models and human diseases with a relapsing-remitting course. And, in fact, a virus has been nominated: the human herpes virus 6, the agent of roseola infantum, a very mild disease of childhood. The connection, however, is by no means proved.

"No doubt everywhere people look there will be more and more examples of chronic diseases with infectious etiology," says Stephen S. Morse, an expert in infectious diseases at the Columbia University School of Public Health. "*Helicobacter* is probably the tip of the iceberg." Although we have wielded the tools of microbial cultivation for a hundred years, much of the microbial world is still as mysterious as an alien planet. "It has been estimated that only 0.4 percent of all extant bacterial species have been identified," David Relman has written. "Does this remarkable lack of knowledge pertain to the subset of microorganisms both capable of and accomplished in causing human disease?" Even the germs that inhabit our bodies—the so-called "human commensal flora," such as the swarming populations of organisms that live in the spaces between our teeth—are largely unknown, he points out. Most of them are presumably benign, up to a point. There are disquieting suggestions in the literature of a link between bacteria in dental plaque and coronary disease.

"Some people think it's scary to have these time bombs in our bodies," Ewald says, "but it's also encouraging—because if it's a disease organism, then there's probably something we can do about it. The textbooks say, In 1900 most people died of infectious diseases, and today most people don't die of infectious disease; they die of cancer and heart disease and Alzheimer's and all these things. Well, in ten years I think the textbooks will have to be rewritten to say, Throughout history most people have died of infectious disease, and most people continue to die of infectious disease."

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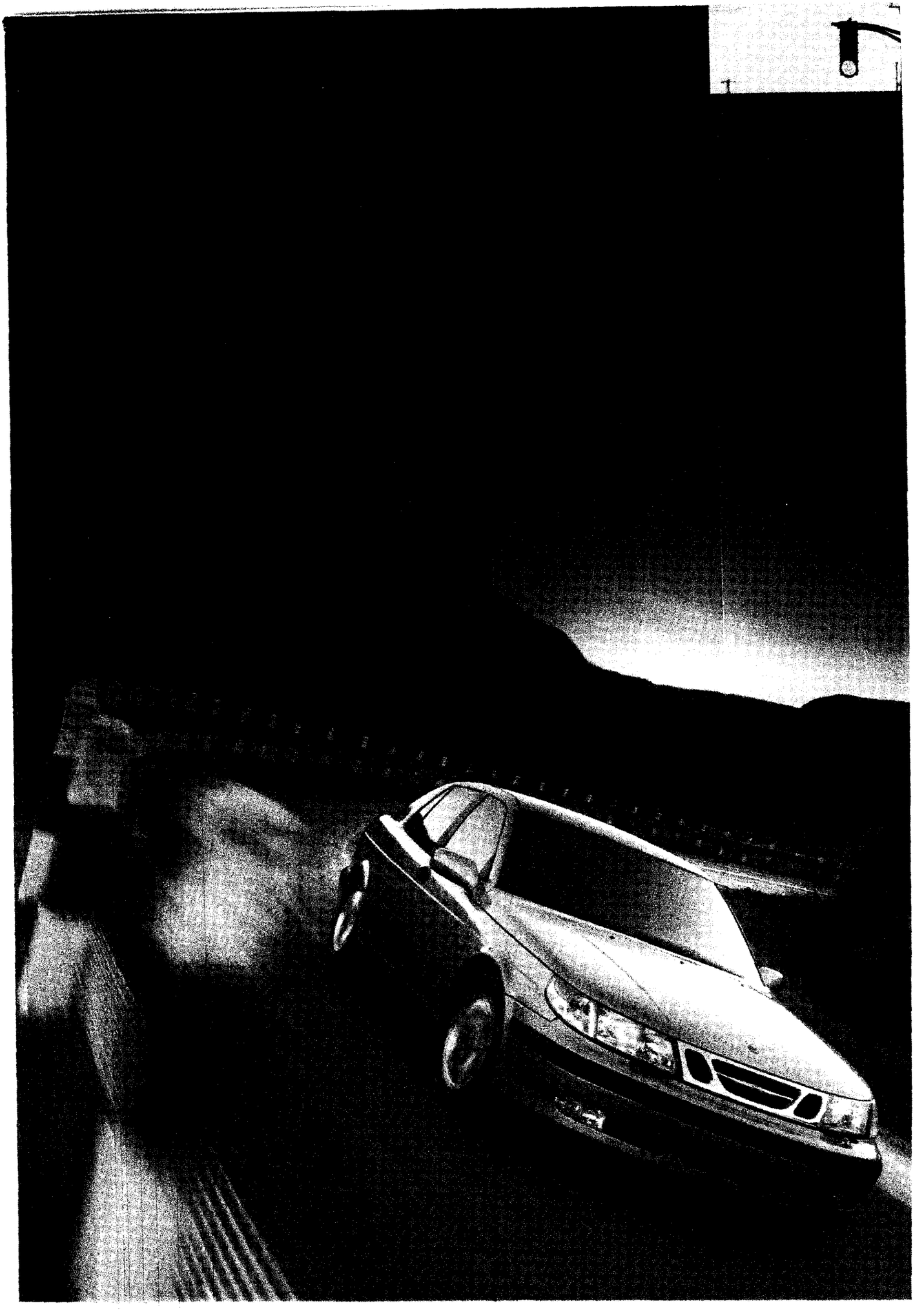

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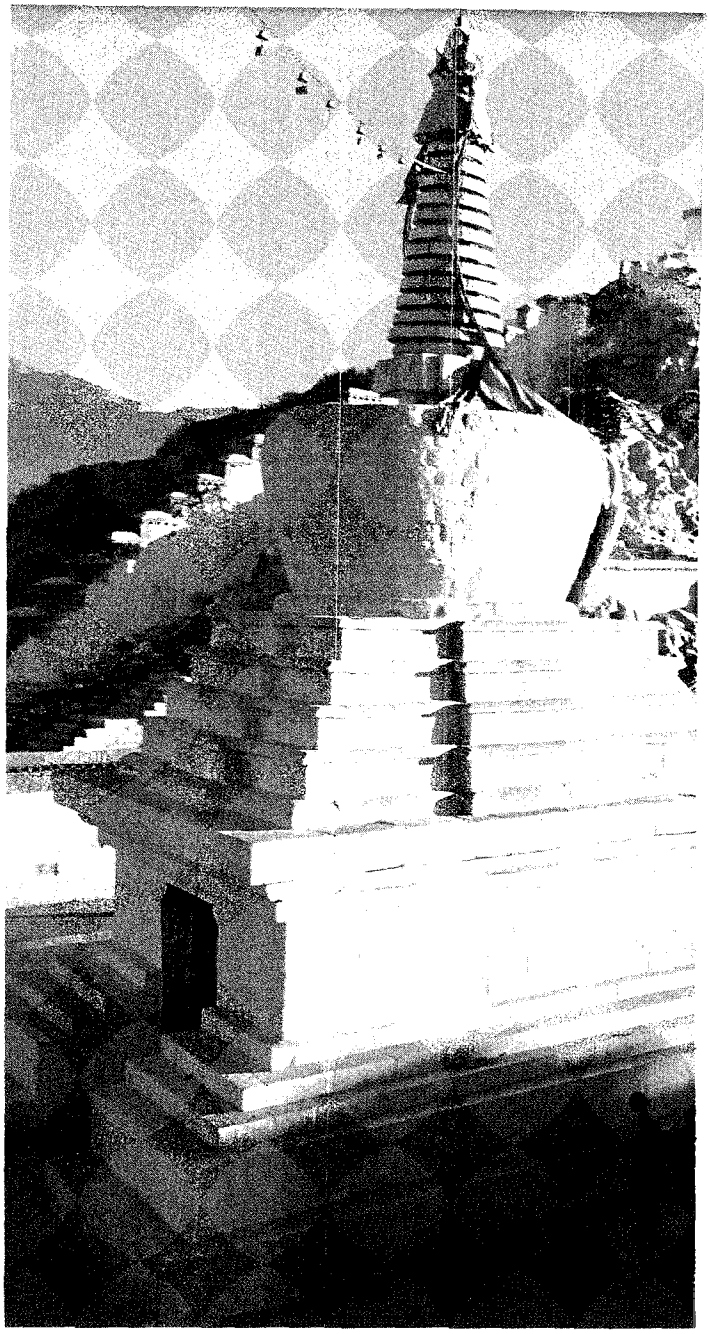
TIBET
Through Chinese Eyes

by PETER HESSLER



Many Chinese working in Tibet regard themselves as idealistic missionaries of progress, rejecting the Western idea of them as agents of cultural imperialism. In truth, they are inescapably both

POLITICAL views on Tibet tend to be as unambiguous as the hard blue dome of sky that stretches above its mountains. In Western opinion, the "Tibet question" is settled: Tibet should not be part of China; before being forcibly annexed, in 1951, it was an independent country. The Chinese are cruel occupiers who are seeking to destroy the traditional culture of Tibet. The Dalai Lama, the traditional spiritual leader of Tibet, who fled to India in 1959, should be allowed to return and resume his rule over either an independent or at least a culturally autonomous Tibet. In short, in Western eyes there is only one answer to the Tibet question: Free Tibet.

For Han—ethnic Chinese—who live in Tibet, the one answer is exactly the same and yet completely different. They serve what the Chinese call "Liberated Tibet." Mei Zhiyuan is Han, and in 1997 he was sent by the Chinese government to act as a "Volunteer Aiding Tibet" at a Tibetan middle school, where he works as a teacher. His roommate, Tashi, is a Tibetan who as a college student was sent in the opposite direction, to Sichuan province, where he received his teacher training. Both men are twenty-four years old. They are good friends who live near Heroes Road, which is named after the Chinese and Tibetans who contributed to the "peaceful liberation" of Tibet in the 1950s. This is how Mei Zhiyuan sees Tibet—as a harmonious region that benefits from Chinese support. When I asked him why he had volunteered to work there, he said, "Because all of us know that Tibet is a less developed place that needs skilled people."

I went to Tibet to explore this second viewpoint, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Tibet question through Chinese eyes. Before coming to Tibet, I had spent two years as a volunteer English teacher at a small college in Sichuan, which made me particularly interested in meeting volunteer teachers like Mei Zhiyuan. I also talked with other young government-sent workers and entrepreneurs who had come to seek their fortunes, and for four weeks that was my focus, as I spent time in Lhasa and other places where there are large numbers of Han settlers.

Of all the pieces that compose the Tibet question, this is by far the most explosive: the Dalai Lama has targeted Han mi-

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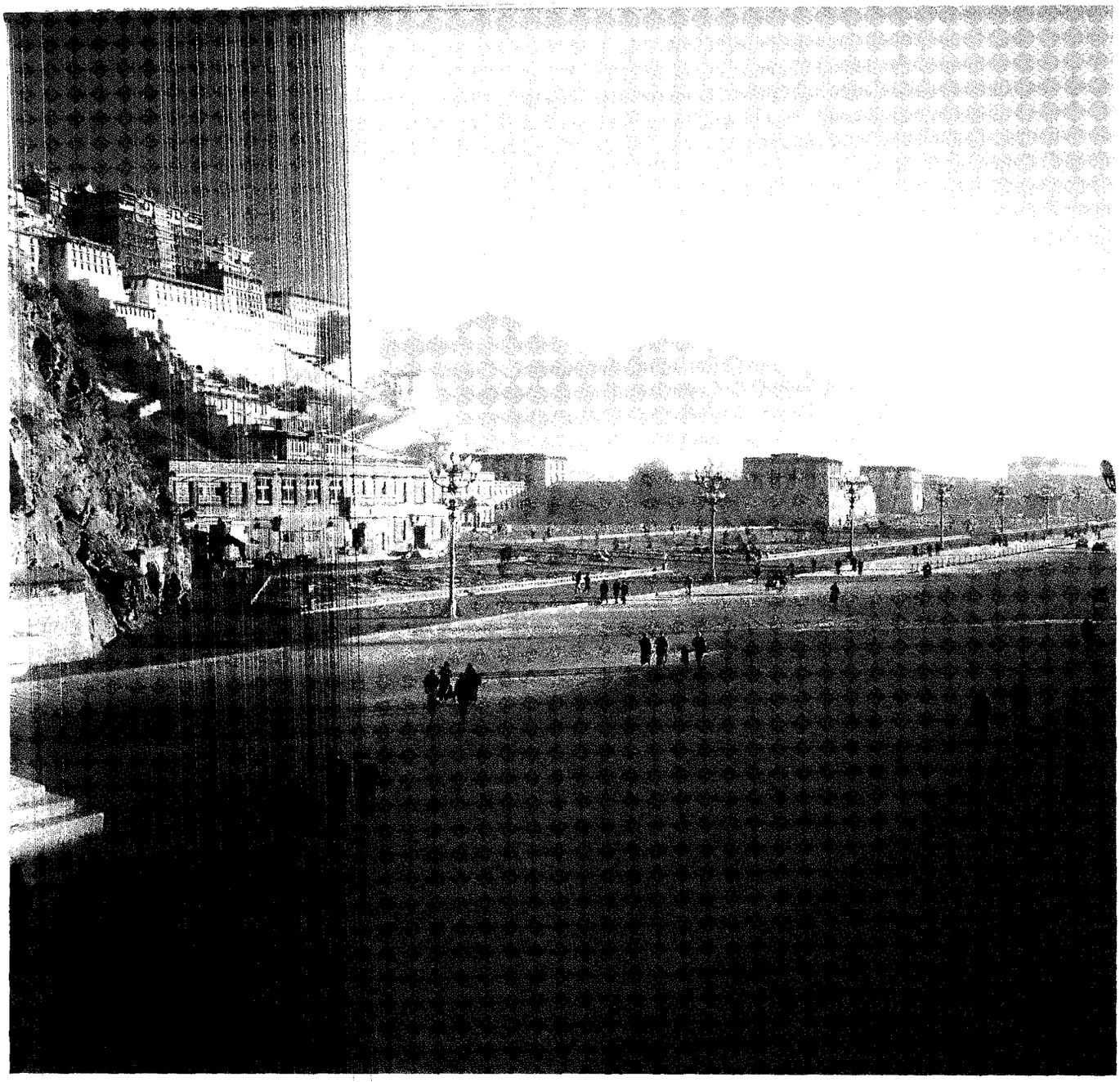

The ancient Potala Palace, above a vast square carved out of old Lhasa by Tibet's Chinese rulers

gration as one of the greatest threats to Tibetan culture, and the sensitivity of the issue is evident in some statistics. According to Beijing, Han make up only three percent of the population of the Tibet Autonomous Region, whereas some Tibetan exiles claim that the figure is in fact over 50 percent and growing. Tibetans see the influx of Han as yet another attempt to destroy their culture; Chinese see the issue as Deng Xiaoping did in 1987, when he said, "Tibet is sparsely populated. The two million Tibetans are not enough to handle the task of developing such a huge region. There is no harm in sending Han into Tibet to help. . . . The key issues are what is best for Tibetans and how can Tibet develop at a fast pace, and move ahead in the four modernizations in China."

Regardless of the accuracy of the official Chinese view, many of the government-sent Han workers in Tibet clearly see their role in terms of service. They are perhaps the most important historical actors in terms of the Tibet question, and yet they are also the most-often overlooked. Why did they come to Tibet? What do they think of the place, how are they changing it, and what do they see as their role?

Gao Ming, a twenty-two-year-old English teacher, told me, "One aspect was that I knew we should be willing to go to the border regions, to the minority areas, to places that are *jianku*—difficult. These are the parts of China that need help. If I could have gone to Xinjiang, I would have, but I knew that Tibet was also a place that needed teachers. That was the main reason. Another aspect was that Tibet is a natural place—there's no pollution here, and almost no people; much of it is untouched. So I wanted to see what it was like."

Shi Mingzhi, a twenty-four-year-old physics teacher, said, "First, I'd say it's the same reason that you came here to

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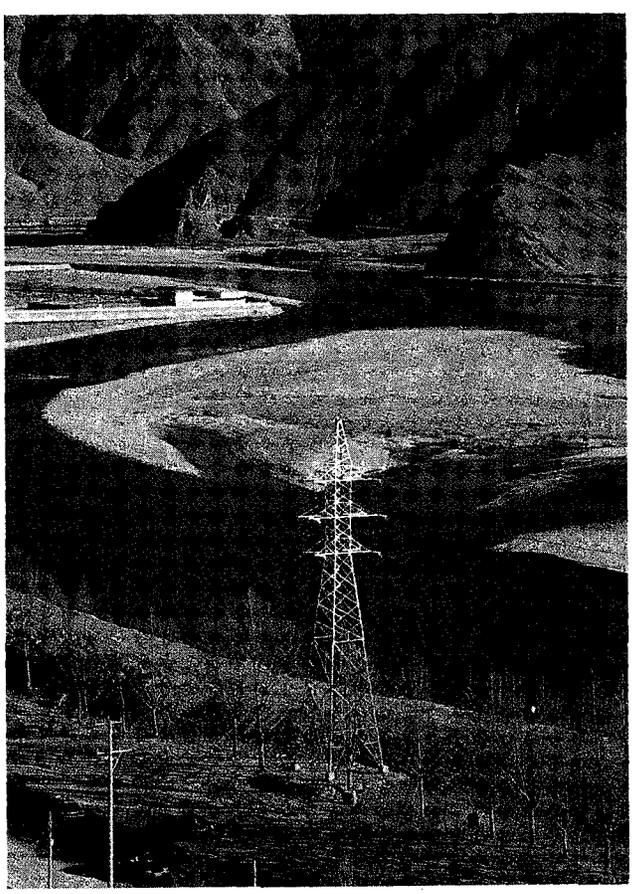
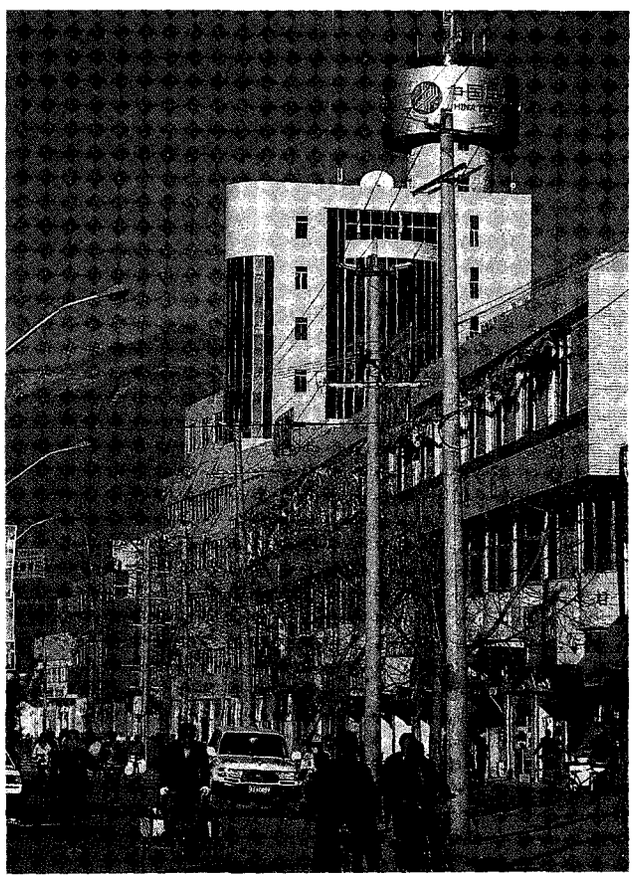
travel—because it's an interesting place. But I also wanted to come help build the country. You know that all of the volunteers in this district are Party members, and if you're a Party member, you should be willing to go to a *jianku* place to work. So you could say that all of us had patriotic reasons for coming—perhaps that's the biggest reason. But I also came because it was a good opportunity, and the salary is higher than in the interior of China."

Talking with these young men was in many ways similar to talking with an idealistic volunteer in any part of the world. Apart from the financial incentive to work in Tibet, many of the motivations were the same—the sense of adventure, the desire to see something new, the commitment to service. And government propaganda emphasizes this sense of service, through figures like Kong Fansen, a cadre from eastern China who worked in Tibet and became famous as a worker-martyr after his death in an auto accident. Han workers are exhorted to study the "old Tibet spirit" of Kong and



other cadres as they serve a region that in the Chinese view desperately needs their talents.

Central to their task is the concept of *jianku*. I heard this term repeatedly when the Chinese described conditions in Tibet, and life is especially *jianku* for Volunteers Aiding Tibet, who commit in advance to serving eight-year terms. Most government-sent Han workers fall into the category of Cadres Aiding Tibet—teachers, doctors, administrators, and others who serve for two or three years. Having graduated from a lower-level college, Mei Zhiyuan could not qualify for such a position, and as a result was forced to make an eight-year commitment. The sacrifice is particularly impressive considering that he assumed it would have serious repercussions on his health. Many Chinese believe that living at a high altitude for long periods of time does significant



Icons of development: power lines follow the Kyi-chu River, near Lhasa; the China Telecom building (above)

damage to the lungs, and a number of workers told me that this was the greatest drawback to living in Tibet. "It's bad for you," Mei Zhiyuan explained, "because when you live in a place this high, your lungs enlarge, and eventually that affects your heart. It shortens your life." During my stay in Tibet I heard several variations on this theory (one from an earnest young teacher who was smoking a cigarette), but generally it involved the lungs expanding and putting pressure on the heart. There is no medical evidence to support such a belief; indeed, in a heavily polluted country like China, where one of every four deaths is attributed to lung disease, the high, clean air of Tibet is probably tonic. Nevertheless, this perception adds to the sense of sacrifice, and it is encouraged by the government pay structure, which links salary to altitude: the higher you work, the higher your pay.

The roughly 1,000 yuan ($120) a month that Mei Zhiyuan

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earns is half what the local cadre teachers make. Even so, his salary is two to three times what he would make as a teacher in rural Sichuan, and he is able to send half his earnings home to his parents, who are peasants. It's good money by Chinese standards but seems hardly a sufficient incentive for a young man to be willing to shorten his life. Leaving before his eight years are up would incur a heavy fine of up to 20,000 yuan—$2,400, nearly two years' salary, or, for a peasant family like Mei Zhiyuan's, approximately twenty tons of rice.

The Dream of a Unified Motherland

FROM the Chinese perspective, Tibet has always been a part of China. This is, of course, a simplistic and inaccurate view, but Tibetan history is so muddled that one can see in it what one wishes. The Chinese can ignore some periods and point to others; they can cite the year 1792, when the Qing Emperor sent a Chinese army to help the Tibetans drive out the invading Nepalese, or explain that from 1728 to 1912 there were Qing *ambans*, imperial administrators, stationed in Lhasa. In fact the authority of these *ambans* steadily decreased over time, and Tibet enjoyed de facto independence from 1913 to 1951. An unbiased arbiter would find Tibetan arguments for independence more compelling than the Chinese version of history—but also, perhaps, would find that the Chinese have a stronger historical claim to Tibet than the United States does to much of the American West.

Most important, China's reasons for wanting Tibet changed greatly over the years. For the Qing Dynasty, Tibet was important strictly as a buffer state; *ambans* and armies were sent to ensure that the region remained peaceful, but they made relatively few administrative changes, and there was no effort to force the Tibetans to adopt the Chinese language or Chinese customs. In the Qing view, Tibet was a part of China but at the same time it was something different; the monasteries and the Dalai Lamas were allowed to maintain authority over most internal affairs.

> THE CHINESE INVESTMENT OF BOTH HUMAN AND FINANCIAL CAPITAL IN TIBET COMPLICATES THE TIBET QUESTION IN WAYS FEW OUTSIDERS REALIZE.

In the early twentieth century, as the Qing collapsed and China struggled to overcome the imperialism of foreign powers, Tibet became important for new reasons of nationalism. Intellectuals and political leaders, including Sun Yat-sen, believed that China's historical right to Tibet had been infringed by Western powers, particularly Britain, which invaded Tibet in 1904 to force the thirteenth Dalai Lama to open relations. As Tibet slipped further from Chinese control, a steady stream of nationalistic rhetoric put the loss of Tibet into a familiar pattern—the humiliation by foreign powers in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, as Hong Kong went to the British, Manchuria and Shandong to the Japanese, Taiwan to the U.S.-funded Kuomintang. By the time Mao Zedong founded the People's Republic of China, in 1949, Tibet had figured into the nation's pre-eminent task: the reunification of the once-powerful motherland.

Tibet thus changed from buffer state to a central piece in Communist China's vision of itself as independent and free from imperialist influence. Orville Schell, a longtime observer of China, says that even today this perception is held by most Chinese. "I don't think there's any more sensitive issue," he says, "with the possible exception of Taiwan, because it grows out of the dream of a unified motherland—a dream that historically speaking has been the goal of almost every Chinese leader. This issue touches on sovereignty, it touches on the unity of Chinese territory, and especially it touches on the issue of the West as predator, the violator of Chinese sovereignty."

The irony is that China, like an abused child who grows up to revisit his suffering on the next generation, has committed similar sins in Tibet: the overthrow of the monasteries and the violent redistribution of land, the mayhem of the Cultural Revolution, and the restriction of intellectual and religious freedom that continues to this day. And as in any form of imperialism, much of the damage has been done in the name of duty. When the Chinese speak of pre-1951 Tibet, they emphasize the shortcomings of the region's feudal-theocratic government: life expectancy was thirty-six years; 95 percent of Tibetans were illiterate; 95 percent of the population was hereditary serfs and slaves owned by monasteries and nobles. The sense is that the Tibetans suffered under a bad system, and the Chinese had a moral obligation to liberate them. Before traveling to Tibet, I asked my Chinese friends about the region. Most responded like Sai Xinghao, a forty-eight-year-old photographer: "It was a slave society, you know, and they were very cruel—they'd cut off the heads of their slaves and enemies. I've seen movies about it. If you were a slave, everything was controlled by the master. So, of course, after Liberation the rich lords opposed the changes [instituted by the Chinese]. It's like your America's history, when Washington liberated the black slaves. Afterward the blacks supported him, but of course the wealthy class did not. In history it's always that way—it was the same when Napoleon overthrew

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King Louis, and all of the lords opposed Napoleon because he supported the poor."

My friend is not an educated man, but many Chinese intellectuals make the same comparison. President Jiang Zemin made a similar remark during his 1997 visit to the United States (although he correctly identified Lincoln as the Great Liberator). The statistics about Tibetan illiteracy and life expectancy are accurate. Although the Chinese exaggerate the ills of the feudal system, mid-century Tibet was badly in need of reform—but naturally the Tibetans would have much preferred to reform it themselves.

Another aspect of the Chinese duty in Tibet is the sense that rapid modernization is needed, and should take precedence over cultural considerations. For Westerners, this is a difficult perspective to understand. Tibet is appealing to us precisely because it's not modern, and we have idealized its culture and anti-materialism to the point where it has become, as Orville Schell says, "a figurative place of spiritual enlightenment in the Western imagination—where people don't make Buicks, they make good karma."

But to the Chinese, for whom modernization is coming late, Buicks look awfully good. I noticed this during my first year as a teacher in China, when my writing class spent time considering the American West. We discussed western expansion, and I presented the students with a problem of the late nineteenth century: the Plains Indians, their culture in jeopardy, were being pressed by white settlers. I asked my class to imagine that they were American citizens proposing a solution, and nearly all responded much the way this student did: "The world is changing and developing. We should make the Indians suit our modern life. The Indians are used to living all over the plains and moving frequently, without a fixed home, but it is very impractical in our modern life. . . . We need our country to be a powerful country; we must make the Indians adapt to our modern life and keep pace with the society. Only in this way can we strengthen the country."

Virtually all my students were from peasant backgrounds, and like most Chinese, the majority of them were but one generation removed from deep poverty. What I saw as freedom and culture, they saw as misery and ignorance. In my second year I repeated the lesson with a different class, asking if China had any indigenous people analogous to the Plains Indians. All responded that the Tibetans were similar. I asked about China's obligation in Tibet. The answers suggested that my students had learned more from American history than I had intended to teach. One student replied, "First, I will use my friendship to help [the Tibetans]. But if they refuse my friendship, I will use war to develop them, like the Americans did with the Indians."

OUTSIDERS—MANY OF THEM SICHUANESE—DOMINATE TIBET'S ECONOMY. OF THE SIXTEEN RESTAURANTS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE LHASA AIRPORT, ONLY ONE WAS TIBETAN.

The Two Sides of Support

REGARDLESS of China's motivations, and regardless of its failures in Tibet, the drive to develop the region has been expensive. According to Beijing, more than 200,000 Han workers have served in Tibet since the 1950s. Taxes in Tibet are virtually nonexistent; Tibetan farmers, unlike those in the interior, receive tax-free leases of land, and a preferential tax code has been established to encourage business. Low-interest loans are available, and business imports from Nepal are duty-free. Despite the dearth of local revenues, government investment is steadily developing a modern infrastructure. From 1952 to 1994 the central government invested $4.2 billion in the region, and in 1994 Beijing initiated sixty-two major infrastructure projects for which the eventual investment is expected to be more than $480 million. It is estimated that more than 90 percent of Tibet's government revenue comes from outside the region.

This investment of both human and financial capital complicates the issue of Tibet in ways that few outsiders realize. Foreign reports often refer to the exploitation of Tibetan resources as a classic colonial situation, which is misleading. Although Beijing is certainly doing what it can with Tibet's timber and mineral reserves, China spends an enormous amount of money in the region, and if self-sufficiency ever comes, it will not come soon. Tibet does have significant military value: the Chinese do not want to see it under the influence of a foreign power such as India, but not even this would seem to merit the enormous investment. In 1996 China spent some $600 million in Tibet. One foreign observer who has studied the region puts this in perspective: "For that same year the United States gave a total of eight hundred million dollars in aid to all of Africa. That's all of Africa—we're talking about hundreds of millions of people. In Tibet there are only two and a half million. So if they become independent, who's going to be giving them that kind of money?"

"Unless you're a complete Luddite," Orville Schell says, "and don't believe in roads, telephones, hospitals, and things like that, then I think China must be credited with a substantial contribution to the modern infrastructure of Tibet. In this

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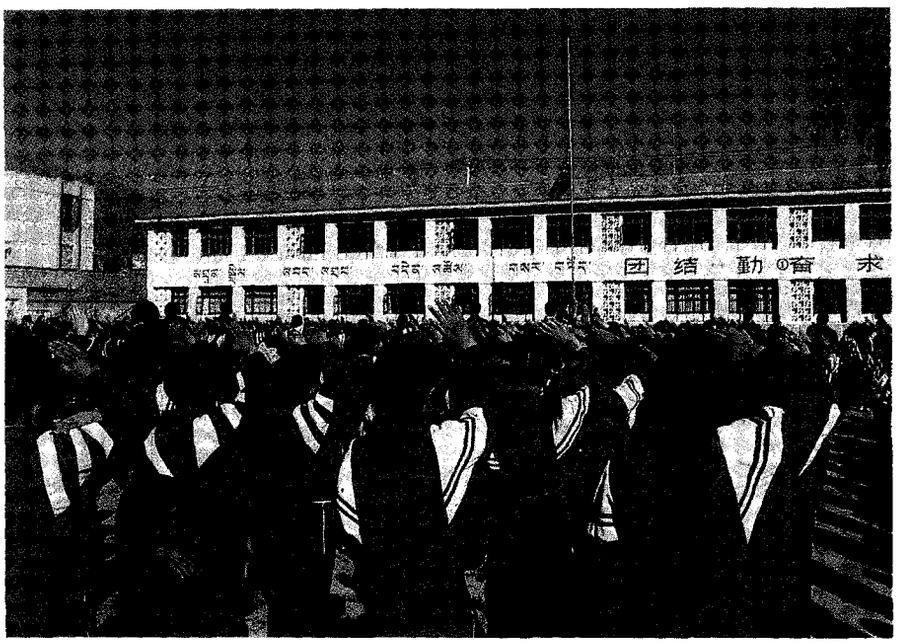
sense Tibet needs China. But that's not to diminish the hideous savageness with which China has treated Tibet."

Almost every aspect of Chinese support has two sides, and education illustrates the point well. I met a number of young Han teachers like Mei Zhiyuan, who were imbued with a sense of service: they were conscientious, well-trained teachers, and they were working in places with a real need for instructors. One volunteer was teaching English at a middle school where the shortage was so acute that many students had to delay the start of their English studies until the following year, when additional Han teachers were expected to arrive. I visited one district in which out of 230 secondary-school teachers, sixty were Han, and many of the Tibetan instructors had been trained in the interior at the Chinese government's expense. Such links with the interior seem inevitable, given that the Chinese have built Tibet's public education system from scratch. Before they arrived, in 1951, there were no public schools in Tibet, whereas now there are more than 4,000.



At a grade school in Lhasa, Young Pioneers display allegiance to China

Likewise the schools I saw were impressive facilities with low student fees. In one town I toured the three local middle schools: two of them were newly built, with far better campuses than I was accustomed to seeing in China. The third school, whose grounds featured massive construction cranes fluttering with prayer flags, was being refurbished with the help of a $720,000 investment from the interior. Unlike students at most Chinese schools, those at the local No. 1 Middle School paid no tuition, and even high school students, who generally pay substantial amounts in China, had paid at most $70 a semester, including board. Everything possible was being done to encourage students to stay in school: a student's tuition and boarding charge were cut in half if only one parent worked, and transportation to and from the remote nomad areas was often free.

In a poor country such policies are impressively generous; essentially, Tibetan schools are better funded than Chinese schools. And this funding is sorely needed: the adult illiteracy rate in Tibet is still 52 percent. Only 78 percent of the children start elementary school, and of those only 35 percent enter middle school. But Chinese assistance must be considered in the context of what's being taught in the schools—a critical issue for Tibetans.

One morning I visited an elementary school on a spacious, beautiful campus, with new buildings and a grass playground that stretched westward under the shadow of a 14,000-foot mountain. Most of the school's 900 students were Tibetan. I paused at the central information board, where announcements were written in Chinese.

The board detailed a $487,800 investment that had been made by a provincial government in the interior, and displayed a short biography of Zu Chongzhi, a fifth-century Chinese mathematician. Next to this was a notice telling students to "remember the great goals." They were urged to work on doubling China's GNP from its 1980 level, and they were reminded that by 2050 China needed to achieve a GNP and a per capita income ranking in the middle of developed countries. Beside these goals was a long political section that read, in part,

> We must achieve the goal of modern socialist construction, and we must persevere in building the economy. We must carry out domestic reform and the policy of opening to the outside world. . . . We must oppose the freedom of the capitalist class, and we must be vigilant against the conspiracy to make a peaceful evolution toward imperialism.

It was heavy stuff for elementary school students (and indeed, if I were a Chinese propagandist, I would think twice before exhorting Tibetan children to resist imperialism), and it indicates how politicized the climate of a Chinese school is. Despite all the recent economic changes in China, the education system is still tied to the past. This conservatism imbues every aspect of education, starting with language. Two of the schools I visited were mixed Han and Tibetan, and classes were segregated by ethnicity. The reasons here are linguistic: most Tibetan children don't start learning Mandarin until elementary school, and even many Tibetan high school stu-

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dents, as the Han teachers complained, don't understand Chinese well. This segregation leads to different curricula—for example, Tibetan students have daily Tibetan-language classes, whereas Han students use that time for extra English instruction. To the Chinese, this system seems fair, especially since Tibetan students have the right to join the Han classes.

But Tibetans feel that there is an overemphasis on Chinese, especially at the higher levels, which threatens their language and culture. All the classes taught by Han teachers are in Chinese or English, and most of the Tibetan teachers in the middle and high schools are supposed to use Mandarin (although the ones I spoke with said they often used Tibetan, because otherwise their students wouldn't understand). In any case, important qualifying exams emphasize Chinese, and this reflects a society in which fluency is critical to success, especially when it comes to any sort of government job. Another, more basic issue is that Tibetan students are overwhelmed. One Han teacher told me that his students came primarily from nomad areas, where their families lived in tents; yet during the course of an average day they might have classes in Tibetan, Chinese, and English, three languages with almost nothing in common.

Political and religious issues are paramount. In Lhasa I met a twenty-one-year-old Tibet University student who was angered by his school's anti-religious stance, which is standard for schools in Tibet. "They tell us we can't believe in religion," he said, "because we're supposed to be building socialism, and you can't believe in both socialism and religion. But of course most of the students still believe in religion—I'd say that eighty to ninety percent of us are devout." One of his classmates, a member of the Communist Party, complained about the history courses. "The history we study is all Chinese history [of Tibet]," he said. "Most of it I don't believe." These students also adamantly opposed existing programs that send exceptional Tibetan middle and high school students to study in the interior, where there is nothing to offset the Chinese view of Tibet.

Such complaints reflect the results of recent education reforms. A series of them made in 1994, characteristically, represent both the good and the bad aspects of Chinese support.

RACCOON TIME

Perhaps, in searching for a den, it had squeezed through
The terra-cotta pipe atop the chimney and dropped
In a skittering tumble through the rusted damper
To lie for a while in the soot by the andirons,
Stunned and licking its injuries, and in that instant
Probably did not know itself raccoon but went on
Out of a habitual raccoon fastidiousness,
Sniffing the ghosts of the chopping block,
Rearing on the piano bench to touch the dry
Black noses of the keys. What did it glean
Of our sealed wilderness and hidden springs?
The faucet dripped. The soap sang in its dish.
We live in a dim inkling or a rapt afterness,
But something was here, and one of us, for at least
An hour before Gloria shook me from sleep,
Saying, "Quick, the dog has a live
Animal in Samuel's room," and I went naked
And fearless as I was imagining rabbit or bird,
So when it wheeled from the shadow of the bed,
At first it seemed huge as a bear or Bengal tiger,
Making me holler like something huge and rabid,
As it went past me in a fierce downgearing waddle,
Spun, and clawed on down the stairs, with first
The dog and then Gloria, beating a plastic
Laundry tub on the rug, and going *eee-iii*, *eee-iii*,
For she is an impetuous woman descended from generals,
While I am a person to stand back in emergencies,
Weighing escape routes. I do not ever cross
A bridge but that whole histories of options
Crop up like bubbles from the river's bottom;
But as I pulled on my jeans while hearing
The thumps, *eee-iii*s, masked snarls, and shattering
Of pots, the thought of my wife's resolve
So quickly shamed me to the thick of things,
That there I was, like a lock on the stairs,
When it found the open door and trickled out,
No Grendel, perhaps, though I put it here shining
As if at the center of a heraldic shield
With her going at it, and me standing back
To tell the story. If that is the place of men,
It will be no less glory for me, and she
Will have that image to balance those more
Cautious nights when she defers to my wisdom.

—RODNEY JONES

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On the one hand, the government stepped up its campaign against illiteracy, and on the other, it resolved to control the political content of education more carefully, in hopes of pacifying the region. There has certainly been some success with this approach: I met a number of educated Tibetans who identified closely with China. Tashi, Mei Zhiyuan's roommate, seemed completely comfortable being both Tibetan and Chinese: he had studied in Sichuan, he had a good job, and he had the government's support to thank. When I asked him what was the biggest problem in Tibet, he mentioned language—but not in the way many Tibetans did. "So many [Tibetan] students can't speak Chinese," he said, "and if you can't speak Chinese, it's hard to find a good job. They need to study harder."

Most Tibetans seemed less likely to accept Chinese support at face value. But it was clear that politically they were being pulled in a number of directions at once, and my conversations with educated young Tibetans were dizzying experiences. Their questions ranged from odd ("Which do you think is going to win, capitalism or socialism?") to bizarre ("Is it true that in America when you go to your brother's or sister's house for dinner, they charge you money?"), and the surroundings were often equally unsettling. One Monday morning I watched the flag-raising ceremony at a middle school, where students and staff members lined up to listen to the national anthem, after which, in unison, they pledged allegiance to the Communist Party, love for the motherland, and dedication to studying and working hard. With the Tibetan mountains towering above, it was a surreal scene—and it became all the more so when the school's political adviser, a Tibetan in his early thirties with silver teeth, walked over and asked me where I was from. After I told him, he said, "Here in Tibet we already have a lot of influence from your Western countries—like Pepsi, Coke, movies, things like that. My opinion is that there are good and bad things coming from the West. For example, things regarding sex. In America, if you're married and you decide that you want another lover, what do you do? You get a divorce, regardless of how it affects your wife and child. But the people here are very religious, and we don't like those kinds of ideas."

I heard a number of comments like this, and undoubtedly the education system included a great deal of anti-America propaganda. I felt that here the Chinese were almost doing the Tibetans a service; nothing depressed me more than my conversations with less-educated Tibetans, who invariably had great faith in American support and believed that President Clinton, who was then in China on last year's state visit, had come in order to save Tibet. Considering that China's interest in Tibet is largely a reaction to foreign imperialism, it's no surprise that nothing makes the Chinese angrier and more stubborn than the sight of the Dalai Lama and other exiled leaders seeking—and winning—support in America and elsewhere. And yet Tibetan faith in America seems naive given America's treatment of its own indigenous people, and because historically U.S. policy in Tibet has been hypocritical and counterproductive. For example, the CIA trained and armed Tibetan guerrillas in the 1950s, during a critical period of mostly peaceful (if tenuous) cooperation between the Dalai Lama and the Chinese. The peace ended when Tibetan uprisings, in which these guerrillas played a part, resulted in brutal Chinese repression and the Dalai Lama's flight to India.

MORE THAN 90 PERCENT OF TIBET'S GOVERNMENT REVENUE IS GENERATED OUTSIDE THE REGION. IF SELF-SUFFICIENCY COMES TO TIBET, IT WILL NOT COME SOON.

America also represents modernity, and a further complication, beyond the Chinese political agenda, is that the long-isolated Tibetan society must come to grips with the modern world. One college student said, "The more money we Tibetans have, the higher our living standard is, the more we forget our own culture. And with or without the Chinese, I think that would be happening."

Sichuanese on the Frontier

PERHAPS the most hopeful moment in recent Han-Tibetan relations came shortly after 1980, when the Chinese Party Secretary, Hu Yaobang, went on a fact-finding mission to Tibet and returned with severe criticisms of Chinese policies. He advocated a two-pronged solution: Chinese investment was needed to spur economic growth in Tibet, but at the same time the Han should be more respectful of Tibetan culture. Cadres needed to learn Tibetan; the language should be used in government offices serving the public; and religion should be allowed more freedom.

There's no question that such respect is sorely needed, especially with regard to language. I never met a single government-sent Han worker who was learning Tibetan—not even the volunteers who would be there for eight years. And in Lhasa at the Xinhua bookstore, the largest in the city, I found not one textbook for Chinese students of Tibetan—books for foreign students, yes, but nothing for the Chinese.

Some of the 1980 reforms were implemented, but they

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were cut short by a series of riots in Lhasa that started in 1987. To Beijing hardliners, the riots indicated that too much freedom is a bad thing, and in 1987 Hu Yaobang was purged, partly for his recommendations regarding Tibet. By the spring of 1989 martial law had been declared in Tibet, and the Chinese concluded that relaxing restrictions on Tibetan culture and religion was tantamount to encouraging unrest. The two-pronged solution was quickly cut in half: Beijing would simply develop the economy, hoping that rising standards of living would defuse political tensions while building closer economic ties with the interior. This policy has been accelerated by the enormous investments of the 1990s.

Development, however, often comes at the cost of culture. Traditional sections of Lhasa are being razed in favor of faceless modern buildings, and the economic boom is attracting hordes of Han and Hui (an Islamic minority) migrants to Tibet.

Outsiders dominate Tibet's economy—indeed, they've essentially built it, inspiring enormous resentment among the Tibetan population. I met some Tibetans who didn't mind that cadres were sent from the interior, but I never met one who wasn't opposed to the influx of migrant workers, especially the huge numbers of Han from nearby Sichuan. Longtime Han residents, too, felt this was a serious problem.

The phenomenon of *liudong renkou*, or "floating population," is affecting urban areas all across China, with some 100 million people seeking work away from home. In the west and south there are particularly large numbers of Sichuanese in the floating population, and during my travels I often heard the same prejudices: the Sichuanese migrants are uncultured, their women loose, their men *jiaohua*, sly. And worst of all, people complained, they keep coming.

Having spent two years in Sichuan, I understand why the Sichuanese so often leave. Their province, roughly the size of France, contains 120 million people, and the economy is so shaky that recent factory closings have led to worker uprisings in some cities. Mostly the Sichuanese leave because they aren't afraid to; they have been toughened by tough conditions, and all across China that is another thing they are famous for: their ability to *chiku*—eat bitter. They work and they survive, and like successful migrants anywhere else in the world, they are resented for their success.

In Tibet the Sichuanese have helped themselves to a large chunk of the economy. This was clear from the moment I arrived at the Lhasa airport, where thirteen of the sixteen restaurants bordering the entrance advertised Sichuan food. One was Tibetan. Virtually all small business in Lhasa follows this pattern; everywhere I saw Sichuan restaurants and shops. Locals told me that 80 percent of Lhasa's Han were Sichuanese, and this may not be much of an exaggeration.

This influx is far more significant and disruptive than the importing of Han cadres, and it's also harder to monitor. One

A Chinese couple dons traditional Tibetan costumes for a picture in front of the Potala Palace

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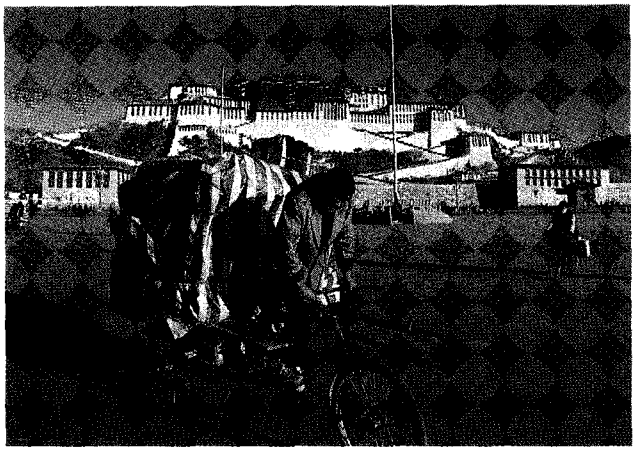
common misperception in Western reports is that these people are sent by the government: the image is of a tremendous Han civilian army arriving to overwhelm Tibetan culture. The truth is that the government has little control over the situation. "How do you cut off the people moving out there?" asked one American who had spent much time in Tibet. "What mechanism are you going to have to prevent that? They don't have any restrictions on internal travel—and we always beat them over the head about not having those, because to institute them would be a human-rights issue."

Far from arriving with an ethnic agenda, the independent migrants are for the most part completely apolitical. In Lhasa I often ate at a small Sichuan restaurant run by Fei Xiaoyun, a thirty-one-year-old native of Chengdu who, along with her husband, had been laid off in 1996 by a bankrupt state-owned natural-gas plant. Each of them had been given a two-year severance allowance of $30 a month, and when that was gone, they took their savings and bought plane tickets to Lhasa. They had left their five-year-old son with his grandmother—a common choice for migrants, including cadres. This is partly out of fear of the effects on health of living in Tibet, and also because Tibetan schools are considered worse than those in the interior and children who are registered outside their districts have to pay extra fees.

Fei Xiaoyun never spoke of the growth of the GNP, and she had no interest in developing the motherland. Once, I asked her about Prime Minister Zhu Rongji, whose economic reforms are closing factories like hers, and she didn't even recognize his name. "All of the country's big affairs I don't understand," she said with a shrug. She was simply a poor woman with her back against the wall, and like the rest of the Sichuanese who had made their way to Tibet, she was trying desperately to make a living.

But such migrants have a political effect, as Tibetans watch outsiders develop an economy from which they feel increasingly removed. This also presents a question: If the rules are the same for everybody, why are the Han entrepreneurs so much more successful than the Tibetans? The most common response is that the rules aren't the same: the Chinese have easier access to government *guanxi*, or connections. But even on a level playing field the Han would have more capital and better contacts with sources in the interior. And their migrant communities have a tendency to support recent arrivals. This is especially true of the Sichuanese—one will arrive, and then a few relatives, and before long an extended family is dominating a factory or a block of shops. In front of the Jokhang, the holiest temple in Tibet, rows of stalls sell *khataks*, ceremonial scarves that pilgrims use as offerings. It's a job one would expect to see filled by Tibetans—as one would expect those selling rosaries in front of St. Peter's to be Catholic. But one saleswoman explained that all the stalls were run by Sichuanese from three small cities west of Chengdu. There were more than 200 of them—relatives, friends of relatives, relatives of friends—and they had completely filled that niche.

One day I walked past the *khatak* sellers with a Tibetan friend, and he shook his head. "Those people know how to do business," he said. "We Tibetans don't know how to do it—we're too straight. If something's supposed to be five yuan, we say it's five yuan. But a Sichuanese will say ten." I felt there was some truth to this—the Han are successful in Tibet



An ethnic-Chinese merchant heads for the market—and a better living than he made back home

for some of the same reasons that they are successful in so many places, from Southeast Asia to the United States. They have a stronger business tradition than the Tibetans, and virtually all independent Han settlers in Tibet have failed somewhere else, giving them a single-minded drive to succeed.

Consequently, Tibet feels like a classic frontier region, with typically peculiar demographics. There are disproportionately few Han children, and almost nobody comes to stay: the intention is invariably to return to the interior. The majority of the Han are men, including the government-sent workers. Of the Han women I saw in Tibet, more than a few were prostitutes; locals told me that they had come in a wave in 1994 and 1995, after the investments in the sixty-two major projects. One Han volunteer I spoke with had arrived in a group of thirteen men; one woman had applied but was rejected because the authorities felt that Tibet was no place for a young woman. The young man was resigned to finding a wife during his three paid trips home. "During vacation I'll be able to look for a girlfriend," he said. "I'll have six months. You can meet one then, and after that you can write and call when you come back here."

There were moments when everything—the ethnic tension, the rugged individualism, the hard, bright sun and the high, bare mountains—seemed more like a Jack London story than a real society. One day some American friends and I hired a driver, a twenty-five-year-old Sichuanese named Wei, who was nursing a defeated 1991 Volkswagen Santana. He had a two-year-old son at home, and he hoped to earn enough money by carrying passengers—though he wasn't registered

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to do so—to buy a new car in six months. We agreed to pay him $36 if he drove us to Damxung, five hours north of Lhasa. Drive he did—past the police checkpoint, where he faked his credentials ("It's simpler that way," he explained), and past a Land Rover full of foreigners driven by a Tibetan, who, realizing our driver wasn't registered, swore he'd turn him in at Damxung. "It's because I'm Han," Wei said grimly. "And at Damxung the police will be Tibetan." He drove faster and faster, racing ahead of the Land Rover, until finally he hit a bump and ruptured the fuel line.

The car eased to a stop in the middle of nowhere. To the west rose the snow-topped Nyenchen Tanglha Mountains. The Tibetan driver cruised past, glaring. Wei cut a spare hose and patched the leak, and then he addressed the problem of injecting fuel back into the carburetor. He unhooked the fuel line and sucked out a mouthful of gas. Holding it in his mouth, he plugged the line back in. Then he walked around the front of the car and spit the fuel into the carburetor.

The car started. I could see Wei working the taste of gasoline around his mouth, and then, a few minutes later, he took out a cigarette. Everybody in the car held his breath—everybody but Wei, who lit the cigarette and sucked deeply. He did not explode. He stared ahead at the vast emptiness that stood between him and $36, and he kept driving.

That was the way a Sichuanese did things in Tibet. Gasoline was bitter but he ate it, the same way he ate the altitude and the weather and the resentment of the locals. None of that mattered. All that mattered was the work he did, the money he made, and the promise that if he was successful, he'd go home rich.

A House Without Pillars?

TIBET gave rise to exciting stories, but it was indeed *jianku*, and the social problems made a hard place even harder. Near the end of my trip I ate dumplings at Fei Xiaoyun's restaurant, and as I ate, she complained about her situation. Business was bad, and her life was boring; she worked fifteen-hour days and she had no friends in Lhasa. She missed her son, back in Chengdu, and she probably wouldn't see him until the following year. She asked me how long it had been since I'd been home, and I said I hadn't left China in more than two years.

"We're the same," she said. "Both of us are a long way from home." I agreed, and she asked if I missed my family. "Of course I miss them," I said. "But I'll see them next month, when I go home."

It was the wrong thing to say. Her eyes went empty and then filled with tears. We sat alone in the restaurant. It was unusual for a Chinese to show emotion in public, and I didn't know what to say. Silently I ate my dumplings while she cried, the late-afternoon sun stirring the Lhasa flies that were thick about the table.

Tibet had started to depress me, and I was looking forward to leaving. Strangely, it almost seemed worse for not being as bad as I had always heard. There were definite benefits of Chinese support, and I was impressed by the idealism and dedication of some of the young Han teachers I had met. But at the same time, most efforts to develop the region were badly planned, and it was frustrating to see so much money and work invested in a poor country and so much unhappiness returned. And often I felt that the common people, who knew little of Tibet's complicated historical and cultural issues, were being manipulated by the government in ways they didn't understand. But although I was certain that nobody was truly happy (most of the Han didn't like being there, and most of the Tibetans certainly weren't happy to have them), I wasn't sure who was pulling the strings. One could go straight to the top and probably find the same helplessness, the same strings. It was mostly the irrevocable mistakes of history, but it was also money—simple economic pressure that drove a mother away from her son to a place where the people did not want her.

This was not the first time I'd seen somebody cry in Lhasa. Five days earlier I'd spent the evening in front of the Jokhang temple, where I talked with two Tibetans. The first was a doctor who had done time in prison for writing an article warning Tibetans to protect their culture, and the second was a fifty-three-year-old who described himself as a common worker. Both men were eager to speak with an American, and they had a great deal of faith in America's ability to help solve the Tibet question. That saddened me as well. I wanted to tell them that in America there are many FREE TIBET bumper stickers, but they sit next to license plates that often bear the names of forgotten tribes who succumbed to the same forces of expansion and modernization now threatening Tibet. And the Chinese solution to the Tibet question—throwing money at the problem—also seemed very American. But I held my peace and listened.

"Look at this pillar," the worker said. He was standing next to the temple entrance, and he rested his hand on the worn red wood. "If a house doesn't have pillars, or if the pillars aren't straight, what will happen? It will fall down. It's the same thing here—our pillars are our history and our politics. If we don't have those, our society will collapse, and all of it will be lost—all of our culture."

It was dark, and I could barely make out his face, but I could see there were tears in his eyes. There was no more politically sensitive place in Tibet; virtually every major protest had happened in front of the Jokhang, and I knew it was unwise to speak so openly here. He glanced over his shoulder and continued.

"You need to tell the people of America what it's like here," he said. "You need to tell them what needs to be done." I nodded and shook his hand, but I realized I had no idea what I would recommend, or what the people of America could do. Perhaps we could build casinos.

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Who Owns Intelligence?

by HOWARD GARDNER

Three unresolved issues will dominate the discussion of intelligence: whether intelligence is one thing or many things; whether intelligence is inherited; and whether any of its elements can accurately be measured. The debate, a prominent psychologist argues, is really over proprietary rights to a fundamental concept of our age

ALMOST a century ago Alfred Binet, a gifted psychologist, was asked by the French Ministry of Education to help determine who would experience difficulty in school. Given the influx of provincials to the capital, along with immigrants of uncertain stock, Parisian officials believed they needed to know who might not advance smoothly through the system. Proceeding in an empirical manner, Binet posed many questions to youngsters of different ages. He ascertained which questions when answered correctly predicted success in school, and which questions when answered incorrectly foretold school difficulties. The items that discriminated most clearly between the two groups became, in effect, the first test of intelligence.

Binet is a hero to many psychologists. He was a keen observer, a careful scholar, an inventive technologist. Perhaps even more important for his followers, he devised the instrument that is often considered psychology's greatest success story. Millions of people who have never heard Binet's name have had aspects of their fate influenced by instrumentation that the French psychologist inspired. And thousands of psychometricians—specialists in the measurement of psychological variables—earn their living courtesy of Binet's invention.

Although it has prevailed over the long run, the psychologists' version of intelligence is now facing its biggest threat. Many scholars and observers—and even some iconoclastic psychologists—feel that intelligence is too important to be left to the psychometricians. Experts are extending the breadth of the concept—proposing many intelligences, including emotional intelligence and moral intelligence. They are experimenting with new methods of ascertaining intelligence, including some that avoid tests altogether in favor of direct measures of brain activity. They are forcing citizens everywhere to confront a number of questions: What is intelligence? How ought it to be assessed? And how do our notions of intelligence fit with what we value about human beings? In short, experts are competing for the "ownership" of intelligence in the next century.

 Illustrations by Malcolm Tarlofsky

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THE outline of the psychometricians' success story is well known. Binet's colleagues in England and Germany contributed to the conceptualization and instrumentation of intelligence testing—which soon became known as IQ tests. (An IQ, or intelligence quotient, designates the ratio between mental age and chronological age. Clearly we'd prefer that a child in our care have an IQ of 120, being smarter than average for his or her years, than an IQ of 80, being older than average for his or her intelligence). Like other Parisian fashions of the period, the intelligence test migrated easily to the United States. First used to determine who was "feeble-minded," it was soon used to assess "normal" children, to identify the "gifted," and to determine who was fit to serve in the Army. By the 1920s the intelligence test had become a fixture in educational practice in the United States and much of Western Europe.

Early intelligence tests were not without their critics. Many enduring concerns were first raised by the influential journalist Walter Lippmann, in a series of published debates with Lewis Terman, of Stanford University, the father of IQ testing in America. Lippmann pointed out the superficiality of the questions, their possible cultural biases, and the risks of trying to determine a person's intellectual potential with a brief oral or paper-and-pencil measure.

Perhaps surprisingly, the conceptualization of intelligence did not advance much in the decades following Binet's and Terman's pioneering contributions. Intelligence tests came to be seen, rightly or wrongly, as primarily a tool for selecting people to fill academic or vocational niches. In one of the most famous—if irritating—remarks about intelligence testing, the influential Harvard psychologist E. G. Boring declared, "Intelligence is what the tests test." So long as these tests did what they were supposed to do (that is, give some indication of school success), it did not seem necessary or prudent to probe too deeply into their meaning or to explore alternative views of the human intellect.

Psychologists who study intelligence have argued chiefly about three questions. The first: Is intelligence singular, or does it consist of various more or less independent intellectual faculties? The purists—ranging from the turn-of-the-century English psychologist Charles Spearman to his latter-day disciples Richard J. Herrnstein and Charles Murray (of *The Bell Curve* fame)—defend the notion of a single overarching "g," or general intelligence. The pluralists—ranging from L. L. Thurstone, of the University of Chicago, who posited seven vectors of the mind, to J. P. Guilford, of the University of Southern California, who discerned 150 factors of the intellect—construe intelligence as composed of some or even many dissociable components. In his much cited *The Mismeasure of Man* (1981) the paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould argued that the conflicting conclusions reached on this issue reflect alternative assumptions about statistical procedures rather than the way the mind is. Still, psychologists continue the debate, with a majority sympathetic to the general-intelligence perspective.

The public is more interested in the second question: Is intelligence (or are intelligences) largely inherited? This is by and large a Western question. In the Confucian societies of East Asia individual differences in endowment are assumed to be modest, and differences in achievement are thought to be due largely to effort. In the West, however, many students of the subject sympathize with the view—defended within psychology by Lewis Terman, among others—that intelligence is inborn and one can do little to alter one's intellectual birthright.

Studies of identical twins reared apart provide surprisingly strong support for the "heritability" of psychometric intelligence. That is, if one wants to predict someone's score on an intelligence test, the scores of the biological parents (even if the child has not had appreciable contact with them) are more likely to prove relevant than the scores of the adoptive parents. By the same token, the IQs of identical twins are more similar than the IQs of fraternal twins. And, contrary to common sense (and political correctness), the IQs of biologically related people grow closer in the later years of life. Still, because of the intricacies of behavioral genetics and the difficulties of conducting valid experiments with human child-rearing, a few defend the proposition that intelligence is largely environmental rather than heritable, and some believe that we cannot answer the question at all.

Most scholars agree that even if psychometric intelligence is largely inherited, it is not possible to pinpoint the sources of differences in average IQ between groups, such as the fifteen-point difference typically observed between African-American and white

For the first time in many years the intelligence establishment is clearly on the defensive—and the new century seems likely to usher in quite different ways of thinking about intelligence.

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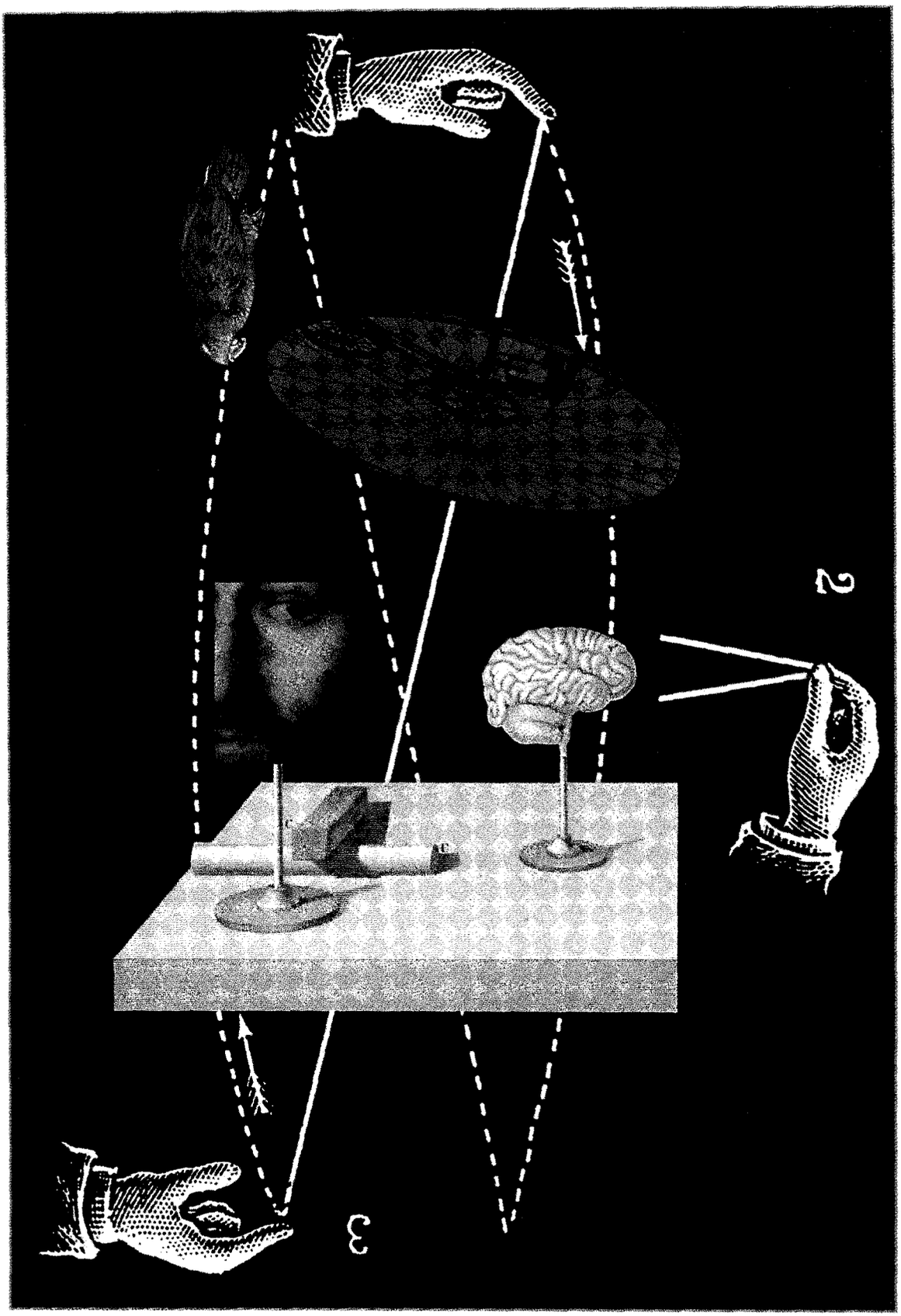

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populations. That is because in our society the contemporary—let alone the historical—experiences of these two groups cannot be equated. One could ferret out the differences (if any) between black and white populations only in a society that was truly color-blind.

One other question has intrigued laypeople and psychologists: Are intelligence tests biased? Cultural assumptions are evident in early intelligence tests. Some class biases are obvious—who except the wealthy could readily answer a question about polo? Others are more subtle. Suppose the question is what one should do with money found on the street. Although ordinarily one might turn it over to the police, what if one had a hungry child? Or what if the police force were known to be hostile to members of one's ethnic group? Only the canonical response to such a question would be scored as correct.

Psychometricians have striven to remove the obviously biased items from such measures. But biases that are built into the test situation itself are far more difficult to deal with. For example, a person's background affects his or her reaction to being placed in an unfamiliar locale, being instructed by someone dressed in a certain way, and having a printed test booklet thrust into his or her hands. And as the psychologist Claude M. Steele has argued in these pages (see "Race and the Schooling of Black Americans," April, 1992), the biases prove even more acute when people know that their academic potential is being measured and that their racial or ethnic group is widely considered to be less intelligent than the dominant social group.

The idea of bias touches on the common assumption that tests in general, and intelligence tests in particular, are inherently conservative instruments—tools of the establishment. It is therefore worth noting that many testing pioneers thought of themselves as progressives in the social sphere. They were devising instruments that could reveal people of talent even if those people came from "remote and apparently inferior backgrounds," to quote from a college catalogue of the 1950s. And occasionally the tests did discover intellectual diamonds in the rough. More often, however, they picked out the privileged. The still unresolved question of the causal relationship between IQ and social privilege has stimulated many a dissertation across the social sciences.

Paradoxically, one of the clearest signs of the success of intelligence tests is that they are no longer widely administered. In the wake of legal cases about the propriety of making consequential decisions about education on the basis of IQ scores, many public school officials have become test-shy. By and large, the testing of IQ in the schools is restricted to cases involving a recognized problem (such as a learning disability) or a selection procedure (determining eligibility for a program that serves gifted children).

Despite this apparent setback, intelligence testing and the line of thinking that underlies it have actually triumphed. Many widely used scholastic measures, chief among them the SAT (renamed the Scholastic Assessment Test a few years ago), are thinly disguised intelligence tests that correlate highly with scores on standard psychometric instruments. Virtually no one raised in the developed world today has gone untouched by Binet's seemingly simple invention of a century ago.

Multiple Intelligences

THE concept of intelligence has in recent years undergone its most robust challenge since the days of Walter Lippmann. Some who are informed by psychology but not bound by the assumptions of the psychometricians have invaded this formerly sacrosanct territory. They have put forth their own ideas of what intelligence is, how (and whether) it should be measured, and which values should be invoked in considerations of the human intellect. For the first time in many years the intelligence establishment is clearly on the defensive—and the new century seems likely to usher in quite different ways of thinking about intelligence.

One evident factor in the rethinking of intelligence is the perspective introduced by scholars who are not psychologists. Anthropologists have commented on the parochialism of the Western view of intelligence. Some cultures do not even have a concept called intelligence, and others define intelligence in terms of traits that we in the West might consider odd—obedience, good listening skills, or moral fiber, for example. Neuroscientists are skeptical that the highly differentiated and modular structure of the brain is consistent with a unitary form of intelligence. Computer scientists have devised programs deemed intelligent; these programs often go about problem-solving in ways quite different from those embraced by human beings or other animals.

Even within the field of psychology the natives have been getting restless. Probably the most restless is the Yale psychologist Robert J. Sternberg. A prodigious scholar, Sternberg, who is forty-nine, has written dozens of books and hundreds of articles, the majority of them focusing in one or another way on intelligence. Sternberg began with the strategic goal of understanding the actual mental processes mobilized by standard test items, such as the solving of analogies. But he soon went beyond standard intelligence testing by insisting on two hitherto neglected forms of intelligence: the "practical" ability to adapt to varying contexts (as we all must in these days of

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divorcing and downsizing), and the capacity to automate familiar activities so that we can deal effectively with novelty and display "creative" intelligence.

Sternberg has gone to greater pains than many other critics of standard intelligence testing to measure these forms of intelligence with the paper-and-pencil laboratory methods favored by the profession. And he has found that a person's ability to adapt to diverse contexts or to deal with novel information can be differentiated from success at standard IQ-test problems. His efforts to create a new intelligence test have not been crowned with easy victory. Most psychometricians are conservative—they like the tests that have been in use for decades, and if new ones are to be marketed, these must correlate well with existing instruments. So much for openness to novelty within psychometrics.

Interest in the subject of intelligence is likely to be fed by the creation of machines that display intelligence and by the possibility that we can genetically engineer organisms of a specific intelligence or intelligences.

Others in the field seem less bound by its strictures. The psychologist and journalist Daniel Goleman has achieved worldwide success with his book *Emotional Intelligence* (1995). Contending that this new concept (sometimes nicknamed EQ) may matter as much as or more than IQ, Goleman draws attention to such pivotal human abilities as controlling one's emotional reactions and "reading" the signals of others. In the view of the noted psychiatrist Robert Coles, author of *The Moral Intelligence of Children* (1997), among many other books, we should prize character over intellect. He decries the amorality of our families, hence our children; he shows how we might cultivate human beings with a strong sense of right and wrong, who are willing to act on that sense even when it runs counter to self-interest. Other, frankly popular accounts deal with leadership intelligence (LQ), executive intelligence (EQ or ExQ), and even financial intelligence.

Like Coles's and Goleman's efforts, my work on "multiple intelligences" eschews the psychologists' credo of operationalization and test-making. I began by asking two questions: How did the human mind and brain evolve over millions of years? and How can we account for the diversity of skills and capacities that are or have been valued in different communities around the world?

Armed with these questions and a set of eight criteria, I have concluded that all human beings possess at least eight intelligences: linguistic and logical-mathematical (the two most prized in school and the ones central to success on standard intelligence tests), musical, spatial, bodily-kinesthetic, naturalist, interpersonal, and intrapersonal.

I make two complementary claims about intelligence. The first is universal. We all possess these eight intelligences—and possibly more. Indeed, rather than seeing us as "rational animals," I offer a new definition of what it means to be a human being, cognitively speaking: *Homo sapiens sapiens* is the animal that possesses these eight forms of mental representation.

My second claim concerns individual differences. Owing to the accidents of heredity, environment, and their interactions, no two of us exhibit the same intelligences in precisely the same proportions. Our "profiles of intelligence" differ from one another. This fact poses intriguing challenges and opportunities for our education system. We can ignore these differences and pretend that we are all the same; historically, that is what most education systems have done. Or we can fashion an education system that tries to exploit these differences, individualizing instruction and assessment as much as possible.

Intelligence and Morality

As the century of Binet and his successors draws to a close, we'd be wise to take stock of, and to anticipate, the course of thinking about intelligence. Although my crystal ball is no clearer than anyone else's (the species may lack "future intelligence"), it seems safe to predict that interest in intelligence will not go away.

To begin with, the psychometric community has scarcely laid down its arms. New versions of the standard tests continue to be created, and occasionally new tests surface as well. Researchers in the psychometric tradition churn out fresh evidence of the predictive power of their instruments and the correlations between measured intelligence and one's life chances. And some in the psychometric tradition are searching for the biological basis of intelligence: the gene or complex of genes that may affect intelligence, the neural structures that are crucial for intelligence, or

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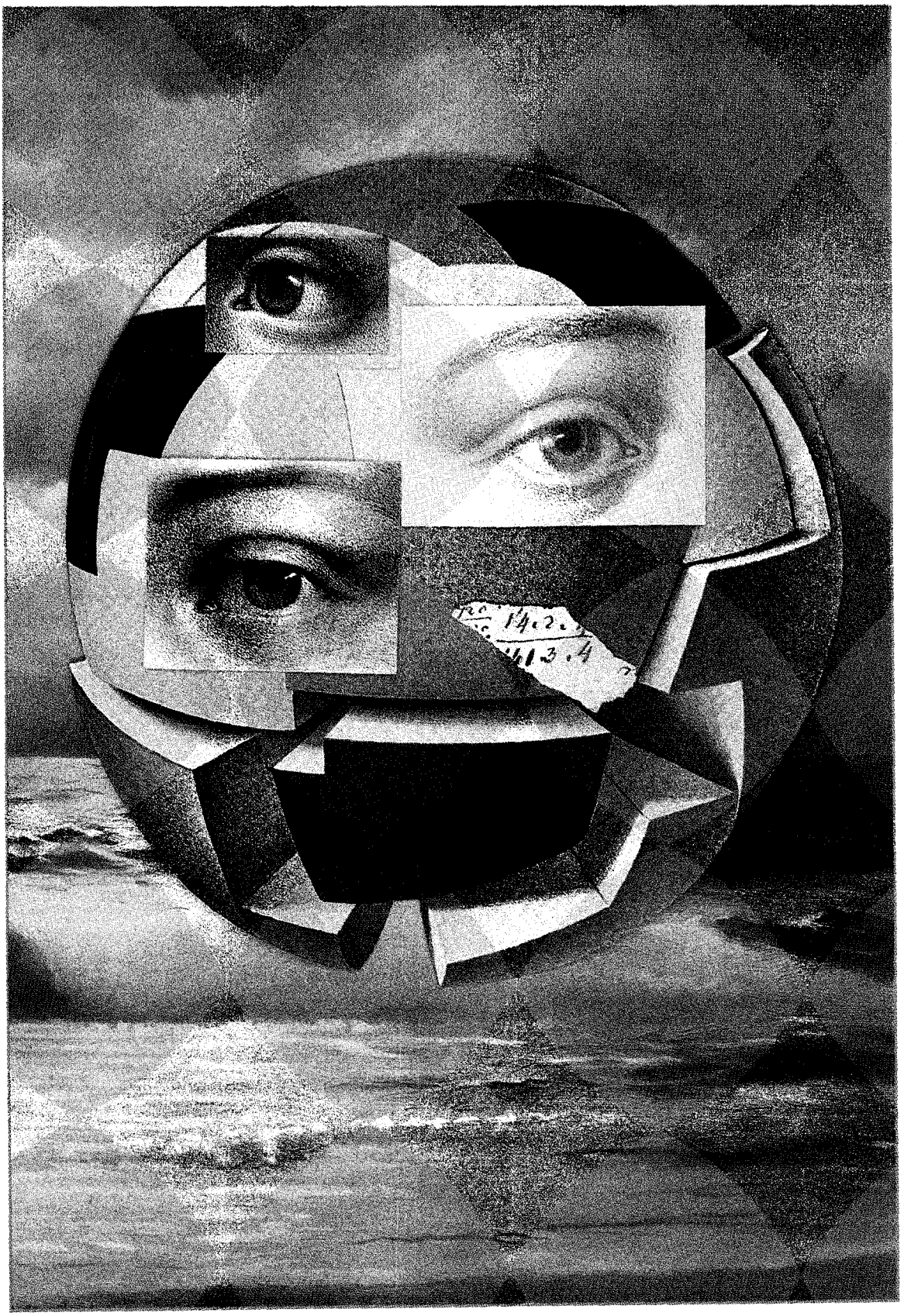

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telltale brain-wave patterns that distinguish the bright from the less bright.

Beyond various psychometric twists, interest in intelligence is likely to grow in other ways. It will be fed by the creation of machines that display intelligence and by the specific intelligence or intelligences. Moreover, observers as diverse as Richard Herrnstein and Robert B. Reich, President Clinton's first Secretary of Labor, have agreed that in coming years a large proportion of society's rewards will go to those people who are skilled symbol analysts—who can sit at a computer screen (or its technological successor), manipulate numbers and other kinds of symbols, and use the results of their operations to contrive plans, tactics, and strategies for enterprises ranging from business to science to war games. These people may well color how intelligence is conceived in decades to come—just as the need to provide good middle-level bureaucrats to run an empire served as a primary molder of intelligence tests in the early years of the century.

Surveying the landscape of intelligence, I discern three struggles between opposing forces. The extent to which, and the manner in which, these various struggles are resolved will influence the lives of millions of people. I believe that the three struggles are interrelated: that the first struggle provides the key to the other two; and that the ensemble of struggles can be resolved in an optimal way.

The first struggle concerns the breadth of our definition of intelligence. One camp consists of the purists, who believe in a single form of intelligence—one that basically predicts success in school and in school-like activities. Arrayed against the purists are the progressive pluralists, who believe that many forms of intelligence exist. Some of these pluralists would like to broaden the definition of intelligence considerably, to include the abilities to create, to lead, and to stand out in terms of emotional sensitivity or moral excellence.

The second struggle concerns the assessment of intelligence. Again, one readily encounters a traditional position. Once chiefly concerned with paper-and-pencil tests, the traditionally oriented practitioner is now likely to use computers to provide the same information more quickly and more accurately. But other positions abound. Purists disdain psychological tasks of any complexity, preferring to look instead at reaction time, brain waves, and other physiological measures of intellect. In contrast, simulators favor measures closely resembling the actual abilities that are prized. And skeptics warn against the continued expansion of testing. They emphasize the damage often done to individual life chances and self-esteem by a regimen of psychological testing, and call for less technocratic, more humane methods—ranging from self-assessment to the examination of portfolios of student work to selection in the service of social equity.

The final struggle concerns the relationship between intelligence and the qualities we value in human beings. Although no one would baldly equate intellect and human worth, nuanced positions have emerged on this issue. Some (in the *Bell Curve* mold) see intelligence as closely related to a person's ethics and values; they believe that brighter people are more likely to appreciate moral complexity and to behave judiciously. Some call for a sharp distinction between the realm of intellect on the one hand, and character, morality, or ethics on the other. Society's ambivalence on this issue can be discerned in the figures that become the culture's heroes. For every Albert Einstein or Bobby Fischer who is celebrated for his intellect, there is a Forrest Gump or a Chauncey Gardiner who is celebrated for human—and humane—traits that would never be captured on any kind of intelligence test.

The concept of "intelligence" should not be expanded to include personality, motivation, will, character, creativity, and other important and significant human capacities. Such stretching is likely to snap the band.

Thanks to the work of the past decade or two, the stranglehold of the psychometricians has at last been broken. This is a beneficent development. Yet now that the psychometricians have been overcome, we risk deciding that anything goes—that emotions, morality, creativity, must all be absorbed into the "new (or even the New Age) intelligence." The challenge is to chart a concept of intelligence that reflects new insights and discoveries and yet can withstand rigorous scrutiny.

An analogy may help. One can think of the scope of intelligence as represented by an elastic band. For many years the definition of intelligence went unchallenged, and the band seemed to have lost its elasticity. Some of the new definitions expand the band, so that it has become taut and resilient; and yet earlier work on intelligence is still germane. Other definitions so expand the band that it is likely finally to snap—and the

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earlier work on intelligence will no longer be of use.

Until now the term "intelligence" has been limited largely to certain kinds of problem-solving involving language and logic—the skills at a premium in the bureaucrat or the law professor. However, human beings are able to deal with numerous kinds of content besides words, numbers, and logical relations—for example, space, music, the psyches of other human beings. Like the elastic band, definitions of intelligence need to be expanded to include human skill in dealing with these diverse contents. And we must not restrict attention to solving problems that have been posed by others; we must consider equally the capacity of individuals to fashion products—scientific experiments, effective organizations—that draw on one or more human intelligences. The elastic band can accommodate such broadening as well.

I question the wisdom of searching for a "pure" intelligence. I do not believe that such alchemical intellectual essences actually exist; they are a product of our penchant for creating terminology.

So long as intelligences are restricted to the processing of contents in the world, we avoid epistemological problems—as we should. "Intelligence" should not be expanded to include personality, motivation, will, attention, character, creativity, and other important and significant human capacities. Such stretching is likely to snap the band.

Let's see what happens when one crosses one of these lines—for example, when one attempts to conflate intelligence and creativity. Beginning with a definition, we extend the descriptor "creative" to those people (or works or institutions) who meet two criteria: they are innovative, and their innovations are eventually accepted by a relevant community.

No one denies that creativity is important—and, indeed, it may prove even more important in the future, when nearly all standard (algorithmic) procedures will be carried out by computers. Yet creativity should not be equated with intelligence. An expert may be intelligent in one or more domains but not necessarily inclined toward, or successful in, innovation. Similarly, although it is clear that the ability to innovate requires a certain degree of intelligence, we don't find a significant correlation between measures of intellect and of creativity. Indeed, creativity seems more dependent on a certain kind of temperament and personality—risk-taking, tough-skinned, persevering, above all having a lust to alter the status quo and leave a mark on society—than on efficiency in processing various kinds of information. By collapsing these categories together, we risk missing dimensions that are important but separate; and we may think that we are training (or selecting) one when we are actually training (or selecting) the other.

Next consider what happens when one stretches the idea of intelligence to include attitudes and behaviors—and thus confronts human values within a culture. A few values can be expressed generically enough that they command universal respect: the Golden Rule is one promising candidate. Most values, however, turn out to be specific to certain cultures or subcultures—even such seemingly unproblematic ones as the unacceptability of killing or lying. Once one conflates morality and intelligence, one needs to deal with widely divergent views of what is good or bad and why. Moreover, one must confront the fact that people who score high on tests of moral reasoning may act immorally outside the test situation—even as courageous and self-sacrificing people may turn out to be unremarkable on formal tests of moral reasoning or intelligence. It is far preferable to construe intelligence itself as morally neutral and then decide whether a given use of intelligence qualifies as moral, immoral, or amoral in context.

As I see it, no intelligence is moral or immoral in itself. One can be gifted in language and use that gift to write great verse, as did Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, or to foment hatred, as did Joseph Goebbels. Mother Teresa and Lyndon Johnson, Mohandas Gandhi and Niccolò Machiavelli, may have had equivalent degrees of interpersonal intelligence, but they put their skills to widely divergent uses.

Perhaps there is a form of intelligence that determines whether or not a situation harbors moral considerations or consequences. But the term "moral intelligence" carries little force. After all, Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin may well have had an exquisite sense of which situations contained moral considerations. However, either they did not care or they embraced their own peculiar morality, according to which eliminating Jews was the moral thing to do in quest of a pure Aryan society, or wiping out a generation was necessary in the quest to establish a communist state.

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The Borders of Intelligence

WRITING as a scholar rather than as a layperson, I see two problems with the notion of emotional intelligence. First, unlike language or space, the emotions are not contents to be processed; rather, cognition has evolved so that we can make sense of human beings (self and others) that possess and experience emotions. Emotions are part and parcel of all cognition, though they may well prove more salient at certain times or under certain circumstances: they accompany our interactions with others, our listening to great music, our feelings when we solve—or fail to solve—a difficult mathematical problem. If one calls some intelligences emotional, one suggests that other intelligences are not—and that implication flies in the face of experience and empirical data.

The second problem is the conflation of emotional intelligence and a certain preferred pattern of behavior. This is the trap that Daniel Goleman sometimes falls into in his otherwise admirable *Emotional Intelligence*. Goleman singles out as emotionally intelligent those people who use their understanding of emotions to make others feel better, to solve conflicts, or to cooperate in home or work situations. No one would dispute that such people are wanted. However, people who understand emotion may not necessarily use their skills for the benefit of society.

For this reason I prefer the term "emotional sensitivity"—a term (encompassing my interpersonal and intrapersonal intelligences) that could apply to people who are sensitive to emotions in themselves and in others. Presumably, clinicians and salespeople excel in sensitivity to others, poets and mystics in sensitivity to themselves. And some autistic or psychopathological people seem completely insensitive to the emotional realm. I would insist, however, on a strict distinction between emotional sensitivity and being a "good" or "moral" person. A person may be sensitive to the emotions of others but use that sensitivity to manipulate or to deceive them, or to create hatred.

I call, then, for a delineation of intelligence that includes the full range of contents to which human beings are sensitive, but at the same time designates as off limits such valued but separate human traits as creativity, morality, and emotional appropriateness. I believe that such a delineation makes scientific and epistemological sense. It reinvigorates the elastic band without stretching it to the breaking point. It helps to resolve the two remaining struggles: how to assess, and what kinds of human beings to admire.

Once we decide to restrict intelligence to human information-processing and product-making capacities, we can make use of the established technology of assessment. That is, we can continue to use paper-and-pencil or computer-adapted testing techniques while looking at a broader range of capacities, such as musical sensitivity and empathy with others. And we can avoid ticklish and possibly unresolvable questions about the assessment of values and morality that may well be restricted to a particular culture and that may well change over time.

Still, even with a limited perspective on intelligence, important questions remain about which assessment path to follow—that of the purist, the simulator, or the skeptic. Here I have strong views. I question the wisdom of searching for a "pure" intelligence—be it general intelligence, musical intelligence, or interpersonal intelligence. I do not believe that such alchemical intellectual essences actually exist; they are a product of our penchant for creating terminology rather than determinable and measurable entities. Moreover, the correlations that have thus far been found between supposedly pure measures and the skills that we actually value in the world are too modest to be useful.

What does exist is the use of intelligences, individually and in concert, to carry out tasks that are valued by a society. Accordingly, we should be assessing the extent to which human beings succeed in carrying out tasks of consequence that presumably involve certain intelligences. To be concrete, we should not test musical intelligence by looking at the ability to discriminate between two tones or timbres; rather, we should be teaching people to sing songs or play instruments or transform melodies and seeing how readily they master such feats. At the same time, we should abjure a search for pure emotional sensitivity—for example, a test that matches facial expressions to galvanic skin response. Rather, we should place (or observe) people in situations that call for them to be sensitive to the aspirations and motives of others. For example, we could see how they handle a situation in which they and colleagues have to break up a fight between two teenagers, or persuade a boss to change a policy of which they do not approve.

Here powerful new simulations can be invoked. We are now in a position to draw on technologies that can deliver realistic situations or problems and also record the success of subjects in dealing with them. A student can be presented with an unfamiliar tune on a computer and asked to learn that tune, transpose it, orchestrate it, and the like. Such exercises would reveal much about the student's intelligence in musical matters.

Turning to the social (or human, if you prefer) realm, subjects can be presented with simulated interactions and asked to judge the shifting motivations of each actor. Or they can be asked to work in an interactive hypermedia production with unfamiliar people who are trying to accomplish some sort of goal, and to respond to their various moves and countermoves. The program can alter responses in light of the moves of the subject. Like a high-stakes poker game, such a measure should reveal much about the interpersonal or emotional sensitivity of a subject.

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A significant increase in the breadth—the elasticity—of our concept of intelligence, then, should open the possibility for innovative forms of assessment far more realistic than the classic short-answer examinations. Why settle for an IQ or an SAT test, in which the items are at best remote proxies for the ability to design experiments, write essays, critique musical performances, and so forth? Why not instead ask people actually (or virtually) to carry out such tasks? And yet by not opening up the Pandora's box of values and subjectivity, one can continue to make judicious use of the insights and technologies achieved by those who have devoted decades to perfecting mental measurement.

To be sure, one can create a psychometric instrument for any conceivable human virtue, including morality, creativity, and emotional intelligence in its several senses. Indeed, since the publication of Daniel Goleman's book dozens of efforts have been made to create tests for emotional intelligence. The resulting instruments are not, however, necessarily useful. Such instruments are far more likely to satisfy the test maker's desire for reliability (a subject gets roughly the same score on two separate administrations of the test) than the need for validity (the test measures the trait that it purports to measure).

Such instruments-on-demand prove dubious for two reasons. First, beyond some platitudes, few can agree on what it means to be moral, ethical, a good person: consider the differing values of Jesse Helms and Jesse Jackson, Margaret Thatcher and Margaret Mead. Second, scores on such tests are much more likely to reveal test-taking savvy (skills in language and logic) than fundamental character.

In speaking about character, I turn to a final concern: the relationship between intelligence and what I will call virtue—those qualities that we admire and wish to hold up as examples for our children. No doubt the desire to expand intelligence to encompass ethics and character represents a direct response to the general feeling that our society is lacking in these dimensions; the expansionist view of intelligence reflects the hope that if we transmit the technology of intelligence to these virtues, we might in the end secure a more virtuous population.

I have already indicated my strong reservations about trying to make the word "intelligence" all things to all people—the psychometric equivalent of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Yet the problem remains: how, in a post-Aristotelian, post-Confucian era in which psychometrics looms large, do we think about the virtuous human being?

My analysis suggests one promising approach. We should recognize that intelligences, creativity, and morality—to mention just three desiderata—are separate. Each may require its own form of measurement or assessment, and some will prove far easier to assess objectively than others. Indeed, with respect to creativity and morality, we are more likely to rely on overall judgments by experts than on any putative test battery. At the same time, nothing prevents us from looking for people who combine several of these attributes—who have musical and interpersonal intelligence, who are psychometrically intelligent and creative in the arts, who combine emotional sensitivity and a high standard of moral conduct.

Let me introduce another analogy at this point. In college admissions much attention is paid to scholastic performance, as measured by College Board examinations and grades. However, other features are also weighed, and sometimes a person with lower test scores is admitted if he or she proves exemplary in terms of citizenship or athletics or motivation. Admissions officers do not confound these virtues (indeed, they may use different scales and issue different grades), but they recognize the attractiveness of candidates who exemplify two or more desirable traits.

We have left the Eden of classical times, in which various intellectual and ethical values necessarily commingled, and we are unlikely ever to re-create it. We should recognize that these virtues can be separate and will often prove to be remote from one another. When we attempt to aggregate them, through phrases like "emotional intelligence," "creative intelligence," and "moral intelligence," we should realize that we are expressing a wish rather than denoting a necessary or even a likely coupling.

We have an aid in converting this wish to reality: the existence of powerful examples—people who succeed in exemplifying two or more cardinal human virtues. To name names is risky—particularly when one generation's heroes can become the subject of the next generation's pathographies. Even so, I can without apology mention Niels Bohr, George C. Marshall, Rachel Carson, Arthur Ashe, Louis Armstrong, Pablo Casals, Ella Fitzgerald.

In studying the lives of such people, we discover human possibilities. Young human beings learn primarily from the examples of powerful adults around them—those who are admirable and also those who are simply glamorous. Sustained attention to admirable examples may well increase the future incidence of people who actually do yoke capacities that are scientifically and epistemologically separate.

In one of the most evocative phrases of the century the British novelist E. M. Forster counseled us, "Only connect." I believe that some expansionists in the territory of intelligence, though well motivated, have prematurely asserted connections that do not exist. But I also believe that as human beings, we can help to forge connections that may be important for our physical and psychic survival.

Just how the precise borders of intelligence are drawn is a question we can leave to scholars. But the imperative to broaden our definition of intelligence in a responsible way goes well beyond the academy. Who "owns" intelligence promises to be an issue even more critical in the next century than it has been in this era of the IQ test.

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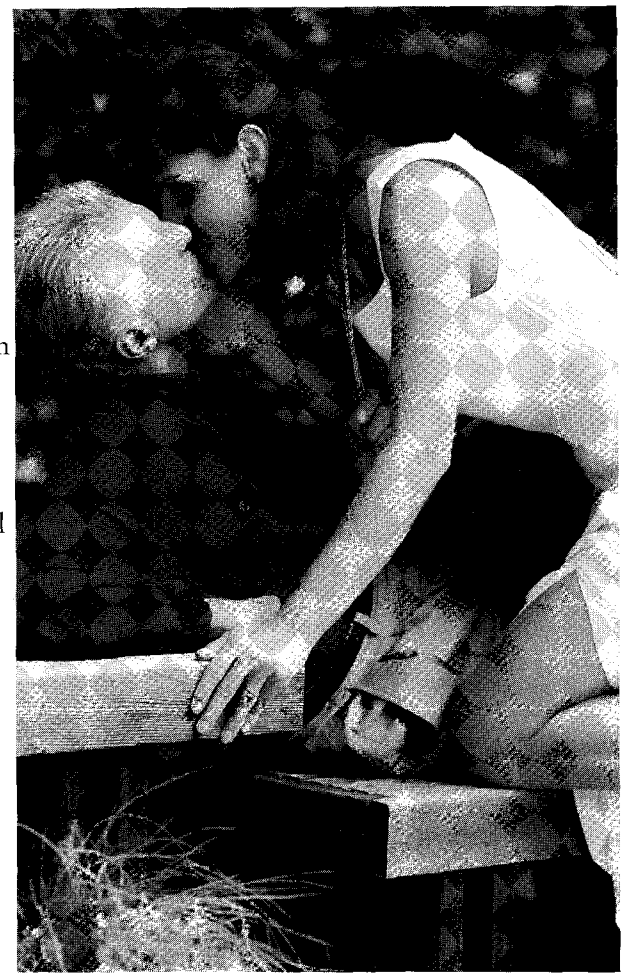

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The Man With the Lapdog

by BETH LORDAN

ALMOST every morning, as Lyle was getting ready to take the dog for a walk along the bay, his wife would ask, "Are ye down the prom, then?" They had met and married thirty years before, in Vermont, when she was Mary Curtin and he'd thought her a happy combination of exotic and domestic. At sixty, after their life in the States, she still called herself a Galway girl; at sixty-seven, after two years of retirement in Galway, Lyle still considered a prom a high school dance, not two miles of sidewalk beside the water.

So he would say, "We're going to walk along the bay," and hope she'd leave it at that. When they had first come to Ireland, the exchange had had a bit of a joke to it, but he felt it now as unwelcome pressure. He had no intention of taking up Irish idioms—he'd have felt foolish saying "half-five" instead of five-thirty, "Tuesday week" instead of next Tuesday, "ye" for you. "Toilet" instead of bathroom was unthinkable. He called things by their real names—"pubs" bars, "shops" stores, "chips" French fries, and "gardai" police.

He didn't love the talk, and he didn't love the Irish people, who always stood too close and talked too fast, and he had trouble, still, understanding what they said. He had frightened and embarrassed himself trying to drive on the wrong side of the road with the steering wheel on the wrong side of the car, and had given it up. He disliked the weight of pound coins in his pocket, and he didn't care for Guinness.

And yet, somewhat to his surprise, he liked a lot about Ireland. He liked keeping the small garden in front of their house, the way things simply grew and thrived in the steady cool dampness. He liked the stone walls that surrounded every yard and separated one person's place from another's. He liked the little coal-burning fireplace in the sitting room. After forty years as an accountant for a hardware chain, he liked living in a place where people went for walks, and he liked going for walks. He liked the dog, a long-haired dachshund, a pretty, girlish little thing. He liked the opinionated newspapers, and he liked being a foreigner.

One day in early March, walking along the bay, he saw a couple he probably wouldn't have noticed among the other tourists if it had been summer. They stood arm in arm looking out over the water, the woman dark-haired and attractive in an unglamorous way, the man thin and frail, apparently very ill. Lyle heard her say, "Yes, County Clare—I'm sure of it," her American accent clear; he nodded as he passed, and they nodded in response. The next day their walks crossed at about the same place, and all three smiled in recognition. That evening something on television about pre-season tourists reminded him to say that he'd met an American couple.

"Have you?" his wife said. "Where are they from?"

"I don't know," he replied, sorry already that he'd said anything.

She tilted her head as if she was being playful and said, "So did ye talk about the weather, then?"

"Yes," he said. "We talked about the ugly weather."

He heard his wife lifting herself from the bath water, and he knew that when she came out she'd get into bed behind him, damp in a way he'd once found so erotic that it nearly choked him

Illustrations by David Johnson

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On the third day, when they met again, Lyle gave the leash the small tug that told the dog to sit and said, "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?—good to see the sun again."

Something rippled between the man and the woman and came out as a quick laugh in her answer. "It's glorious," she agreed. "And you're American!" she said.

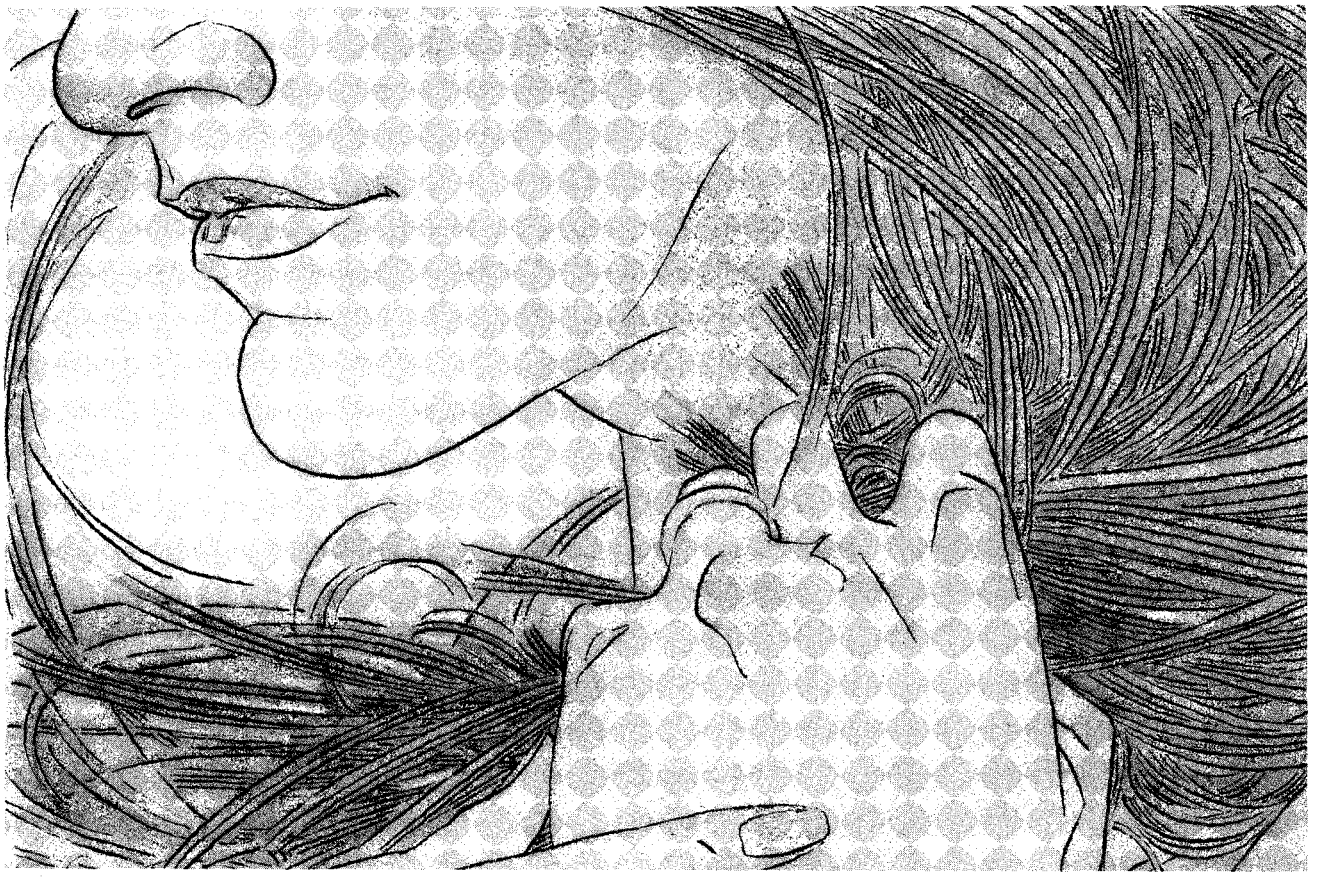
"I am," he said.

The man, too, seemed amused as he put out his hand in introduction. "I'm Mark; this is my wife, Laura. And we, too, are Americans."

"Lyle," he said. He shook Mark's thin hand. "Are you here on vacation?"

"For three weeks," Laura said, as if three weeks were a long, luxurious season. "And you?"

The dog was sitting patiently. "I'm retired, and my wife is Irish, so we came back here to live a couple of years ago."



They said where they were from, and how old their children were, and that this was their first trip to Ireland, long dreamed about, and then Laura reached out and put her hand lightly and briefly on the sleeve of Lyle's coat. "I have to tell you: we'd seen you walking here, and we made up a life for you—"

"We assumed you were Irish, of course," Mark said.

"I suppose it's because everything is so exactly as we expected it to be," Laura said. "The stone walls in the fields when we were coming over from Shannon, the pretty shops, the thatched roofs. We even saw a rainbow our first day here. So we just put you into the picture, the Galway gentleman, and when you turn out to be American, it's quite a joke on us." Her eyes sparkled.

Her eyes were very fine, her face strong, and Lyle admired even the simple way she held her dark hair in her fist to keep it from blowing across her face. She was coming into middle age with none of the artificiality of so many American women.

"So I've spoiled your postcard," he said, and all three of them laughed. When they parted, he kept the picture of himself her words had made: his overcoat and hat, his kindly aging face, the tidy small dog, obedient at the end of the leash. And he kept, too, the swift pleasure of her hand on his coat.

They met again the next day and the next, stopping to talk for a few minutes. Lyle would recognize them at some distance by Mark's brimmed hat and the bright shawl Laura wore over the shoulders of her coat. They walked in the mornings, she said, before the wind got too strong, because the wind tired Mark. He had lost his hair, and his face was swollen, but Lyle could see that in health he had been a handsome man. They always walked arm in arm, and she often seemed to be supporting him, more as a matter of balance than of strength, but something in the way they looked together led Lyle to believe that even before Mark's illness they had often walked this old-fashioned way, side by side,

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along streets or through parks. Lyle could almost remember the pleasure of that—the hand a warm pressure in the bend of his elbow, the wrist between his arm and his ribs eloquent and secret, the publicness of the linking.

THE next evening his wife asked about his Americans, and he told her they were from Idaho, where Mark taught high school and Laura raised their four teenage children, who were with grandparents for these three weeks.

"A teacher," his wife said, wondering. "An expensive holiday for a teacher—and during the term."

"They have those deals," he said. "Two-for-ones. Off season." They were eating spaghetti, and he watched how she poked around among the strands, looking for something in particular.

"From the States to Ireland, do you think?" she said, doubtful.

"I don't know."

She chewed, and he could almost see her mind shifting. "If they did, Jimmy might be looking into it so."

Jimmy was their younger son, twenty-five years old without a dollar or a plan to his name. "He might," Lyle said cautiously.

She went on about fares and connections, and then safely into a story her sister Roisin had told her of a trip somebody had taken by bus from somewhere in Kerry to somewhere in Clare that sped along, if you counted all the time, at a rate of about six miles an hour. Lyle was relieved: they wouldn't have to talk about buying Jimmy a ticket, or how they weren't exactly rich themselves, or about his life-hating caution and how he'd always favored Kevin, and on and on. He finished his supper and waited for the end of the story, the ritual shake of her head, the "It's a terrible country." Back home she had told different stories about Ireland, ending them with "It's a grand country." Sometimes, now, he'd point this out to her, and ask why she had wanted to come back here if it was so damned terrible. But tonight, as he waited, in the noise of the long details of her telling, he thought of how simply Laura had spoken that morning.

She had asked about Saint Patrick's Day, how it would be celebrated, while Mark walked alone at a little distance, stooping unsteadily to pick up small shells. Lyle told her that the parade would be small compared with American parades, the day a quiet family holiday, more like Labor Day than Mardi Gras.

"Maybe we'll try the parade, then," she said, watching Mark's slow progress back. "If it's not likely to be a big crowd. He gets tired."

"Is his recovery expected to be long?" Lyle had wondered for days how to ask, and was pleased at how naturally the question came out.

"Oh, he won't recover," she said. "He's dying."

She put no drama into it at all, not into the words, not into the tone, not into the way she raised her hand against the sudden emergence of the sun. "I'm sorry," Lyle said.

She nodded. "So are we." And then they had stood there quiet, waiting for Mark to come back and for their walks in opposite directions to continue.

He hadn't told his wife any of that, and now she had passed the end of the bus story and had come to something else. "It's not the traveling, I told her, it's the staying that's so dear, and she was saying that that's where the money is, in B-and-Bs. Why, the people in Kerry, half of them, in the summer move into caravans in their own back gardens and let all their rooms to the tourists. I couldn't do that, I told her—you know how I am about motels, sleeping in other people's beds, and it'd be the same thing but worse, having strangers in your bed and then going back to it in October so, knowing they'd been there. I'd be thinking I could feel the heat of those bodies in the mattress." She stood and gathered up the plates and silverware.

There, in something that wasn't quite his mind and wasn't quite his body, he felt the sweet warmth a woman left in a bed, and knew that the shape and smell of the warmth were Laura's. So when his wife asked, "They're at a B-and-B, I'd think, your Americans?" he responded, "Why—are you going to go ask what their damned tickets cost?"

She stopped in her work and stared at him. "That was nasty," she said, but he saw that her eyes were only alert, not wounded.

"Oh, give it a rest," he said, and went into the sitting room and turned on the television and called the dog to his lap.

HE discovered where they were staying by accident. The day before Saint Patrick's the rain was heavy, so he and the dog were trapped inside with the smell of damp coal ash and his wife's endless talk about the rain—lashing, she said, coming down in rods, she said, bucketing down, and how she hated rain in her face, she said, and, now, a soft day she didn't mind. But by midmorning the next day the rain had stopped, and he said he was going out. As he was putting on his overcoat, she came with a limp hank of shamrock and knelt on the kitchen floor to tie it to the dog's collar. "That looks pretty stupid," he said.

She patted the dog's head and stood up. "It looks lovely." She had two more bits, and he allowed her to pin one to the lapel of his coat. "Are you thinking of going to the parade, then?" she asked.

"It's not until noon." He hooked the leash onto the dog's collar. "Did you want to go?"

She made a wry face and pushed her hand in the air between them. "It's a poor excuse for a parade," she said. "Roisin's calling by for me to help her with her new curtains. I'll be back before tea."

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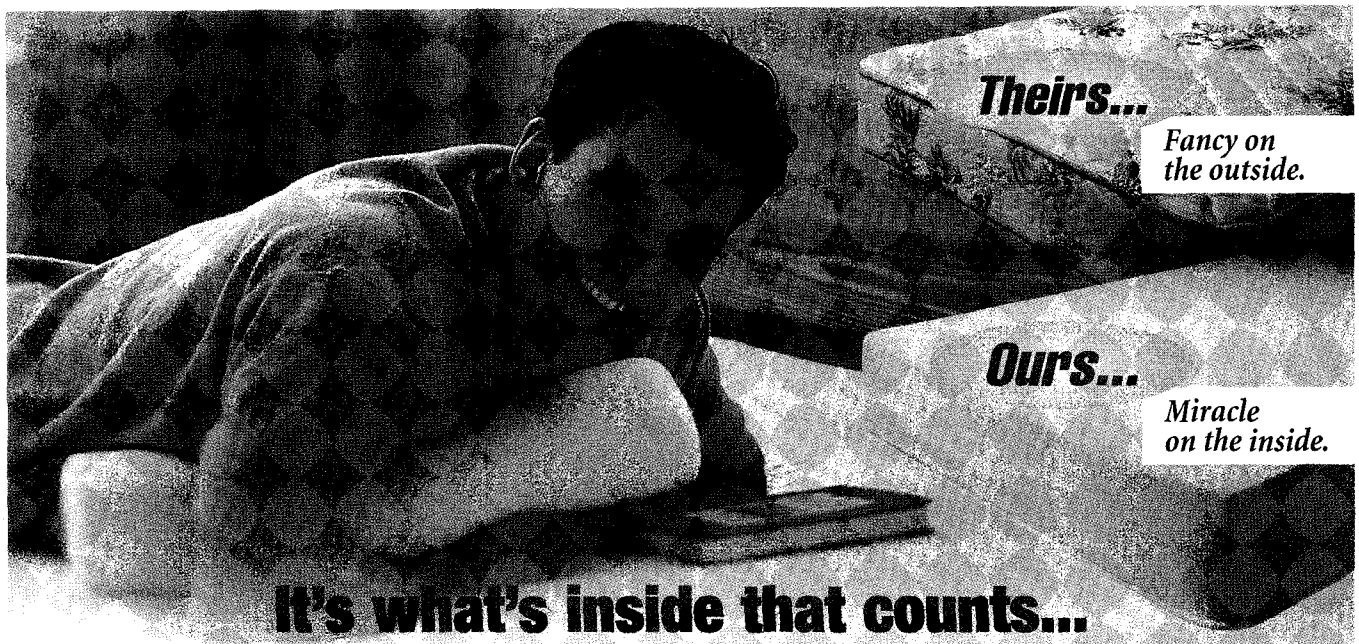

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Out of sight of the house, he stooped and adjusted the dog's greenery. The air was clean and cool. As he passed one of the schools, he could hear a few horns behind the building—kids preparing for the parade. Small family groups were slowly walking toward the parade route. Many people had small bunches of shamrock pinned to their coats. Children carried tricolors, and a few older boys had their faces painted green. He headed for the Salmon Weir Bridge, meaning to walk around the college and then circle back and maybe see the parade, maybe run into Mark and Laura. As he was waiting for the traffic to pass, he glanced down one of the side streets and saw Mark.

He was standing on the sidewalk, bareheaded, in jeans and a T-shirt, alone. Lyle had known he was thin, but there, coatless in the street, he was shockingly gaunt. As Lyle watched, Mark turned away, took two steps, and stopped. He put his arms up over his face and leaned against the building, like a child counting in a game of hide-and-seek. Farther up the street a door opened, and Laura came out. She hurried to Mark and put her hands on his shoulders. They spoke; Lyle could see that, and that Laura's hair was in a braid, and that her dark-green skirt rose and fell around her calves in the breeze, and that she was barefoot on the cold concrete. Then, slowly, she drew Mark from the wall and turned him to her. Still speaking, she took his hands and stepped backward, back toward the door she'd come out. He went with her a step, another step, and then she turned, pulling his arm around her waist. They walked together back inside, through the door of the Salmon Weir Hostel.

The rain began again.

LYLE was glad to find the house empty when he and the dog got home, empty and dim in the gray afternoon, with the glimmer of a coal fire in the sitting room. He threw away the shamrock, hung up his coat, and put the leash away. Mark would certainly die.

He jabbed at the fire with a small poker and put some more coal on, and then he sighed and sat down in his chair and watched the fire, listening to the coal whistling as it heated. He would die. She would stand as she had there on the sidewalk this morning and she would crumple, collapse in and down. Lyle rubbed his forehead with his fingertips.

The dog came and sat, alert, questioning, in front of him. "You're right," he said to her. "I forgot the treat. Come on." She followed him to the cupboard and gazed into his eyes as he gave her the little orange-colored biscuit.

Men would be lining up to take Mark's place, no doubt about it. The dog stayed in the kitchen to eat, as she always did, and Lyle went back to his chair. Poor bastard, knowing that. The idea of it was enough to send anybody out in shirtsleeves to grieve against the side of a building.

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Then again. Maybe Laura would be one of those widows who didn't remarry. Maybe she'd dedicate herself to the children. Bring them back here in a year or two, show them where she and their father had spent these weeks. He would see her again, he thought, as the dog, her biscuit gone, trotted in; he lifted her into his lap, where she settled and fell immediately asleep. He'd see her, and she would be recovered from it.

He stroked the dog's smooth head. The wind was blowing across the chimney and making a low *hoo*ing sound; he had said before that sometimes he felt as if he were living in a jug, in this small room at the bottom of the chimney, but today he liked it. He relaxed into imagining Laura, in a few years, walking alone down by the Claddagh, and how he'd greet her, and how by then he'd have become, as he often did in dreams, younger and more attractive. Or he'd be in Idaho, somehow, and see her. At the edge of sleep, he imagined driving with her down the roads of his youth in rural Vermont, where small lanes branched off among the trees.

"Wrecked, are ye?" his wife said, chuckling, as his heart thudded two heavy strokes.

THE next day Laura looked tired, but as they met, she smiled, her eyes bright, and she reached out and gripped his upper arm for an instant. He felt again that guilty lurch of his heart. "We're going adventuring," she said, releasing his arm.

"Adventuring?" He looked at Mark, whose smile seemed tight.

Laura said, "We're going to rent a car and drive the Ring of Kerry!"

"Drive it?" Lyle said, still to Mark. "Driving's a bit of a challenge here." Even to himself he sounded gruff, a spoilsport.

"She'll be doing it," Mark said, and Lyle heard the injury in his voice.

"I figure, if the other tourists can manage it, so can I," she said.

"Tourists are bad drivers," Lyle said, "especially on those narrow roads."

"You've been there, then," Mark said.

"Just once," Lyle said, and told hurriedly, gruffly, about the bus tour along the narrow roads, the number of tour buses, the hordes of rude Americans and Germans.

"But the car-rental man said that wouldn't be true now, this early in the year," Laura said, her eyes strained but her voice still gay. "And it would still be worth it—everybody says Kerry's beautiful."

You are beautiful, Lyle thought, before he could stop himself, and then his mouth went dry with the fear that he'd say it, make a fool of himself, and he lumbered on to say, "Oh, it is. It's very beautiful. The landscape."

LYLE'S wife took her baths at bedtime, and sometimes talked to him through the half-closed door to their bedroom. Only watery sounds came from the bathroom tonight as he got into his pajamas, trying to think where that map of Kerry might have ended up. At one time, he was sure, the maps had all been in a drawer in the kitchen, but he had looked there earlier and found playing cards and string instead. So she'd reorganized at some point, and the maps could be anywhere. He opened the wardrobe door quietly and stared up at the stacks of shoe boxes on the top shelf. Where did you put the maps? he could say, and she'd say, Maps—and what'd you be wanting maps for and us with no car?

The bath water moved. "I've not seen that old dog outside Ward's shop all week," she said.

"No?" he said, to encourage her to go on, to cover the sound of the wardrobe door closing.

"John's had that dog for years on years, he has. A number of old dogs hereabout," she said. "Just past the school those two small dogs, the white one and the terrier, they're old. Judy down Canal Road, she's an old one, Maureen Ryder's dog. Oh—I dreamt of dogs," she said.

"Dogs?" he said, though encouragement wasn't really necessary now: she always told her dreams in endless detail.

"I'd the job of feeding them—big dogs on chains in a yard. I can still see two of them, these two bulldogs. The faces on them."

When he was a boy and something was lost, a shoe, say, or a hairbrush, his mother would stand in the kitchen and say, If I was a shoe, where would I be? So now Lyle stood beside the bed and closed his eyes and thought, If I was a road map, where would I be?

"I'd found this bright-blue plastic dish—half scoop, half dish, it was—and I'd filled it with dry dog food for the bulldogs." She gave a small laugh, and he heard the sound of dripping.

He bent and looked under the bed: four suitcases. If he were a road map, he might be in a suitcase, but he couldn't, certainly, get a suitcase out and open without her hearing, and he couldn't be sure the map was there, or if it was, that it would be in the first suitcase he opened.

"Pleased with myself, I was. And then your man comes up and he says, 'That's not enough,' he says, and then he says, 'Besides, they bite.'"

He stood up again, and knew that he was an aging man, with skinny legs inside the pajama pants that were snug around his bulging stomach, unfamiliar hair in his ears and nose. He stood still and heard his wife lifting herself from the bath water, and knew that the dream she was telling would go on in her rueful voice from behind the door until she'd finished it, and that when she came out, she'd get into bed behind him, damp in a way he'd once found so erotic that it nearly choked him. And maybe this would be one of the nights she'd put her moist hand on him.

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"What the hell have you done with the damned road maps?" he said.

"Road maps?" she said. She pulled the bathroom door open and stood there in her worn nightgown, looking at him, the ends of her short gray hair dark and stringy with wet, dripping water down the sides of her neck. "And what'd you be wanting with road maps this time of night, cursing about it?"

"I wasn't cursing," he said.

"You were. You're cursing all the time now."

"I wouldn't be cursing if the damned maps had been where they belong."

"I'm not your housemaid," she said.

That was from an old, worn quarrel, almost a comfort, and he took up his part. "Just because I want to find things in my own God-damned house doesn't make me an ogre," he said.

"You should watch your language," she said. "And it wouldn't hurt to go to mass once in a while."

"Oh, mass! Sure—that's the answer to everything, isn't it? Maybe the priest could tell me where you've hidden the God-damned maps." He turned away, ready for her to say it was his fault that neither of the boys went to mass and that Kevin would probably marry that Jewish girl, and he'd say he hoped so, better a whining Jew than a whining Catholic. While they were saying those things, he would put on his slippers and his robe, she would get into bed, and he'd go downstairs and have a drink. And when he came back up in half an hour, she'd be asleep.

ANY TIME

How long ago the day is
when at last I look at it
with the time it has taken
to be there still in it
now in the transparent light
with the flight in the voices
the beginning in the leaves
everything I remember
and before it before me
present at the speed of light
in the distance that I am
who keep reaching out to it
seeing all the time faster
where it has never stirred from
before there is anything
the darkness thinking the light

—W. S. MERWIN

But she didn't say that, and she didn't move toward the bed. "For your Americans, is it?" she said, so mildly that he stopped and turned to look at her. She took her robe from the hook on the door, and nodded as she pulled it on and tied the belt. "I may have them in the hall press," she said. "Will I look for them so?"

He nodded, still confused and suspicious, and he knew he should say thank you, but she was gone down the stairs, the dog trotting behind her, and then he heard her in the hall closet, and then he heard her talking to the dog. He stood beside the bed and tried to imagine what he could say to her if he went downstairs; he could imagine nothing. When he heard the television come on, he got into bed. For many years, maybe always, she had gone to bed first or they had gone to bed together, and he found the freedom of being the only body on the mattress so comfortable and novel that he fell asleep quickly.

When he woke in the morning, the first thing he knew was that he was still alone, and a quick jolt of fear made him thrust his hand onto her side of the bed. It was warm, and at the same moment he smelled the coffee and rashers, and so he was irritated with her before he was even out of bed. It was irrational, and he knew that: for thirty years he'd waked alone in bed to the smell of the breakfast she was cooking. And yet this morning it seemed to him that she had pretended a larger absence, and the charade had forced from him a reaction that he found embarrassing.

But maybe she'd found the maps, he thought as he went down the stairs and into the kitchen. There lay the maps, beside his plate.

"You found them," he said.

"Was it Donegal they were wanting?" she said. "That one's gone missing."

"No—Kerry," he said.

"Grand, then—Kerry's there," she said, sounding relieved and pleased.

After breakfast, as he was putting on his coat, she said, "I thought I'd walk along with ye this morning. I'm to meet Roisin at ten at the Franciscans, and a walk will just fill the time." She was putting on her coat as she spoke, so there was nothing he could say. "Don't forget your map," she said, and he pushed it into his coat pocket and went out the door ahead of her.

"It's a grand morning," she said approvingly as they crossed the street onto the prom, and it was—nearly windless, a hint of sun. He didn't answer, and they walked on, she with her hands in her pockets, he with one hand in his pocket and the other holding the leash.

He had little hope that they wouldn't meet Mark and Laura, and when he saw them at a distance, Mark sitting on a bench and Laura standing beside him, looking out toward Mutton Island, he pulled the map from his pocket, half thinking to make a quick gift of it and be gone.

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His wife took a sharp breath and murmured, "He's thin."

"He's sick," Lyle snapped, and then Laura turned and saw them, and they were too close to say more.

Mark stood, with obvious effort, and smiled, and Laura smiled, and as Mark took off his hat, Lyle realized that he couldn't look at either of them, so he smiled into the air between them and said, "Good morning. This is my wife, Mary—Mark, Laura," his voice too hearty for the words.

They shook hands and said the things people say—I've heard so much about you, a pleasure, how do you do, hello, Lyle smiling stupidly, helplessly, at the hotel across the road. Then his wife said, "How do ye find Galway?" and he could feel them hesitate and translate before Mark said, "It's a very friendly town. We'll be sorry to leave."

"But ye'll be back, then, after your trip to Kerry?"

Again a hesitation, in which Lyle heard the crying of the gulls, before Mark said, "Well—," and then Laura said, "Actually, we've been thinking about not going to Kerry after all. Given the roads."

Lyle looked down at the dog. Laura's voice was soft but strained. He wondered how obvious the map in his hand was, whether he could slide it back into his pocket without drawing attention.

"Ah, they're terrible, they are," his wife agreed, dismissing Kerry the Kingdom with a quick sigh as she sat on the bench. Mark sat beside her, his hat in his hand. "The thing ye might try is the Arans—have ye thought of that? There's a bus from town to Rossaveal, right to the ferry over, and then on the island there's the pony traps or the little buses, and back the same day." She laughed, comfortable, eager, sitting there with her purse on her lap as if this were a visit. "And, oh, the island's lovely, 'tis—it'll be gray here and the sun bright as Arizona over there."

"It sounds nice," Mark said.

"Ye might think of it," she went on. Lyle could see her thumbs on the purse, hidden from Mark and Laura, making rapid hard circles against the leather. "And Dublin, too—have ye been to Dublin?" She looked at Laura, who shook her head. "Oh, it's not to be missed, Dublin—just for a day, take the train over and back, the three museums and the Book of Kells. Of course, not all in a day, that'd be too much for anyone, it would, but just the National Museum, say, and they've a nice little tea shop there for your lunch." She stood up as if she'd settled something, but then she went on, hardly a breath between. "No, there's Ireland to see without Kerry, there is. Even right here in Galway. How much longer is your holiday?"

"Ten days?" Mark said, glancing at Laura.

"Or less," Laura said, "depending." She shrugged and drove her hands deep into her pockets. "The children," she said.

"I miss them," Mark said. His voice was quiet, but Lyle knew he was speaking to Laura. "I'd like to spend more time with them." His voice was like Mary's was when they fought about Jimmy—that soft tone, thinning with the threat of tears.

"Why, of course you would," Mary said. "Of course you would. But it takes a bit to change the tickets, doesn't it?" The sympathy in her voice seemed all for the difficulty of ticket changes.

"Yes," Laura said. She turned her face to the bay for a second and let the breeze push her hair back, and then she took a step closer to Mark and touched his cheek with the backs of her fingers. "It may take some doing." Mark closed his eyes for a second, and when Laura took her hand away, he put his hat back on.

So this was the end of what he'd seen on the street: Laura and Ireland had failed, and had surrendered. Mark would die, and Laura would not. They would not go together in joy to the edge of life.

"Well, then," Mary said, holding her purse over her stomach, smiling at Laura, "ye must come to tea, mustn't they, Lyle? Come to tea—let's see, could ye come today? No, wait—that won't work, will it? Maybe tomorrow?"

"That's very kind of you," Laura said.

Mark nodded to Lyle and said, "We'll meet again before then."

"Yes, of course—of course ye will, and you can tell Lyle, and we'll see about it, will we? It's grand by the fire on some of these days, it is, and ye should be in an Irish house before ye go back. It's lovely to have met ye so," she said, and shook Mark's hand again. Then she stepped in front of Lyle and put her arms around Laura and hugged her. Laura closed her eyes and for a second let her head touch Mary's.

Then they were apart, and the dog was up and ready to go, and Lyle found that he'd gotten the map back into his pocket somehow and had a hand free to shake Mark's. Then he and his wife were walking on, the dog trotting beside them, and after a few steps his wife slid her hand under his arm and his arm bent up to hold it, and so they walked on toward the Claddagh, the wind picking up at their backs.

"Coffee as well as tea, of course," she said, "since they're Americans, and tomorrow would be fine, it would, or Saturday."

"Let's make it Saturday," he said, because she was crying, and this was a decision they could make, although he didn't believe he'd ever see Mark or Laura again.

"Such lovely people," his wife said. "Such lovely people."

Lyle knew they were, and because his wife had said it, he wanted to say to her, So are we. He wanted to say that he wasn't a young man, but he wasn't dying, and that this hand on his arm was hers—that for them the end was still far off, with difficulties and complications still to come.

Instead he pressed her wrist against his side and said, "They are so. And it's a sad thing, it is."

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Black and White Intertwined

A groundbreaking new history documents the rich collaboration between black and white players in the early decades of jazz

by William H. Youngren

EVERYONE knows that the vast majority of jazz musicians have been black rather than white. Therefore it has seemed natural to conclude that jazz "is black: there have been no white innovators, few white soloists of real distinction; the best white musicians (with an exception or two) were only dilute copies of black originals, and in any case exerted lasting influence only on other white musicians."

These words are taken from Richard M. Sudhalter's brilliant and comprehensive new book, *Lost Chords: White Musicians and Their Contributions to Jazz, 1915–1945* (Oxford University Press, 912 pages, $35.00). In these politically correct times any explicit recognition of white achievement in certain areas of endeavor, of which jazz is one, is in danger of being taken as a backhanded attempt to denigrate black achievement. Nothing could be further from Sudhalter's intent.

A superb writer who is the co-author, with Philip R. Evans, of *Bix: Man & Legend* (1974), probably the best biography of a jazz musician ever written, Sudhalter is also a fine cornetist, one of the best traditional jazz players around. He is therefore in a better position to appreciate, and to explain, the achievements of his great predecessors—both black and white—than most of the rest of us. He tells us at the outset,

> [This book] is anything but an exercise in one-upsmanship or retaliation: any attempt to look at the music without regard to such seminal figures as Armstrong, Ellington, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Henry Allen, Sid Catlett, Benny Carter, and the rest would be folly. Their primacy, and the reverence in which they are held, belong to the unquestioned foundation on which the whole edifice rests.

Yet history is better than myths, Sudhalter insists, and history clearly tells us that "a distinct, significant, and creative white presence has existed in jazz from its first days," and that black contemporaries were "unhesitating in expressing respect for Bix Beiderbecke, Adrian Rollini, Jack Teagarden, Miff Mole, Frank Trumbauer, Steve Brown, Dave Tough, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, and numerous other white musicians." The true history of jazz, as Sudhalter sees it, is a "picaresque tale of cooperation, mutual admiration, cross-fertilization; comings-together and driftings-apart—all *despite*, rather than because of, the segregation of the larger society."

Recent scholarship has taught us that the term "jazz" was not known in New Orleans but was merely the name that northerners and Californians gave to the music that in New Orleans was called ragtime. Three ragtime bands, the first black and the other two white, arrived in Chicago in 1915–1916: the Creole Band, Tom Brown's band, and what would soon become the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. By January of 1917 the ODJB had moved on to New York for its historic engagement at Reisenweber's Restaurant; on January 30 it made its even more historic first record. As Sudhalter points out, the ODJB seized the opportunity when others faltered: Brown had turned down the Reisenweber's job, and the Creole Band's cornetist, Freddie Keppard, had vetoed a recording contract—supposedly because he feared that the band's music would be stolen by other bands.

Though the ODJB records contained a certain amount of hokum, they strongly influenced both black and white bands. The next great event was the arrival in Chicago, in 1921, of the white band that came to be known as the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Led by the cornetist Paul Mares, a disciple of King Oliver, the band had on clarinet Leon Roppolo, whom Sudhalter calls the first great jazz soloist to record. The trom-

Illustrations by Barry Blitt

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bonist was George Brunis, a mainstay of Dixieland ensembles in New York and Chicago from the mid-1930s through the 1950s, and the bassist was Steve Brown, who had played in his brother Tom's band and would later join Beiderbecke in the orchestras of Jean Goldkette and Paul Whiteman. The Rhythm Kings records, Sudhalter writes, were "loose-limbed and buoyant, mixing flowing solos with tightly knit, propulsive ensembles"; "more relaxed, rhythmically looser" than the records of the ODJB and its imitators, they lacked "the insistently 'peppy' rhythm" so common at the time. In contrast to the vaudeville corniness that marked the earliest (though not so much the later) ODJB records, the Rhythm Kings had something of what Sudhalter calls the "stateliness" of New Orleans black bands like King Oliver's. The great black pianist and composer Jelly Roll Morton took part in one of the Rhythm Kings' recording sessions—probably the first racially mixed record date in jazz history.

THE Rhythm Kings records made a strong and lasting impression on a group of high school students in Austin, a suburb west of Chicago, who immediately—just as in those old Judy Garland–Mickey Rooney films—decided to form a band. The Austin High Gang and their friends defined the style of Chicago small-band jazz. Its members were also influenced by the only slightly older Beiderbecke, who in early 1924 had begun to record with a roving midwestern band called the Wolverines. In Beiderbecke's playing, Sudhalter tells us, the Gang found "something different, and somehow more immediate" than what they got from the Rhythm Kings records. "His intensity and thoughtfulness, the beauty of what he played . . . made him a combination mentor and kindred spirit."

Yet as Sudhalter admits, the Austin High Gang's style was "aggressively forward." Though the musicians imitated Beiderbecke's phrases, their first records have nothing of his spirit. Nervous and edgy, the records are long on intensity but short on beauty. As the cornetist Jimmy McPartland, an original Gang member, confessed, "Bix was a mystery to us. . . . in a way we didn't know him at all."

But of course the Austin High Gang improved, given time and experience. Dave Tough became one of the greatest jazz drummers, and the tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman won a respectable place for himself in jazz history—though I cannot bring myself to agree with Sudhalter's extremely high estimate of him. Frank Teschemacher had become an important clarinetist by March of 1932, when he died, at age twenty-six, in a car crash, just seven months after Beiderbecke's death from alcoholism.

The white small-band style that was developing in New York during the 1920s was quite different from the rhythmically insistent music of the Chicagoans. Sudhalter writes,

> On most of the pre-1929 New York records the sense of form seems uppermost, producing what is in effect a hot chamber music ensemble: miniatures, vignettes, cameos, finely crafted, and studded with small jewels of invention—but with rhythm playing a decidedly secondary role.

One of the first important bands to record was the Original Memphis Five, with the cornetist Phil Napoleon and the virtuoso trombonist Miff Mole. In 1925, playing in the pit band for *Earl Carroll's Vanities*, Mole met the cornetist Red Nichols, with whom he would make hundreds of records. These two quickly gathered around them a group that included not only two young Italians from Philadelphia, the violinist Joe Venuti and the guitarist Eddie Lang, but also the Dorsey brothers—the reed player Jimmy and the trombonist Tommy, Pennsylvanians who had served their apprenticeship with a famous white "territory band" called the Scranton Sirens. This group defined New York's small-band style much as the Austin High Gang defined Chicago's.

The two styles memorably collided on July 6, 1928, at a Miff Mole record date when Nichols and Mole were joined by

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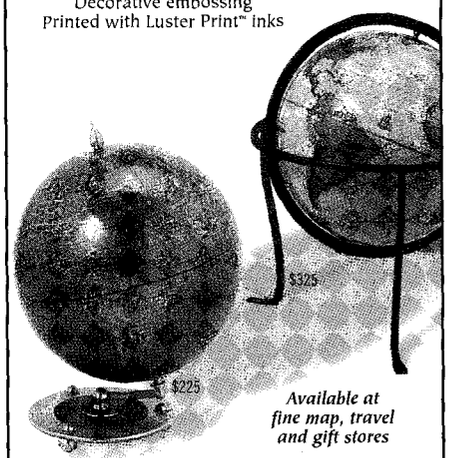

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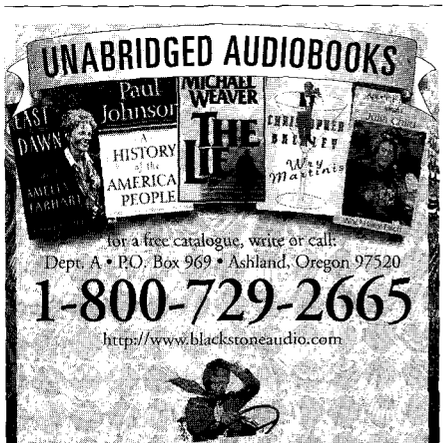

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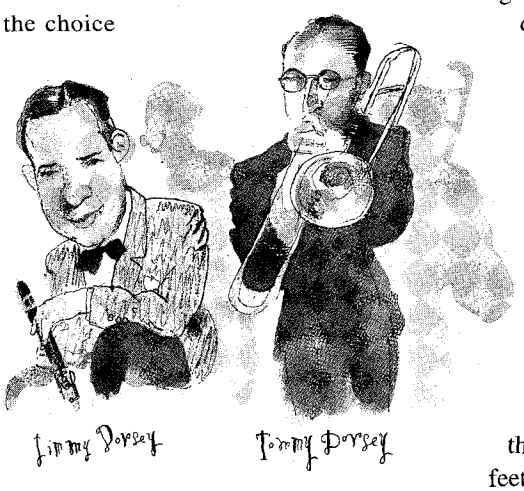
Teschemacher and three other Chicagoans: the pianist Joe Sullivan, the banjoist Eddie Condon, and the drummer Gene Krupa. Sudhalter says that "the raw energy of the young Chicagoans" helped Nichols and Mole to shed some of their New York reserve; I would add that the presence of the New Yorkers encouraged Teschemacher to play with more focus and discipline than he often did. The other major event that helped to loosen up the New York style was the arrival of the great southwestern trombonist Jack Teagarden.

The marked difference in regional styles did not stem from a difference in the ages of the two groups of players, for there was virtually none. Rather, it was caused by a difference in attitude toward a professional musician's career. The New York players had all received extensive classical training in their youth, and could play in a variety of bands. It was Red Nichols, for example, whom George Gershwin commissioned, in 1929 and 1930, to organize the pit bands for *Strike Up the Band* and *Girl Crazy*. Most of the New Yorkers thus had the choice



of what sort of musician to become. But the Chicagoans, as Sudhalter puts it, had "become professional musicians *for the express purpose* of playing hot jazz." Not having come up through dance bands, they had never had to accommodate the tastes of dancers and other patrons. They were therefore free to indulge in a single-minded idealism about the dignity and high purpose of a jazz musician's life—as opposed to the commercialism of dance musicians.

We have here, I think, the birth of the purism that has disfigured so much historical and critical writing about jazz over the past sixty years—and that is also responsible for the myth that jazz is exotic by nature, standing apart from the rest of American popular dance music in a way that makes it unique and superior.

SUDHALTER, who grew up in the music business, knows that the house of jazz has many mansions. There is nothing contemptible about the working musician's usually necessary effort to meet his public at least halfway. Playing any number of straight dance engagements need not make one a less proficient, less dedicated, or less "authentic" (whatever that means) jazzman—though it may often be less enjoyable than playing jazz. Sudhalter, in other words, is no purist.

Therefore he is intensely interested in the process by which, during the 1920s, the modern dance orchestra evolved as bandleaders sought, in various ways and to varying degrees, to integrate jazz into their repertoires. In his chapters on the development of small-band styles he has more to say about the parallel changes in dance bands than I can even suggest here. He never allows us to forget that jazz originated as dance music, and that dance musicians, if they want to eat regularly, must take into account what the great black drummer Baby Dodds elegantly called "the comfort of the people." King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band—the first great black band to record, the band that gave Louis Armstrong his start up north and with which he made his first records—was famous for being able to play waltzes so softly that you could hear the dancers' feet shuffling.

Sudhalter's breadth of interest pays off when he comes to the first big bands that included, and tried to make serious frequent use of, a number of jazz stars—the bands of Jean Goldkette and Ben Pollack. In 1926 and 1927 Goldkette had Beiderbecke, the saxophonist Frank Trumbauer, the trombonist Bill Rank, the bassist Steve Brown, and the arranger Bill Challis, another Scranton Sirens alumnus. In the late summer of 1927, when the band was forced to break up for financial reasons, these members went with Paul Whiteman. In 1928 and 1929 Pollack had McPartland, Benny Goodman, and both Jack Teagarden and his trumpet-playing brother, Charlie. Yet neither band is well represented on records. The skewed logic of record executives dictated that black audiences would accept only jazz whereas white audiences wanted polite dance music. Thus black bands like Fletcher Henderson's were encouraged to record their hot numbers but forbidden to record a medley of waltzes, and bands like Goldkette's and Pollack's were discouraged from recording their hot numbers and often forced to record wretched pop tunes they never would have played with wretched "house" vocalists they had never worked with. Throughout their lives many members of both bands complained about never having been allowed to show posterity what they could do.

A peculiar sort of racial discrimination was thus, for a time at least, imposed on white bands by the record companies—those very sources of power and money that, according to many jazz historians, enabled whites, through superior access, to "steal" jazz from blacks. As Sudhalter shows, this whole way of reading jazz history has more to do with the leftist politics of certain early jazz critics than with reality. Black and white musicians learned the music together, by copying records and by simple trial and error. Black jazz and white jazz were both, from the beginning, subject to wide variation, and there was a great deal of overlap between them. If you were any good, the way you played was primarily a result of the person you were.

Though they were not allowed to play in public as members of the same band until the late 1930s, black and white musicians often did so in private. In October of 1926 the Goldkette and Henderson bands met at New York's Roseland Ball-

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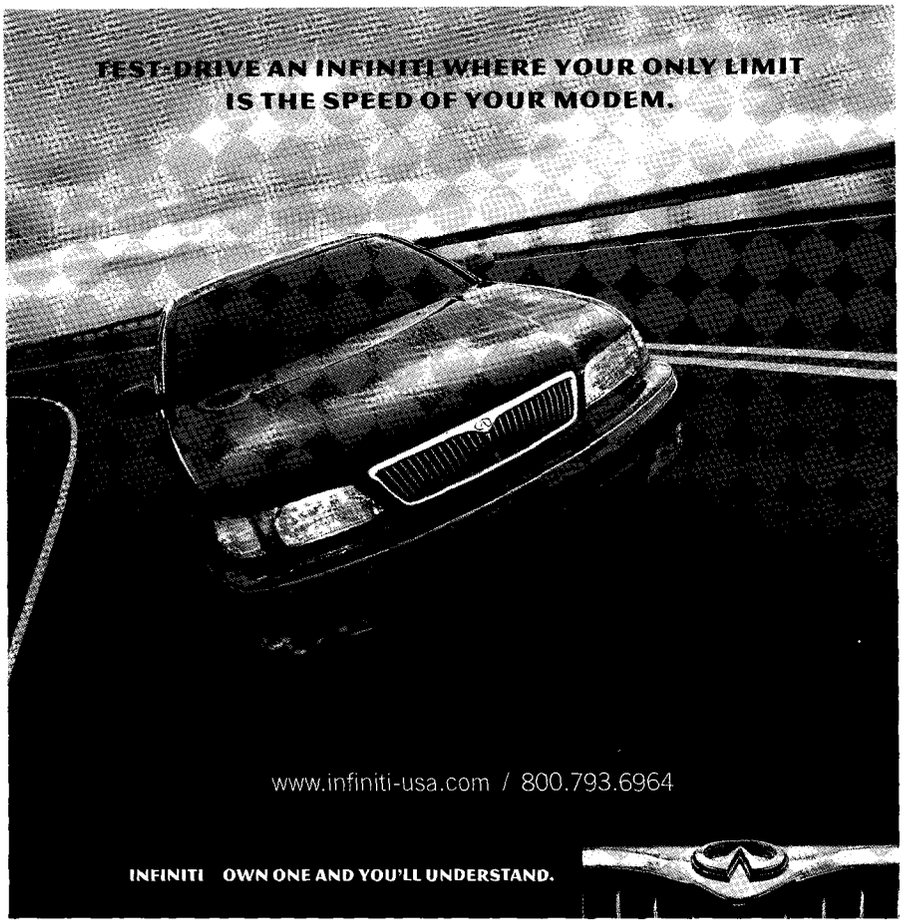
room for a "Battle of Music"; Rex Stewart, Henderson's cornetist, later recalled, "They just *creamed* us." The members of the two bands became friends, and swapped arrangements. In early 1931 the Henderson band twice recorded Challis's arrangement of "Singin' the Blues," with Stewart lovingly copying Beiderbecke's famous solo note for note.

The remainder of Sudhalter's book covers more-familiar ground, and thus demands less comment here. He pays long overdue homage to the Casa Loma Orchestra and its pioneering arranger, Gene Gifford, who set the tone for the Swing Era with his riff-dominated writing for brass and reed sections. Sudhalter also shows how Artie Shaw and Red Norvo rebelled against the riff style, which they found boring and predictable. The only disappointing chapter is the one on Benny Goodman, which is evidently a reprint of a magazine interview published in 1981. Of course an enormous amount, both biographical and critical, has been written about Goodman and his bands. Still, it was Goodman who, briefly, made first-rate jazz the most popular music in this country, solving the problem that, Sudhalter shows, bandleaders struggled with from the early 1920s onward. It would have been most illuminating to have a record-by-record analysis of just how Goodman did it.

Lost Chords is a lifetime guide to its subject—the sort of book that in a sense one never finishes. Indeed, it is unlikely that its subject will ever need to be dealt with again at such length. The only problem is that not enough of the music Sudhalter discusses is available on compact disc. The comparatively meager representation of early white jazz musicians on disc at the moment offers strong proof for Sudhalter's central contention that they have been treated unfairly by history. The splendid "Chronological Classics" reissue series, produced in France, now numbers more than 500 discs, and has found room for such obscure black artists as Skeets Tolbert and Charles Brown—yet has not seen fit to devote a single disc to Red Nichols, Miff Mole, or Red Norvo. There are signs that this situation is changing. Only when it does—only when far more white jazz, from all periods, is readily available—will the injustice so eloquently chronicled by Sudhalter be put right at last.



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This Hawaii Is Not for Tourists

Poverty, squalor, and violence mark the "anything but paradise" created by Lois-Ann Yamanaka, an award-winning writer whose blistering work is politically controversial

by Jamie James

HEADS BY HARRY

by Lois-Ann Yamanaka. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 309 pages, $24.00.

WHAT most Americans know about Hawaii is kitsch—grass skirts and ukuleles, pupu platters and Don Ho—culminating in James Michener's fitfully factual potboiler and finally degenerating into some tacky prime-time cop shows. The islands never had a native bard to explain them to the rest of the world, as the American frontier had Mark Twain and the South had William Faulkner. Hawaii has always been a place to be discovered—beginning with the indigenous Hawaiians themselves, who first migrated to the archipelago from Polynesia some 1,500 years ago. Their graceful culture, without a written language, has been all but obliterated by waves of missionaries, planters, and military personnel, and finally, most devastatingly, by the tsunami of mass tourism.

Through most of Hawaii's history its literature has been written by outsiders, who have been enchanted by the islands' scenic beauty and have depicted them as an idyllic paradise populated by childlike, innocent savages borrowed from Rousseau. Twain was the first literary artist of stature to write at length about Hawaii, in a novel that was never published. (Melville had passed through earlier, and based his novel *Typee* in part on his experiences there, devoting some acerbic pages to the arrogant hypocrisy of the Christian missionaries.) In 1866 Twain sailed on the first commercial steamship voyage from the mainland to the Sandwich Islands (as they were then known), and eighteen years later he wrote the first draft of a novel that he quickly abandoned. Only fragments survive, but the book's opening lines engage in the picturesque hyperbole that colored the world's view of Hawaii for the next century.

> The date is 1840. Scene, the true Isles of the Blest; that is to say, the Sandwich Islands—to this day the peacfulest, restfulest, sunniest, balmiest, dreamiest haven of refuge for a worn and weary spirit the surface of the earth can offer. Away out there in the mid-solitudes of the vast Pacific, and far down in the edge of the tropics, they lie asleep on the waves, perpetually green and beautiful, remote from the work-day world and its frets and worries, a bloomy, fragrant paradise.

NOW Hawaii has found a bard of sorts, the novelist Lois-Ann Yamanaka, but the world she sings of is anything but a paradise. In a series of remarkable narratives she describes with disturbing realism and peppery black humor the hard life of the islands' Asian-immigrant underclass. Her Hawaii is

Illustrations by Karen Barbour

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green but cruel, and the "work-day world" grinds her characters down with squalor and violence. In her previous books Yamanaka revealed in sometimes sensationalistic ways the racism that divides the islands' inhabitants; in her new novel, *Heads by Harry*, she explores the outer frontiers of sexual politics and the complex power struggles of a modern island family.

The novel takes its title from the Yagyuu family's taxidermy shop in Hilo, on the island of Hawaii. Harry, the father, is bullying in his affection, and continually disappointed by his children: his son, Sheldon, who aspires to be a hairdresser and prefers to be called Shelly (after Shelley Fabares, the cute daughter on *The Donna Reed Show*, and Shelley Hack, his favorite model); Bunny, a beauty who dreams of marrying a *haole* (a Caucasian, the word being the Hawaiian equivalent of "gringo"); and Toni, the narrator, her daddy's favorite and a perennial underachiever. The family's mother, like most of Yamanaka's adult women characters, is a benign but somewhat shadowy presence.

Much of the power of Yamanaka's narrative derives from her never apologizing for her characters' irresponsible behavior. They don't come to disastrous ends, nor do they really learn their lessons: they just muddle through, like the people one knows. Toni and those she loves habitually inflict pain on one another in terms of mocking abuse, vividly rendered in the pidgin dialect of the immigrant working-class population of Hawaii, which Yamanaka spoke growing up in Hilo.

Of course it is an exaggeration to call Yamanaka a bard: her vision is tightly focused in time and place. Nor is she the first talented Hawaiian writer of fiction to undertake a serious analysis of contemporary life on the islands. For at least the past twenty years something like a renaissance of Hawaiian literature has been going on: Milton Murayama, Darrell Lum, Sylvia Watanabe, and Nora Okja Keller, among others, have produced significant fiction about Hawaiian themes, written in authentic Hawaiian vernacular—all the more impressive considering that the state's population scarcely exceeds a million.

Yamanaka has risen quickly to a position of prominence. In 1993, when she published her first book, a collection of poetry called *Saturday Night at the Pahala Theatre*, she was poised to be the first major voice of the new Hawaiian literature. This collection of often wickedly funny monologues, which makes liberal use of pidgin, addressed many of the themes of the novels that followed: a sense of shame about local traditions, which expresses itself in a preoccupation with the junk pop culture of the mainland; the intense desire of the second- and third-generation immigrant young to pass for *haole*; and the racism that poisons relations between the various immigrant populations—a legacy of plantation days, when the white bosses played groups off against one another. The book was widely praised and received both the Pushcart Prize and the literature award of the Association for Asian American Studies.

THAT'S when all the trouble began. In 1996 Yamanaka published her first novel, *Wild Meat and the Bully Burgers*, an exuberant, crazily comic series of anecdotes, virtually plotless, about a girl on the threshold of adolescence. It, too, was nominated for the AAAS literature award, but some members of the association had been offended by passages in *Pahala Theatre* and Yamanaka's newly published second novel, *Blu's Hanging*, that they believed to be racist. They complained so vehemently that the award committee decided to issue no prize that year. The offending passage in *Pahala Theatre* opens the first poem, "Kala Gave Me Anykine Advice Especially About Filipinos When I Moved to Pahala."

> No whistle in the dark
> or you call the Filipino man
> from the old folks home across your house
> who peek at you already from behind
> the marungay tree, the long beans
> in front of his face;
>
> he going cut across your backyard
> from the papaya tree side
> when you whistle the Filipino love call,
> then take you when you leave your house
> for buy jar mayonnaise for your madda
> from the superette.
>
> Then he going drag you to his house,
> tie you to the vinyl chair,
> the one he sit on outside all day,
> and smile at you with his yellow teeth
> and cut off your bi-lot with the cane knife.
> He going fry um in Crisco for dinner.
> That's what Kala told me.

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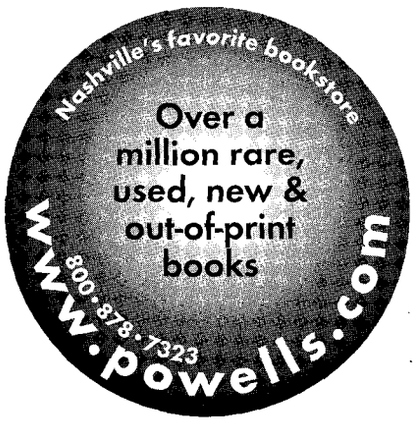

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It's strong stuff, certainly, but the irony in the poem is obvious. Kala goes on to impart to the child narrator, among other reliable articles of wisdom, that if she uses someone else's deodorant she'll "catch their b.o.," and that if she makes ugly faces it will give her "Japanee" eyes. The last line of the third stanza is virtually a telegram to the reader that Yamanaka's subject matter is the wayward wickedness of the feverish adolescent imagination, not the predilection of Filipinos for sexual mutilation and cannibalism. However, these distinctions were lost on her critics, and when she published *Blu's Hanging*, the controversy escalated dramatically.

Blu's Hanging is a Hawaiian *Catcher in the Rye*, the story of a confused thirteen-year-old girl, Ivah, growing up on the poor island of Molokai, who must come to terms with the rottenness of the grown-up world. Her mother dies shortly before the story begins. To cope with the loss, her father, a janitor and a pineapple picker, takes up smoking pot; her eight-year-old brother, Blu, makes himself fat by eating loaf after loaf of white bread smeared with mayonnaise and curry powder; and five-year-old Maisie stops talking. It is up to Ivah to keep the family together. *Blu's Hanging* is better plotted than *Wild Meat and the Bully Burgers* (which is to say that it has a plot), though it is marred by a too-pat ending.

The crisis in *Blu's Hanging* occurs when Blu is raped by a Filipino neighbor, Uncle Paulo, who also sexually molests his pre-adolescent nieces and tortures and kills cats for sport. (In fact Uncle Paulo's precise ethnicity is unclear: early in the book Ivah says that his family's secret is that they're half Japanese, but her factual reporting is far from reliable.) Another minor character, who is Japanese, gives Blu candy and money to pull down his pants. Another Japanese character, the briskly cheerful Mrs. Ikeda, imprisons her old dogs in basement cages until they die, letting them out only one hour a week, so that Ivah, Blu, and Maisie can hose down the lesioned, vermin-ridden animals and clean out their filthy cells. Nonetheless, the principal male-factor in *Blu's Hanging* is identified as Filipino, and when the AAAS awarded its fiction prize to the book last June at its annual conference, held in Honolulu, Yamanaka's critics, many of them scholars of ethnic studies rather than of literature, issued what amounted to an academic *fatwa* against her.

One of her main opponents was Jonathan Okamura, a sociologist in the ethnic-studies department of the University of Hawaii, who wrote in a passionate essay published in the AAAS newsletter that he was "deeply offended and outraged by the portrayal of Filipino Americans" in the book. He said that he would not mention any of the offending passages in particular, "lest I be accused of taking these depictions out of context." He was right to be concerned about such an accusation: the previous year, when citing the portrayals of Filipino-Americans in *Blu's Hanging* as a reason to deny *Wild Meat* the association's literature award, Okamura admitted that he had not actually read *Blu's Hanging*. Rather, he had flipped through it looking for the objectionable passages, following the same critical approach to the literary text practiced by the adolescent boys of my generation, who memorized the page numbers of the "good parts" in *Fanny Hill* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

A more responsible critic was Candace Fujikane, a professor of English at the University of Hawaii, who objected to Yamanaka's book because it didn't provide uplift to Hawaiian writing as a whole. Her paramount criterion for literature appears to be that it should be "useful" and "help others." In an essay published in the *Hawaii Herald* she asked, "Do we speak out about our experiences of pain only to create new pain for someone else? Why do writers write? What purpose does their writing serve?" She believes that it is useful for writers from a disempowered ethnic group to criticize their own people, but dangerous for them to criticize a group that is more disempowered. To bolster her view, Fujikane quotes a teaching assistant who objects to having her students read *Blu's Hanging* because it makes them feel bad.

For those of us whose earliest studies of literature were grounded in the principles of art for art's sake and catharsis, the notion of a useful, helpful book that makes people feel good is anathema. I realize that many academics now consider the former concept to be old-fashioned, if not reactionary, and I accept that it is sometimes pertinent to judge a book by its political impact, and in par-

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ticular its power to bring about social justice, rather than strictly on aesthetic grounds; *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the novels of Miguel Angel Asturias come to mind. Fujikane suggests a pyramid of political empowerment to guide Hawaiian writers: Yamanaka is Japanese-American, the group asserted to be the most privileged of the nonwhites on the islands; therefore her bad guys must be either Japanese-American or white. A Filipino writer, presumably, might have white, Japanese, or Filipino villains, while native Hawaiians, most disempowered of all, are free to heap abuse on everyone.

Harder to accept is the concept that books that make people feel bad ought not to be read. This view, which seems to be gaining acceptance in American secondary and undergraduate education, loses a defining principle of literature: *it's make-believe*. It's not life—it imitates life, refracting it through the prism of the artist's imagination. In fact, the best writers deliberately create experiences of pain, precisely in order to make their readers feel it in the imagination—which engenders catharsis and enlightens readers as to the nature of human existence. Fujikane seems to want uncomplicated parables in which virtue is in inverse proportion to empowerment—a racial-political Isles of the Blest populated not by real people but by inspirational symbols. Such false, happy narratives may do no harm, but they can do no good. If the novelist must plot her books by totting up which characters from which ethnic group do good deeds and which do evil, and then match the tally against sociological data purporting to show relative states of empowerment and disempowerment (as if such things could be quantified—Benjamin Cayetano, the governor of Hawaii, is Filipino-American), then she is defeated before she begins.

When Yamanaka's prize was announced at the AAAS conference last June, many members of the audience, wearing black armbands, stood with their backs to the stage. The award was accepted on Yamanaka's behalf by three of her Filipina students, who were in tears by the time they retreated from the podium. The officers and executive board of the association immediately resigned, fearful of a lawsuit, leaving the organization's continued existence in some doubt. In the last hours of the conference the

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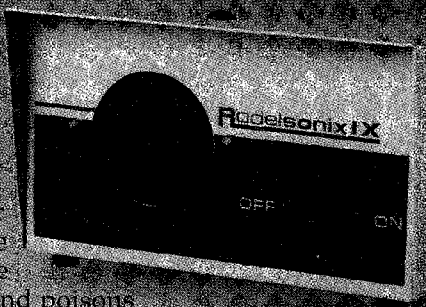

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anti-Yamanaka clique forced a vote to rescind the award. The poet Wing Tek Lum, a former AAAS prizewinner and a Yamanaka partisan, told me, "The ethnic-studies people hijacked the conference and imposed mob rule. Compromise after compromise was rejected." The core group of Yamanaka's bitterest critics vowed to issue her an "award" of their own, "in recognition of her continuing contribution to racism in Hawaii." Judging by the vituperative tone of many of the attacks on Yamanaka, her critics have a lot to learn about uplift and making people feel good.

It wasn't supposed to be that way. The Hawaiian literary community was desperately searching for a local voice to speak for the islands, to correct the idylls of outside writers from Twain to Michener, and Yamanaka showed all the signs of becoming that voice. She is a passionate advocate of the literary potential of pidgin, which even her critics admit she employs with masterly vividness, and she fearlessly evokes the degraded living conditions of the islands' immigrant communities. She was nurtured by a writers group called Bamboo Ridge and its literary journal, which grew out of Talk Story, a landmark conference held in 1978.

The conference, taking its name from a pidgin expression meaning to shoot the breeze, set as its goal stimulating a new Hawaiian literature, written by locals in their own language. In his keynote address the historical novelist O. A. Bushnell lamented that the literature of Hawaii was in danger of being taken over by outsiders because of what he described as a vicious circle: a lack of readers and a "paucity of publishers, who die for want of manuscripts, which are not produced for lack of writers. . . . In Hawaii, I sigh, writers are stifled at birth." Stephen Sumida, in his excellent survey of Hawaiian literature *And the View From the Shore* (1991), summed up the situation: "When it comes to local-born literature, Hawai'i is a sow that devours its own farrow."

In the case of Lois-Ann Yamanaka, Bushnell and Sumida were prophetic, though in ways they might never have suspected. She has been the victim of her own success: if her novels had been published locally in small editions, rather than by a major New York publishing house (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), and if she hadn't received all those good reviews and attracted so many readers, she probably would not have been the target of such vitriol. Wing Tek Lum tells the old Hawaiian proverb about crabs in a bucket: when one of them tries to climb out, the others drag him back down.

Despite all those who would drag her down, Yamanaka has escaped the bucket. *Heads by Harry*, while just as grittily detailed and truthful in its depiction of local culture as its predecessors, expands its subject matter to the universal themes of personal responsibility and the conflicting emotional currents that both divide and unite the family. The new book shifts the emphasis from the local politics of race to global sexual politics. Whereas the family in *Blu's Hanging* is spectacularly dysfunctional, the Yagyuus, although beset with problems, are a family that works. The narrators of the earlier novels are girls; Toni is a young woman, reflecting Yamanaka's own greater maturity as a storyteller and a craftsman.

Critics of *Blu's Hanging* have complained that the book is sensationalistic, and there is some truth in the charge. The book has a redundancy of scenes of cruelty to animals. In addition to Mrs. Ikeda's appalling mistreatment of her dogs, there are several sadistic cat killings: the animals are hanged, drowned, fed glass dust; a pregnant cat has a firecracker shoved up its rectum. The intention may have been to create a symbol of the maltreatment of poor children on Molokai, but the result is repellent. In *Heads by Harry* the animal theme shifts to the hunt and to taxidermy. Both allude to the traditional culture of Hawaii, the latter indirectly, by invoking the ancient magic of the islands: the taxidermist brings the dead back to a semblance of life. The scenes of Toni's apprenticeship in taxidermy are some of the most evocative in the novel. Near the book's end Harry tells her,

> "A taxidermist is one artist but not like one regular artist. Them other artists can make mistake and make it part of the canvas.
>
> "With us, it's like somebody took a piece of the sky and shook it up—stars, moon, sun—then they ask you to put it all back together."

If there is a flaw in the character of Uncle Paulo, in *Blu's Hanging*, it isn't that he perpetuates a negative stereotype of Filipinos; it is that he is flat and unmotivated—an evil character cut out of flimsy cardboard. If the ethnic-studies people were unhappy with Uncle Paulo, some gay scholars will find much to complain about in the character of Toni's brother, Sheldon, who evokes many stereotypes of the homosexual: the bitchy queen, the predatory sexual compulsive, the trendy slave of fashion, the shallow narcissist. When the three Yagyuu siblings share digs at the University of Hawaii, Toni describes an endless stream of late-night visitors to Sheldon's room, mostly unattainable *haoles*, who slip out the door at dawn, leaving Shelly quietly sobbing in his room. Later, when Toni reveals to him that she is pregnant, he "placed his hands on the plane of my belly and wept, my body, not his, capable of creation."

Yet there is an essential truthfulness in Yamanaka's portrait of Sheldon, as there is in most of her characters. In a provincial outpost like Hilo in the 1980s, when the novel is set, an effeminate homosexual had little choice but to adhere to stereotype. Since Sheldon can never pass for straight, he swishes to establish his identity. Unlike Sheldon's prototypes, however, such as the gay outlaws in Hubert Selby Jr.'s *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, who suffer horribly for their deviancy, or the bitter homosexuals in Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band*, whose lives are thwarted by self-hatred, Sheldon ends up with a stable relationship and a successful hairdressing salon.

There is a difference between perpetuating stereotypes and observing how they affect the lives of real people. The notion that gay men are doomed to unhappiness because they cannot under ordinary circumstances procreate is a prejudice held by some heterosexuals. But in the scene quoted above Sheldon isn't Gay Everyman; he's Shelly Yagyuu, Toni's brother and the brainchild of Lois-Ann Yamanaka—and anyway, Toni's explanation for his tears may be entirely wrong.

Yamanaka is a trenchant observer and one of the most original voices on the American literary scene. The unsparing candor of her fictional worlds may offend modern-day Dr. Panglosses who would wish away the unpleasant social conditions she portrays, but her novels offer readers with a literary sensibility a stimulating introduction to a world more mysterious and exotic than the illusory idylls of Hawaii painted by outsiders.

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America's Heart

by Timothy J. Gilfoyle

GOTHAM:
A History of New York City to 1898

by Edwin G. Burrows and Mike Wallace. Oxford, 1,383 pages, $49.95.

BROWN BROTHERS

Fifth Avenue at the turn of the century

HOW a trading post in the wilderness grew to be New York City is one of the great stories of American history, and in this billowing volume Edwin G. Burrows, a Brooklyn College historian, and Mike Wallace, of the City University of New York, tell it stirringly. The dominant urban center on the North American continent since 1800, the metropolitan region of New York has attracted one of the largest populations in the world. New York's economic institutions eclipsed domestic competitors by the early nineteenth century and foreign competitors after the First World War. The city was, in the words of Walt Whitman, "the great place of the Western Continent, the heart, the brain, the focus, the main spring, the pinnacle, the extremity, the no more beyond of the new world."

New York's wealth lured people from everywhere. The populations of ancient Athens and Rome, early modern London and Paris, twentieth-century Tokyo and Mexico City, were enormous but homogeneous. In contrast, New York was at different times the largest Irish, Jewish, Italian, and black African city in the world. By 1860 nearly half of Manhattan's population was foreign-born, making New York the most polyglot metropolis on the globe. It remains so today.

The city's complexity has frightened not only residents and visitors but historians as well. Although multi-volume histories by Martha Lamb (1877–1896), Benson John Lossing (1884), and James Grant Wilson (1892–1893) celebrated and memorialized the "rise and progress" of the nineteenth-century metropolis, twentieth-century historians have avoided the topic. Chicago and other cities have generated larger and richer bodies of historical study.

Not any more. *Gotham: A History of New York City to 1898* represents the most comprehensive examination to date of the city's history prior to 1900. Indeed, few historians today attempt synthetic and comprehensive interpretations of this magnitude. The authors weave together the unique details of New York's history with a generation's worth of recent and original scholarship, insightfully reconceptualizing the city's past. With the publication of a second volume (scheduled for 2000, covering the twentieth century, and written by Wallace alone), *Gotham* may rank in importance with the multi-volume works on Thomas Jefferson by Dumas Malone and on the Civil War by Allan Nevins.

"Globalization" is repeatedly invoked to explain contemporary economic developments. For New York, however, globalization is hardly new. Burrows and Wallace persuasively argue that New York was "crucially shaped by . . . an evolving global economy" from its founding, as New Amsterdam, in 1626. At first the settlement was of little import, especially in view of the wealth available to the Dutch from Asian spices, South American sugar, and African slaves. New Amsterdam offered modest profits in the fur trade, particularly in beaver pelts, which were its first significant commodity.

By the eighteenth century sugar and war had transformed New York's economy. By about 1720 a fifth to a quarter of the city's adult males worked as mar-

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iners, and half of the ships that used New York's port traveled from or to the Caribbean. During King George's War (1744–1748) and the French and Indian War (1754–1763) the city's economy boomed. Not surprisingly, African slavery grew with it. By 1750 Africans made up more than 20 percent of the settlement's populace, and only Charleston, South Carolina, surpassed New York in the number of slaves and slave owners in a North American city. Legal slavery endured in New York until 1827.

New York's globally dependent economy in no time produced a multicultural city. Amsterdam, New York's original namesake, was a magnet for outcasts of every denomination: Walloons, Huguenots, Baptists, Quakers, Sephardic Jews, and English Calvinists (whom we remember as the Pilgrims). In less than two decades that legacy was apparent in the Dutch settlement of North America. By 1640 the New York region was the most heterogeneous in what would soon become British North America. The Jesuit missionary Isaac Jogues complained about the "confusion of tongues," counting eighteen different languages spoken by New Amsterdam's 400 to 500 inhabitants. For Jogues, the community was "Babel." Outside the city, Swedes, Germans, French, Belgians, Danes, English dissenters, Africans, and Indians lived in scattered settlements and on farms, resisting the comparatively ordered, homogeneous villages of Puritan New England. Half a century later the majority of New York's populace were religious "nonconformists." The absence of a uniform denominationalism and religious orthodoxy continued into the eighteenth century, weakening imperial power and advancing individualism, pluralism, and anti-authoritarianism. The city was ripe for revolution by the 1770s.

After the American Revolution the Napoleonic Wars and American neutrality enabled New York's port to become the continental entrepôt. From about 1790 to 1807 the value of imports entering the city rose from $1.4 million to $7.6 million. By then New York's imports were almost double those of its rival Philadelphia. More noteworthy were exports, whose value increased tenfold, from $2.5 million to $26 million. By the 1820s customs duties collected in New York were so abundant that they subsidized the entire operation of the federal government, excepting interest on the national debt. At mid-century the port of New York accounted for a third of the nation's exports and half of its imports. Most significant, the flow of commodities linked New York to the three economic engines of the century: the manufacturing Midlands of Great Britain, the cotton-producing American South, and the agricultural Midwest, the breadbasket of America. New York, according to the writer George Train in 1857, was "the locomotive of these United States."

NEW York's economic ascendancy was not simply the product of "natural" economic forces. Consider the rise of manufacturing. By 1860 the city's 4,375 factories employed 90,204 workers and led the nation in industrial output. Indeed, more than 10,000 labored in the city's 539 ironworks alone. But why did the republic's industrial core emerge on the little island of Manhattan? As Burrows and Wallace reveal, no single explanation suffices. For instance, banks were reluctant to lend to small manufacturers, limiting entrepreneurial artisans to cheap rental spaces in the warehouse districts. Manufacturers wanted to be near the port and thereby to their distant markets—and they wanted access to one another. Cabinetmakers located adjacent to sawmills, dealers, and auction houses. Iron foundries made steam boilers for shipyards, tanks for gas companies, and architectural ornaments for builders, all of whom relied on importers, machine shops, and repairmen. Finally, the Manhattan economy was labor-intensive; "people-power" was the main source of energy. Firms found it convenient to set up shop near the low-wage proletariats stacked in the city's tenements.

Elsewhere *Gotham* exposes the all-too-often hidden and ignored divisions within the city's social groups. By the nineteenth century, for example, New York's elite had split between older Knickerbockers and newer Yankees, between established merchants and emerging industrialists. Similarly, Irish immigrants and their descendants were not a homogeneous impoverished mass. Archbishop John Hughes and fellow conservative Irish Catholics spoke for traditionalists, whereas other Irish were attracted to working-class radicalism, ethnic nationalism, and Tammany Hall's political pragmatism. Even post–Civil War reformers were a mixed bunch, including the purity zealot Anthony Comstock, evangelicals associated with the Salvation Army and the White Cross, proponents of the Social Gospel such as Walter Rauschenbusch and Henry Codman Potter, and settlement-house workers such as Stanton Coit and Lillian Wald.

Much of Gilded Age New York was characterized by furtive working-class revolt and conservative reaction. The Society for the Suppression of Vice and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children were founded to regulate the behavior of the poor and the working-class. Abortion was criminalized. Organized labor was crushed and lost the eight-hour day. Even Henry George's nearly successful mayoral campaign of 1886 served as a wake-up call for Tammany Hall. Over the next decade the political machine consolidated its operations and "became the Friend of the Working Man, but not of workingmen." In 1896 the Populist presidential candidate William Jennings Bryan became the first Democratic nominee since 1848 to lose both New York and Brooklyn.

Armories were a telling symbol of the new industrial order. In the two years following the nationwide railroad strikes of 1877 the Astors, the Stewarts, the Vanderbilts, and the Morgans, among others, raised more than $500,000 to construct the opulent Seventh Regiment Armory. Only six years later lack of interest on the part of that same elite compelled Joseph Pulitzer, the editor of the New York *World*, to plead with city schoolchildren and the working poor to collect $120,000 to complete the Statue of Liberty. No wonder the physician Elihu Hubbard Smith complained that New Yorkers thought of nothing but "Commerce, News, & Pleasure." For him, "The history of the City of New York is the history of the eager cultivation & rapid increase of the arts of gain."

CRITICS repeatedly proclaim that New York is unrepresentative of the American city, let alone of the United States—too big, too rich, too extreme in many ways. For Burrows and Wallace, however, New York's story is the nation's. Local history is a prism through which to view the history of the United

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States. By the 1880s, for example, J. P. Morgan and other financiers were appalled at the growing chaos and unpredictability of the national economy. Unrestrained competition, railroad rate wars, depressions, strikes, and armed battles in the streets did little to attract foreign investment. Morgan's solution, developed in his Wall Street office, was to merge the leading industries into a workable number of large corporations, to be managed, of course, by his fellow investment bankers in New York City. Over the ensuing two decades Morgan pioneered new financial instruments and economic organizations and succeeded in consolidating the republic's economy under the sponsorship of Manhattan's banking elite.

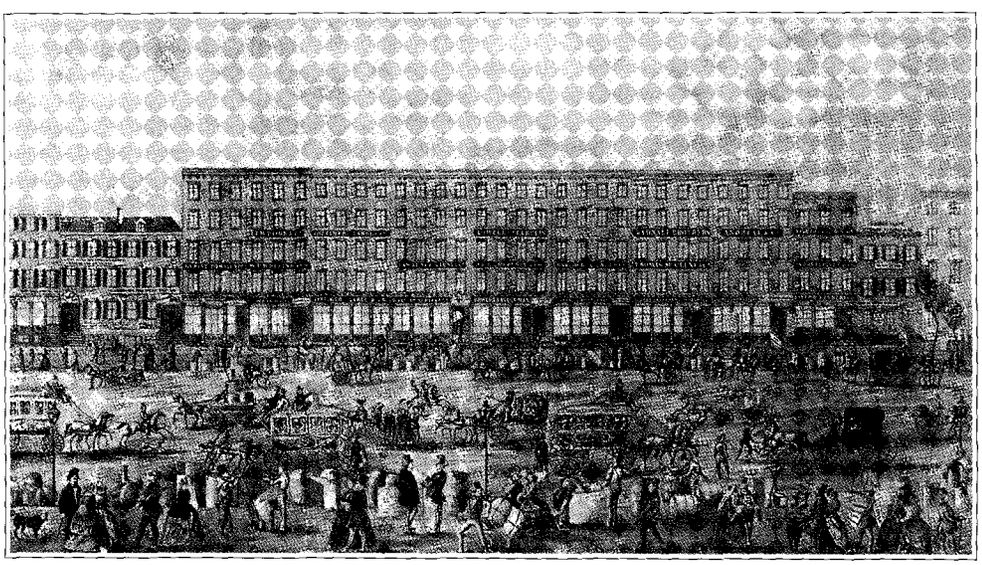
By 1900 New York was the national headquarters for the modern business structure—the corporation. Indeed, nine of the eleven major trusts that emerged shortly after 1882 (including oil and sugar) were headquartered in New York. As the historian Kenneth T. Jackson has written, "In 1895, the metropolis contained 298 mercantile and manufacturing firms worth more than one million dollars, more than Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Baltimore, and St. Louis combined." The deposits in New York banks were equal to the sum of all those in the rest of the United States. The "Wall Street law firm," epitomized by Sullivan and Cromwell, Davis Polk & Wardwell, and Paul Cravath, became a national institution, servicing Morgans, Seligmans, Harrimans, and Schiffs. According to Jackson, by every important measure—from population to industrial output to bank deposits to wholesale trade—New York ranked first in the country. And unlike London, Paris, Berlin, Tokyo, or Vienna, New York was not a national or even a state capital.

Gotham implicitly demonstrates a persistent pattern in the city's history. New York's pluralist traditions enabled popular, even radical, movements periodically to emerge and flourish, only to be snuffed out by various economic forces. Pre-Revolution egalitarianism and post-Revolution radicalism gave way to Federalist accommodation. Alexander Hamilton and other New Yorkers eliminated confiscatory assaults on private property, replaced rule by self-appointed committees with the rule of law, admitted former Tories to the full privileges of citizenship, and ensured that large institutions like Columbia College and Trinity Church remained under the control of the propertied classes. In 1836 two thirds of the city's workingmen were members of more than fifty confederated unions; before the end of 1837 the unions were wiped out by a national depression. Resurgent unionism after the Civil War met the same fate in the Panic of 1873.

The vast infusion of foreign and domestic capital into New York's money markets contributed to the defeat of the city's multiple democratic movements. European investors, worried about political instability after the French Revolution and the 1830 and 1848 uprisings, sought secure places of investment. As Latin America proved increasingly unstable, investors such as Britain's House of Baring and Europe's House of Rothschild increasingly looked to New York. When the city needed a new water supply, for example, the House of Rothschild, among others, rounded up $12 million in investment to construct the Croton reservoir system.

More important, as the American railroad system became the world's largest, speculators learned that the New York Stock & Exchange Board executed investment orders on short notice. By the 1840s New York brokers were the nation's largest traders in state, federal, bank, canal, insurance, and, of course, railroad securities. No wonder the editor James Watson Webb gloried in the use of armed troops to mow down Astor Place demonstrators in 1849. Such a response to politics in the street was, for Webb, "an excellent advertisement to the Capitalists of the old world, that they might send their property to New York and rely upon the certainty that it would be safe from the clutches of red republicanism, or chartists, or communionists of any description."

The transformation of New York into an investment haven came at a severe price. Not only was the city overcrowded and dirty—it was deadly. Each year from 1850 to 1860 more than half the city's children under the age of five died. Seventy percent of children two years old or younger expired. In fact, the death rate exceeded the birth rate. By 1865 the richest city in North America had a death rate 50 percent higher than London's or Philadelphia's. The high mortality was hardly surprising, given that New York was literally awash in excrement. In the 1870s the city's 40,000 horses generated 400 tons of manure, 20,000 gallons of urine, and almost 200 carcasses *daily*. Sadly for city residents, both the horse population and the horse itself grew larger, and the situation worsened: a decade or two later 60,000 horses were dropping 1,250 tons of manure and 60,000 gallons of urine a day—a dramatic threefold increase.



BROWN BROTHERS

Broadway at Morris Street: lithograph by W. Stevenson, 1855

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BURROWS and Wallace do not present only tales of sunshine and shadow. *Gotham* is filled with engaging vignettes and vivid narratives. The stories of Abraham Lincoln's visits to New York in 1860 and 1861, the description of the draft riots of 1863 (still the deadliest incident of urban disorder in American history), and the portrait of the Coney Island entertainment landscape of the 1880s are among the best short historical accounts readers will find anywhere.

Admittedly, the bombardment of facts may overwhelm some readers. Few, perhaps, will find the eighteenth-century political divisions between the Morris-Livingston "landed interest" and the De Lancey "mercantile interest" significant. Others may question the need to know the number of bottles of Madeira, port, and beer consumed at Governor George Clinton's dinner for the French ambassador in 1783. Some may tire of the particulars regarding the proliferation of central heating, indoor plumbing, toilets, gas lights, and cast-iron stoves in elite nineteenth-century homes.

But "God is in the details," as the architect Mies van der Rohe said. On page after page Burrows and Wallace reveal how cultural and social practices Americans now take for granted originated in New York. The city was the birthplace of window shopping, American bohemia, the Associated Press, and the hot dog. New York "domesticated" Christmas, as the writers Washington Irving and Clement Clarke Moore created the Santa Claus we know today. Terms like "confidence man," "chum," "kick the bucket," and "so long" had their first uses in New York. After the birth of the penny press, in the 1830s, New York newspapers enjoyed the world's largest circulations. By 1860 the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* boasted the largest circulation of any German-language newspaper in the world. The beginnings of Delmonico's, Brooks Brothers, Lord & Taylor, HarperCollins, the savings bank, the Chinese laundry, and even the Belmont Stakes (named after August Belmont, of the House of Rothschild) are embedded in New York's ascendancy.

Most people recognize that New York was at the architectural forefront. The first cast-iron building in the nation was erected there in 1848; five years later Elisha Graves Otis displayed the first elevator, or "safety hoister"; and in 1857 the Haughwout Building became the nation's first edifice to incorporate both features. By the 1870s New York claimed to have the world's tallest office buildings (the Western Union Building and the Tribune Tower, both 1875) and North America's largest enclosed space (Grand Central Depot, 1871). Richard Morris Hunt's Studio Building, on Tenth Street, was the first structure in the United States or Europe to be erected expressly for artists. By 1892 McKim, Mead, and White, with 120 draftsmen, was the largest architectural firm in the world. Many may be surprised to learn that when the Academy of Music opened its doors, in 1854, it was the largest opera house in the world. Or that the Mother Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church, unveiled in 1840, was then perhaps the world's largest black-owned Protestant church. Or that the Emigrant Refuge and Hospital, opened on Ward's Island in 1847, was the world's largest medical complex by 1860.

At times *Gotham* reads like an encyclopedia organized around a chronological narrative. Consider New York's many "firsts." Robert Fulton's *Clermont* (1807) was the world's first steamboat. Washington Irving's *A History of New York* (1809), better known as *Knickerbocker's History*, was the first major American literary work widely read in Europe. James Watson Webb's Native American Democratic Association, founded in 1835, was the nation's first nativist political organization. The first baseball game was played in 1842 on a vacant lot at 27th Street and Madison Avenue. And Jacob Little was the New York stock market's first full-time "operator."

Some specialists will find errors. For example, prostitution was never legal in New York. The authors offer conflicting figures on the African-American population in 1865. Their association of France's Napoleon III with Mayor Fernando Wood is unpersuasive—indeed, charges of Napoleonic authoritarianism were also leveled at Wood's opponents. Environmental historians may fault Burrows and Wallace for downplaying New York's ongoing exploitation of nature and failing to address the questions raised by William Cronon's *Nature's Metropolis* (1991) and other recent urban histories.

But these are minor quibbles. New Yorkers a century or two ago, like many today, knew little of their city's past. Consider historic Federal Hall, on Wall Street. It was erected in the eighteenth century as New York's city hall; there the Stamp Act Congress and the Continental Congress met, and George Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the new republic. Twentieth-century Americans revere the site as hallowed ground, a national landmark. For nineteenth-century New Yorkers, however, tradition and history were too easily forgotten: in 1812 the hall was torn down, and in 1842 a new Custom House was built on the site.

In 1856 *Harper's* lamented that New York was the least appreciated of the world's great cities. "Why should it be loved as a city? It is never the same city for a dozen years together. A man born in New York forty years ago finds nothing, absolutely nothing, of the New York he knew." With *Gotham*, New Yorkers no longer have such an excuse.

Satan's Biographers

by Lawrence L. Langer

EXPLAINING HITLER:
The Search for the Origins of His Evil
by Ron Rosenbaum. Random House, 448 pages, $30.00.

HITLER:
Diagnosis of a Destructive Prophet
by Fritz Redlich, M.D. Oxford University Press, 466 pages, $35.00.

THE tangled skein of Nazi Germany's murder of European Jewry continues to unravel in our imagination, even as we seek to weave its unruly strands into a tapestry of understanding. The magnitude of the crime, the tenacity of its architects, the cruelty of the criminals who carried it out, the cooperation of collaborators, foreign and domestic, during various steps in the killing process—all these have spurred countless inquiries into the mo-

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tives and methods of those involved. But more than fifty years after his death, more than sixty after his accession to power, more than a century after his birth, Adolf Hitler continues to intrigue the popular mind and the scholarly community as the sinister fabricator of the Holocaust. However contrary to reason and logic, to say nothing of the complexity of historical forces, the notion that finding the sources of Hitler's anti-Semitism will somehow enable us to trace a clear path to its disastrous results continues to bewitch us.

Ron Rosenbaum's *Explaining Hitler* is a picaresque excursion through the landscape of theories about Hitler's criminality and especially his hatred of Jews. A journalist and novelist by profession, Rosenbaum adapts the strategies of both disciplines to assess the findings of those who have committed themselves to one or another side of the debate about Hitler's rationale for the "Final Solution." He roams the intellectual countryside in pursuit of Hitler's authentic identity, meeting along the way a cast of characters including historians, theologians, psychologists, filmmakers, critics, and some cranks, all of whom have different ideas about the nature and origin of the evil—if it was conscious evil—that led to the destruction of European Jewry. Unlike true picaresque narratives, however, Rosenbaum's opus does not end with the exposure of a rogue, the revelation of hitherto unknown or suppressed familial ties, or the solving of textual enigmas. Owing to disagreement among the authorities Rosenbaum interviews, the question of Adolf Hitler's motives is no more settled at the end than it was at the beginning.

Given the distinction of some of these interviewees, who include H. R. Trevor-Roper, Alan Bullock, Yehuda Bauer, Emil Fackenheim, Claude Lanzmann, and George Steiner, we should not be surprised to find no shared vision. In addition to his interviews, Rosenbaum did research for more than a decade to prepare for his critical survey. One of his most important archival excavations was copies from the 1920s and early 1930s of the *Munich Post*, whose reporters carried on an aggressive anti-Hitler campaign during the years before Hitler came to power. Rosenbaum includes the little-known exploits of the opposition journalist Fritz Gerlich, who after Hitler's appointment as Chancellor was arrested and shipped to Dachau, where he was later murdered. His bloodied glasses were sent to his widow in lieu of a death notice. Rosenbaum's discussion of Gerlich and the *Munich Post* articles offers us a fresh glimpse of the public opposition that was mounted in some quarters against the vulgar and brutal insurgency of Hitler and his cronies. Gerlich's fate also gives us a vivid sense of the danger of such opposition once the enemy became "ruthless power" and not just some rabble-rousing political crusade.

Americans in particular—though many modern Europeans are not exempt—have rarely understood the operation of ruthless power, and perhaps that is a major reason why Hitler's personality continues to fascinate students of the period. When American colonists rebelled against the authority of King George, they were objecting to the tyranny of his tax policies and similar excesses. Hitler, however, used his power to mold the lives and decree the deaths of others. Rosenbaum's mental expedition through the beliefs of Hitler interpreters is designed to illuminate the circumstances in Hitler's life that transformed mere political ambition into a desire to exterminate Jews and others he judged unfit to live in his Thousand-Year Reich.

WHAT was the catalyst that changed an impoverished veteran of the First World War, an aspiring but failed artist, into a champion of mass murder? Was it an externalized self-hatred inspired by the illegitimacy of his father, allegedly born of an illicit union between Hitler's grandmother Maria Schicklgruber and the young son of the Jewish household where she was employed? Was it his anger at the Jewish doctor Eduard Bloch, who treated Hitler's mother for breast cancer and, according to some reports, increased her suffering through his incompetence? Was it some sexual perversity that reached a crisis in his relationship with Geli Raubal, the daughter of his half-sister Angela, whose mysterious suicide (some say murder) removed a moderating influence on his nature and enabled the seeds of his inhumanity to sprout? The list of possibilities is long, and Rosenbaum treats some with the derision they deserve. Of others he is merely skeptical, unwilling to concede that particular physical or psycho-

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logical traumas are sufficient to explain Hitler's genocidal program.

Rosenbaum finds more challenging the various responses to his inquiry into the nature (rather than the causes) of Hitler's evil, and here the interpretations of interviewees are equally varied. Trevor-Roper asserts that Hitler was not consciously evil, because he was "convinced of his own rectitude." From the Führer's point of view, Trevor-Roper contends, killing the Jews and ridding the world of their menace was a benevolent act, to be applauded, not censured—hence those "guilty" of it should feel not remorse but the moral comfort of having carried out a good deed. This is not so glib as it sounds; there may be no other explanation for the ease with which Hitler found, among the rank and file of the SS and the Wehrmacht, subordinates to execute his lethal plans. Yehuda Bauer does not deny that Hitler was evil and knew it, but insists that the evidence is still too thin to reconstruct his motives. Emil Fackenheim, in contrast, argues that Hitler introduced into our universe of understanding a radical evil hitherto unknown in modern society, absolute and without parallel. It did not result from "principle" but existed for its own sake, and was expounded and realized with the same satisfaction that an actor might savor from a performance well done—Hitler as Iago, one might say.

Few biographers and historians take such literary analogies seriously. I find this unfortunate, because there are moments in Rosenbaum's narrative when such a detour might have added something to our grasp of a figure as enigmatic as Hitler. Rosenbaum has an undergraduate degree in English literature from Yale; he left graduate school at Yale to pursue a career as a writer. His early training leaks into his text through a few allusions to Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and through a mention of Thomas Mann and one of Claggart in Melville's *Billy Budd*. But Rosenbaum avoids any hint of the possibility that analyzing certain literary prototypes might open avenues of insight into his subject.

For example, he cites but does not expand on the historian Gordon Craig's observation that Thomas Mann "was one of the first to recognize that at the heart of Hitler's appeal to the German people was his presentation of himself as a mythmaking artist rather than as a politician." Those who read Mann's story "Mario and the Magician" when it was published, in 1929, could not know how shrewdly Mann had foreshadowed the power of an unprincipled performer to mesmerize large audiences, to induce decent people to enact or applaud behavior they would not ordinarily embrace. Mann's conjurer protagonist delights in humiliating his victims as if he is driven by some hidden rancor; he receives pleasure from watching others squirm. His "art" is built on a contest of wills; his triumph is the point and the pinnacle of his routine. But in the story's shocking climax Mann reveals a truth that the world would discover only gradually, in later years. His conclusion suggests how much latent violence is implicit in the appeal of such a figure, whose evil can be stopped only by a decisive countermeasure equally pitiless and harsh.

The culminating pistol shot in Mann's story remained a prophecy unfulfilled. The final attempt to kill Hitler, by the July 20 plotters, failed, and the result was one of Hitler's last personal authorizations of mass murder, admittedly on a minor scale. Among those executed in the wake of the plot, some (on Hitler's orders) were strangled slowly with thin rope rather than hanged in the customary way, which usually brings instantaneous death. Hitler had the executions filmed; afterward he enjoyed watching them in the privacy of his personal theater. Mann's vision of the insolent temper of a mountebank performer who delights in his power over others finds support from several of Rosenbaum's interviewees, who liken Hitler's ability to manipulate his audiences to the practice of a sinister art. But not even Thomas Mann could have predicted the tyrant's gloating over the dying agony of his "actor" victims in an "entertainment" that reversed the usual artistic agenda by changing mimesis into reality.

HITLER'S destructive plans may have been unprecedented, but his *ressentiment*, his vindictive spite (never limited to Jews) against those who threatened his prestige, was not. Here is where the literary imagination helps us to comprehend the type, if not the particular man. The most celebrated—some would say notorious—creative portrayal of Adolf Hitler is in George Steiner's novella *The Portage to San Cristóbal of A.H.* (1982). Rosenbaum interviews Steiner, but seems not much interested in exploring any overlap between literary and historical representation, or what the two might contribute to each other in their separate efforts to link the human with the cruel. Steiner's Hitler supplies a passionate self-justification, tracing much of the inspiration for his deeds back to the Jews themselves. Numerous commentators have blamed Steiner for the "success" of his attempt to put persuasive words in the mouth of his protagonist. Many were shocked and dismayed (Steiner included) when at performances of the dramatized version of the novella audiences applauded at the end of Hitler's long monologue, as if they were responding favorably to his appeal rather than to the talent of the actor portraying him. A sympathetic critic might interpret this as a tribute to Steiner's art rather than to a lapse of taste or vision; hundreds who heard Hitler have testified to the hypnotic power of his voice. One early adherent reported,

> "I do not know how to describe the emotion that swept over me as I heard this man. His words were like a scourge. When he spoke of the disgrace of Germany, I felt ready to spring on the enemy. His appeal to German manhood was like a call to arms, the gospel he preached the sacred truth. . . . I forgot everything but the man. Then glancing around, I saw this magnetism was holding these thousands as one."

Steiner's artistic version of this kind of monologue re-created Hitler's effect, causing a moral confusion in some readers and hearers that duplicates the vulnerability of the human imagination in Hitler's audiences.

Steiner's Hitler is only the most recent in a long line of literary monologists whose cunning rhetoric, under the guise of political or moral virtue, has culminated in disaster. Milton's Satan rebels from "a sense of injured merit," establishing a psychological kinship with the underappreciated Hitler that careful students of the two cannot fail to observe. Satan's power of persuasion causes a third of the heavenly host to rise up with him in a futile endeavor to overthrow God; after the revolt fails, Satan con-

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tinues his mastery of his followers' wills through language rather than deeds in the hell to which they are consigned. The shrewd combination of deception and self-deception in Satan's soliloquies rewards patient analysis, because it sheds much light on how a talented spokesman, however perverse his cause, can sway large audiences ready to be mesmerized by his words. The emergence of Satan as a leader of masses eager to obey is an early prototype of the "Führer Principle." Driven by hatred, vowing vengeance against a world that has wronged him, resolved to find an outlet for his resentment and his wrath, Satan reaches a crucial instant that Hitler theorists search for in vain. This is the moment when he redefines the moral universe from his self-centered point of view by declaring, "Evil be thou my Good," and makes the destruction of innocent victims—Adam and Eve—the goal of his campaign. To fulfill his thwarted nature the fabled Adversary invents his own adversaries. It is a pattern familiar to students of Hitler's career.

OF course, there is a limit to the resemblance between a literary character and a historical figure. There were plenty of political models, among them Frederick the Great, to inflame Hitler's ambition. Moreover, God played a role in Satan's fate that is not apparent in Hitler's career, though Hitler often described himself as an instrument of Providence. But the need for antagonists deserving of destruction is a persuasive tie between Hitler and Satan. This need joins Hitler to two other despotic archetypes, this time from nineteenth-century literature: Captain Ahab, in Melville's *Moby-Dick*; and Ivan Karamazov, in Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*. Both Ahab and Ivan feel hampered by a lack of completeness, by their inability to achieve a liberating perfection that seems analogous to Hitler's ideal of racial purity. Like Satan and Hitler, both are masters of the monologue, designed to capture audiences by undermining their will. Ahab's demonic blood ritual to bind his crew to a monomaniacal pursuit of the White Whale is not far distant from the torchlight parades and mammoth Nuremberg rallies that galvanized Hitler's followers to swear oaths of eternal loyalty. Similarly, Ivan Karamazov's

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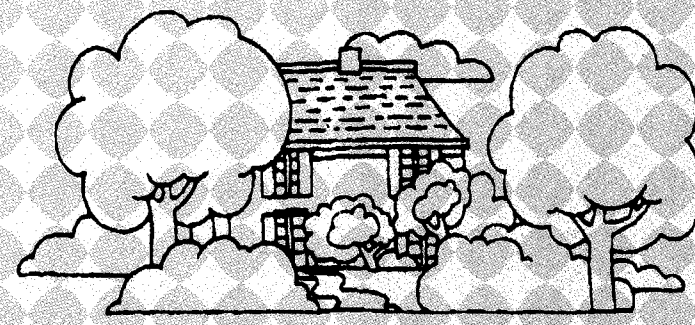

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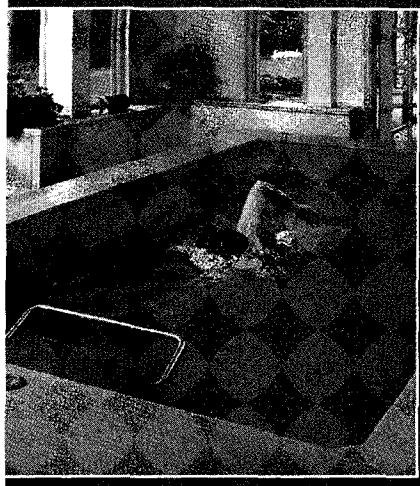

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legend of "The Grand Inquisitor" dramatically anticipates a society like the Third Reich, in which a ruthless and power-hungry leader burns his opponents under the guise of concern for the welfare of his morally mutilated people.

Like Hitler, Ivan Karamazov kills no one; he has an admiring lackey to execute his murderous impulses. The major weapon of each is his voice, whose hypnotic sway seems to give weaker wills the courage to enact otherwise inconceivable deeds. But the two are united by something more: each has a plan that is ostensibly designed to create a more perfect world but really rooted in a need to win favor, to control, to elevate the self. Hitler was both victim and exponent of a principle of hierarchy that has dominated Western religious thought for millennia, though he twisted it to his own purposes. Such a principle sows the seeds of psychological discontent in a Hitler and his literary prototypes even as it espouses a system for achieving and maintaining order and harmony in the universe. Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich was born of the desire to establish an alternate model of hierarchy; all such models eschew mutuality and promote some form of humility (often miscast as humiliation) as a necessary ingredient of their stability. Such schemes are a breeding ground for *ressentiment*, which can be appeased most easily by seizing for oneself the task of deciding and enforcing their rules. Hitler and Ivan's Grand Inquisitor both gain their "eminence" by relieving their subjects of moral responsibility and offering in its place the "ideal happiness" of a society purged of contaminating or dissident members.

Dostoevski knew that such fantasies were built on a pedestal of death. He also recognized that societies like the one proposed by the Grand Inquisitor thrive on violence, consuming more and more victims in their alleged pursuit of purity and perfection. Many of Dostoevski's readers still find Ivan Karamazov's indictment of God for allowing the suffering of little children a compelling argument, forgetting that Ivan is an atheist who has never seen (to say nothing of helped) any suffering children but has collected his accounts of their misery from literary sources. Ivan is a deft vocal performer, and I suspect that his influence on Steiner's portrayal of Hitler is as strong as that of the historical Hitler himself. Artists like Milton, Melville, and Dostoevski provide considerable insight into the psychology of vengeance and the rhetoric that supports it. They add much to our understanding of what drove Hitler and how he gained the allegiance of tens if not hundreds of thousands in carrying out his program of destruction.

Hitler's greatest crime was the murder of European Jewry. But by focusing so consistently on the Holocaust, Rosenbaum shrinks the margins of the pedestal of death on which Hitler raised his monument to a Thousand-Year Reich. Readers of Rosenbaum's volume are not asked to dwell on a number of other statistics: that during the 1930s Hitler ordered the sterilization of more than 300,000 of his own people; that during his twelve-year reign at least 30,000 citizens of the Third Reich received death sentences from military and civilian courts, for "crimes" ranging from "undermining the war effort" to desertion; that 70,000 to 100,000 Germans and Austrians (very few of them Jews) were killed by the so-called euthanasia program, initiated by an order bearing Hitler's signature and continuing, despite an "official" suspension, with increasing secrecy throughout the war; that thousands of Polish intellectuals and priests were murdered well before decisions were made about the Final Solution; that tens of thousands of civilians were killed by the strategically unnecessary terror-bombing of undefended cities such as Rotterdam and Belgrade; that reprisal atrocities of unimaginable cruelty occurred, with some of the victims burned to death, at places now known only to specialists—Lidice, in Czechoslovakia; Oradour-sur-Glane, in France; Kalavrita, in Greece; and the Ardeatine caves, outside Rome. This is the "short list," most of it simply ignored by Rosenbaum. It does not include the millions of Soviet prisoners of war who perished in open pens from starvation, exposure, or disease. Trying to explain Hitler without enumerating the murderous acts of his regime creates what Rosenbaum fears most but does not himself completely avoid describing: a detached figure who presided over the ruin of civilization at a distance—a man like the rest of us but more ruthless, readier to decree the deaths of others without pangs of conscience or fear of retribution.

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INFORMED readers will view Rosenbaum's *Explaining Hitler* as only an interim report. The Hitler industry is far from finished. Unavailable to Rosenbaum during his research was Fritz Redlich's *Hitler: Diagnosis of a Destructive Prophet*, which tries to turn an abstraction into a personality by analyzing in comprehensive detail the medical and psychological records, insofar as they exist, of Adolf Hitler. Redlich calls his work a "pathography"—"the study of the life and character of an individual, as influenced by disease." A neurologist and a psychiatrist by training, Redlich is certainly qualified to undertake such an investigation. But his conclusions are hardly startling. For example, observers and commentators have long suspected that toward the end of his life Hitler suffered from the early stages of Parkinson's disease. Moreover, Redlich's diagnosis of giant cell arteritis, based on notes about Hitler's complaints entered in the diary of Theodor Morell, his personal physician, will seem significant chiefly to the medically curious. Redlich also finds evidence supporting some kind of genital deformation in Hitler, possibly a lesion, which could have led to a sense of sexual inadequacy. In later life this *might* have been translated into a lethal contempt for those he considered inferior. (Redlich is modest in his claims, refusing to conceal the role of speculation in his analysis.)

Redlich's survey of Hitler's life and political aims, drawn from innumerable scholarly sources, is a useful if somewhat lengthy compendium that may be of value to readers disinclined or unable to turn to these sources, many of which are in German. But this material, which precedes the medical and psychological diagnoses, takes up half the text. It contains little that is new, making one wonder what it adds to our understanding of the period or the man. One more rehearsal of the Reichstag fire, the Munich Agreement, Kristallnacht, and the invasion of Poland seems hardly necessary in a scrutiny of the medical and psychological roots of Hitler's murderous ways.

Redlich's most important comments come in his closing pages, when with admirable candor he admits the limitations of his approach. Although he has offered persuasive arguments against some of the outlandish conjectures of others, and even against some more-reasonable psychiatric hypotheses, including "antisocial personality disorder," he endorses as probably true the psychohistorian Robert Waite's argument that a passage in *Mein Kampf* is a screen memory for a "primal scene" that Hitler witnessed as a child. But even if Waite is correct, why this intimate sexual moment between his parents should have remained imprinted on the psyche of the adult to nurture his murderous impulses, when so many other children manage to sublimate similar moments, remains a mystery. To his credit, Redlich avoids the arrogance of certainty that one finds in some clinicians who turn their talents to the assessment of historical figures. But his main conclusion—that Hitler was a destructive prophet who suffered from paranoid delusions—is no more satisfactory than the theories of the experts in Rosenbaum's *Explaining Hitler*. It does little to help the mind trace the twisted journey from such a diagnosis to the gas chambers of Auschwitz or the killing pits of Babi Yar. More provocative is Redlich's brief effort to find in Nazi ideology a bond between salvation and ruin—similar, as he concedes, to Saul Friedländer's recent conception of a "redemptive antisemitism." Usurping Christian discourse provided Hitler with an acceptable goal for unacceptable means, just as the mortal soul in fear of death finds consolation in the promise of transfiguration. The echo of the Satanic formulation in *Paradise Lost*—"Evil be thou my Good"—here resounds with a singular clarity.

Redlich mentions Carl Jung's comment that Hitler was "the loudspeaker that magnified the inaudible whispers of the German soul." But, like Rosenbaum, he devotes little space to verbalizing or even heeding these whispers, and this draws our attention to a vital missing factor in both volumes under review. Hitler (like Heinrich Himmler and Reinhard Heydrich) was not literally a mass murderer but only the authorizer of atrocities that indelibly stained the perimeters of German consciousness. Even if a direct connection could be definitively proved between Hitler's health or character and the crimes later carried out in his name, we would gain only a tiny grain of understanding of the disasters he inspired. Efforts to explain Hitler deflect our attention from addressing the problem of what Daniel Goldhagen has

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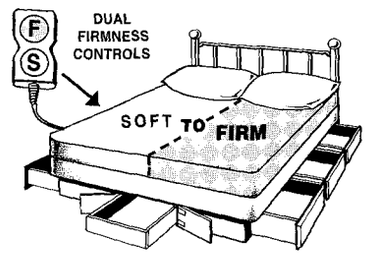

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called his "willing executioners"—those men and women, German and non-German, who without protest shot, starved, beat, tortured, bombed, gassed, or injected to death millions of victims across Europe. It also diverts our attention from the precise nature of the crimes, what Primo Levi called the needless cruelty of the killings, which many commentators assume is too well known to require rehearsal. The "how" of the killings is as crucial as the "why," and the abundance of the killers who were so easily recruited is as enigmatic as the question of what drove Hitler to recruit them.

REDLICH'S clinical discussion of Hitler's physical and mental maladies, fascinating as it may be for specialists, only highlights the more broadly challenging strategy of Rosenbaum's *Explaining Hitler*. By juxtaposing contradictory portraits of Nazi Germany's leader, Rosenbaum leaves us with the difficult task of choosing the most persuasive among them. Just as Redlich favors certain diagnoses over others, so Rosenbaum has his preferred interpretations. Rosenbaum finds compelling Lucy Dawidowicz's argument, in *The War Against the Jews* (1975), that Hitler knew what he was doing from the beginning—that the plan to destroy the Jews was always the main incentive of his political career. But Rosenbaum has his aversions, too, chief among them being Christopher Browning's view that a hesitant Hitler postponed his decision to "finalize" the Final Solution until mid- or late September—possibly even early October—of 1941, a date later than any suggested by other Holocaust historians. Using material unavailable to Lucy Dawidowicz, Browning suggests that Hitler was "aware of the *enormity* of what he was doing," and thus vacillated before resolving to exterminate every last Jew within his power. Instead of countering this controversial position with his own historical data, Rosenbaum chooses to ridicule it. He distorts Browning's reasoning by speaking of Browning's "Hamlet" Hitler (though many Shakespeare scholars have long since discarded the idea of a Hamlet who is wavering by nature), his "nebbish" Hitler, and his "dithering" Hitler. Browning is too distinguished a Holocaust scholar to have his hypothesis dismissed with such shallow derision. Rosenbaum might have queried Browning on what seems to me to be his hairsplitting distinction between the "vague" orders to the Einsatzgruppen in June of 1941 for the mass murder of Jews in Russia and the supposedly firm decision the following September for the annihilation of Jews everywhere in Europe. Furthermore, the first experimental gassings with Zyklon B took place in Auschwitz on September 3, 1941, weeks before Browning's preferred date, using Soviet prisoners of war and Polish inmates as "test" victims. But we can hardly be expected to believe that the Germans were planning gas chambers in order to exterminate Russians and Poles.

Browning's arguments should have been met with the same kind of serious analysis that Rosenbaum awards to most of his other Hitler theorists. Because he prefers Dawidowicz's portrait of a uniformly decisive Hitler, Rosenbaum slights some questionable inferences required to keep her evidence intact. But in so doing he may merely be evincing a common human penchant: we choose the Hitler most consistent with what we need to believe.

My feeling is that between the conception and the execution of mass murder falls the shadow of the dying. Hence no account of the terrible time we call the Holocaust even approaches completion unless it joins their agony to the story of those who killed them and why. This approach also protects us against a danger that Rosenbaum raises near the end of his book: that "explaining" Hitler might somehow prompt us to exculpate him or find his acts "less hateful to contemplate." No one confronted with the hideous details of German atrocities could possibly consider forgiving *or* forgetting. Because the history of the Third Reich includes the transgressions of innumerable criminals other than the man who first imagined their crimes, I think it would be a mistake to allow the portrait gallery of Holocaust studies to be dominated by representations of the single figure of Adolf Hitler.

BRIEF REVIEWS

Mr. Darwin's Shooter

by Roger McDonald.
Atlantic Monthly Press,
376 pages, $25.00.

SYMS Covington, the hero of this novel, was a real person, the young gunner who "obtained" specimens for Darwin—meaning he killed birds without damaging their appearance. Mr. McDonald assumes that Covington was a pious lad, raised on Bunyan and the Bible, and disconcerted by the mounting evidence that creation could not have occurred as described in Holy Writ. Ultimately, as a rich and respected citizen of Australia, he is appalled by the publication of *The Origin of Species*. The novel is not simply an account of religious disillusionment. Mr. McDonald is a generous, leisurely author who gives the reader a large cast of quirky characters, much peripheral detail, lively action, and a view of nineteenth-century social patterns. Covington, moreover, is no plaster saint, and the *Beagle*'s long voyage offers opportunities for adventure. One need not be pro or anti either Darwin or Genesis to enjoy this well-written tale.

America Day by Day

by Simone de Beauvoir,
translated by Carol Cosman.
University of California,
390 pages, $27.50.

DE Beauvoir arrived in the United States in January of 1947 for a four-month lecture tour that took her all across the country. The diary she pub-

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lished for a French audience is now fine reading for an American audience. De Beauvoir's knowledge of this country was based on movies going all the way back to Tom Mix and Tony, and she knew it was unreliable. She came with an open mind and an inclination to good will. She was critical but never supercilious. If she was often surprised by the obvious, she often saw the obvious in a surprising way. She was not always accurate: one footnote states simply, "She's got this wrong," and the translator has made no attempt to correct her gaudy misinformation about the Salem witch trials. She is a stimulating traveling companion all the way, coming to a provocative conclusion: "America is one of the pivotal points of the world, where the future of man is being played out. . . . It is a battlefield." She left the battlefield reluctantly.

Witness: Images of Auschwitz

by David Olère and Alexandre Oler. D. & F. Scott/WestWind Press, 112 pages, $36.00.

The late David Olère, an artist, survived Auschwitz and subsequently drew what he saw there. That the style is straightforward, almost cartoonlike, somehow emphasizes the inhuman brutality of the death machine. Alexandre Oler has provided a text presumably based on conversations with his father. It conveys the same stripped-down, matter-of-fact horror depicted in the drawings. This is a terrible book about a terrible time.

Noah's Flood

by William Ryan and Walter Pitman. Simon & Schuster, 319 pages, $25.00.

Both the authors are scientists expert in geology and oceanography. It occurred to them to inquire into the possible reality behind the story of Noah's flood and the much earlier version in the Gilgamesh epic. If there was a tremendous flood, where did it strike, and when, and why? They have found highly convincing answers to all those questions in currents through the Dardanelles, ice cores from Greenland, and archaeological digs all across Europe and the Middle East. They have not found

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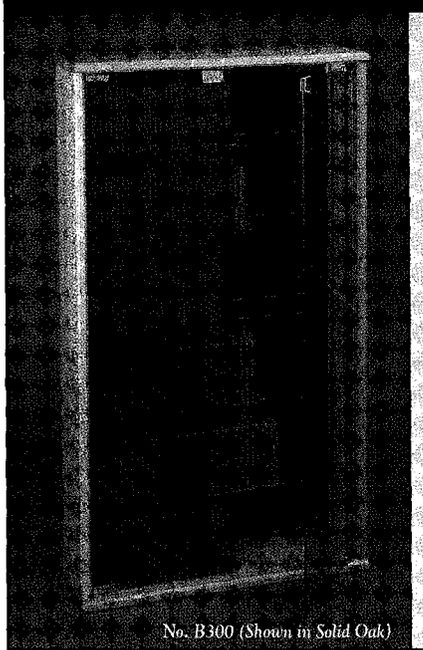
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"Cross-Training"

Nine Acrosses took NO SECONDS; *their second letters (shown below in parentheses) were deleted. Eight Downs received a* HIKE *or a* LIFT; *their entries go upward in the diagram.*
Across. a. SPAS + MS b. STEM (double def.) c. TUT + TUT d. A(n)TONY e. S(o)LING f. O + RIG + IN g. S + CAN h. CELLO (hidden rev.) i. T(s)ARS j. T(e)AMED k. S(c)OOTS l. P(o)RES m. K + NUT + E n. K(n)EEL o. O + R(D)EAL p. A(d)VERT q. E(s)THER r. OD + ESSA (*seas* anag.) s. MEET (double def.) t. MY + STIC(k) *Down.* 1. LOCU(ST)S 2. PULSE (double def.) 3. T(AL)ENTS 4. MUGS (double def.) 5. MA(R + AU)D 6. S + TINT 7. UK(RAIN)E 8. MYNA + S (*many* anag.) 9. DEF(TL)Y (*lt* rev.) 10. CRE(OL[d])E 11. MUSI(c)AL 12. ETR(URI)A (*tear* anag.) 13. S(EVENT)H 14. CAT'S-EYE (*secretary rr* anag.) 15. S + HEARS 16. PRO(E)M 17. SKEE + T (*eeks* rev.) 18. TOR(S)I 19. LAD + Y

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the final, absolute proof, which would be evidence of villages at the bottom of the Black Sea, as deep and nasty a piece of water as exists anywhere. Still, the *Titanic* has been reached. The case just calls for patience. The book includes useful maps and pointless illustrations.

The Endurance

by Caroline Alexander, with photographs by Frank Hurley. Knopf, 214 pages, $29.95.

The *Endurance* was the ship that Sir Ernest Shackleton lost in the Antarctic ice in 1915 and from which his whole party survived one of the greatest open-boat voyages in history. The expedition has been described more than once. Ms. Alexander has sensibly, and ably, concentrated on the characters and interactions of the men, as revealed in diaries and letters, and used her text as a frame for previously unpublished pictures by the expedition's Australian photographer, Frank Hurley. The pictures are dazzling. There is no other word for the patterns of black rigging against snow, or for the angles and shadows Hurley recorded as he climbed to improbable places and clung to unlikely surfaces while, according to a shipmate, swearing throughout. (*South*, Shackleton's own account of the expedition, is available in paperback from Lyons Press, at $16.95.)

Lila Says

by Chimo. Scribner, 128 pages, $20.00.

The French publisher's note explains that Chimo's handwritten manuscript was delivered by "an attorney" on behalf of an author determined to remain anonymous. Chimo is the narrator of what may or may not be a novel. He claims to be nineteen years old, a resident of a decrepit and filthy public-housing project, and, like his friends, undereducated, unemployed, and addicted to petty theft. He is also pursued by Lila, a girl of angelic beauty and nymphomaniac tastes. Chimo reveals, usually obliquely, standards that suggest a correct, if liberal, bourgeois background. The question becomes, Is this affair a hoax? Is it the work of a brilliant guttersnipe or of a capable conventional author wishing to try his (or possibly her) hand at pornography with a socially conscious frosting? Not worth knowing, unless one loves puzzles.

Jeanne Calment From Van Gogh's Time to Ours

by Dr. Michel Allard, Dr. Victor Lébre, and Jean-Marie Robine. W. H. Freeman, 136 pages, $22.95.

Forget Van Gogh. His name is bait to entice readers into a geriatric study by the three authors, who interviewed Jeanne Calment toward the end of her life of 122 years. They came to admire her, for she was a woman of good humor and frequent wit, but they never ceased to view her as a specimen. Any reader but the medical-minded (for whom the text is really intended) will wish those three snoopers would get out of Madame Calment's way.

The Shamans of Prehistory: Trance and Magic in the Painted Caves

by Jean Clottes and David Lewis-Williams, translated by Sophie Hawkes. Abrams, 120 pages, $49.50.

Jean Clottes is an expert on the prehistoric paintings in French and Spanish caves. David Lewis-Williams is an expert on South African Bushmen's art who bases his studies on both ethnological data and neurophysiological research. The two have combined to produce an interpretation of European cave art as shamanistic. They begin with an explanation of what shamanism is and how its rituals can proceed, through neurological patterns common to all animals, to hallucinations and out-of-body experiences. Although it seems a trifle rash to attribute hallucinations to cats, the case for them in people is truly convincing, and the photographic evidence from the caves supports it. The photographs are predictably handsome. The text is well organized and presented with economical directness. For readers who wish to check scholarly sources, there is a two-page bibliography—in fine print.

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

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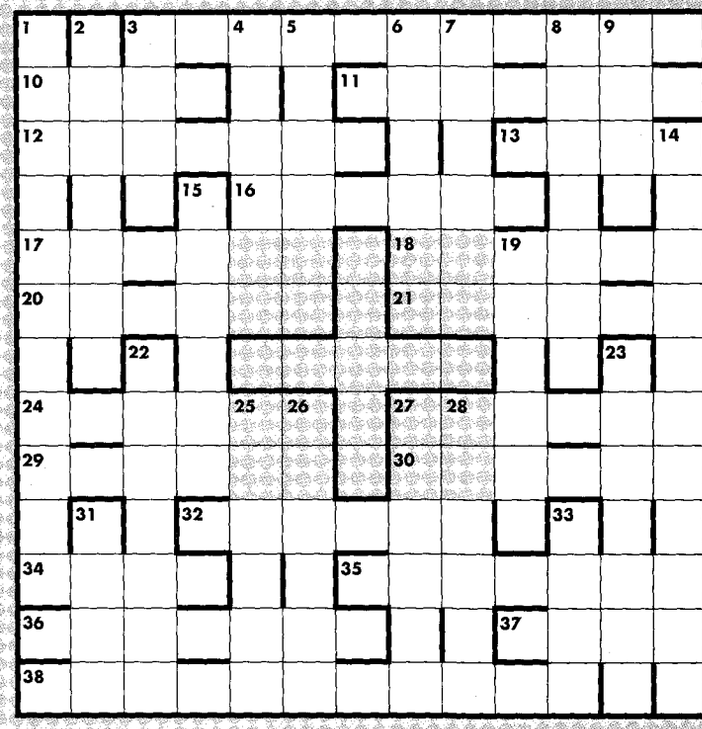
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Central Square

When all clue answers have been entered in the diagram, the 5 x 5 shaded area will feature a miniature crossword known as a "word square," in which the five Across entries are the same as the five Down entries. The central entry of this word square must be deduced. Clue answers include ten capitalized words.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 105.

Across

3. Regular streets looped by Wood Circle (5-6)
10. Carnal desire is mostly irregular (4)
11. Rock-and-rollers live at The Parisian (7)
12. "Arch and sway," sweetheart said (7)
13. Current in the sound is a potential shipping hazard (4)
16. Cry about style in French city (6)
17. *Tool Time* led by French film director (6)
18. Furred animals were skinned in front of tunnel (6)
20. In tub, note something drawn (6)
21. Turner runs the premiere of *Robert E. Lee* with a retraction (6)
24. Nothing gained by habitual failure or slacker (6)
27. Start in behind hoop gear (6)
29. Before afternoon, a reversing in the current rate? (6)
30. Staff eating fruit turned fat (6)
32. In Quebec, I satisfy a certain Catholic (6)
34. Minirecession holds back isle (4)
35. Note: Jay won't do exercises (3,4)
36. Argue the pros and cons of plate thrown before the start of supper (7)
37. Article followed by O'Neill's first name (4)
38. Methods seen working for a Greek statesman (11)

Down

1. Eat meal, burp rudely, and go for a walk (11)
2. Midwestern city has controlled storage facility (7)
3. Thin metal sword (4)
4. Sound made by pace-setter is something groovy (6)
5. What's true about Madonna's face, even (6)
6. Repaired street layer (6)
7. Poetic Indian went fast, straddling Silver (6)
8. I pound and pound Shakespeare in malice (3,4)
9. Sign of the end of Iron Age (4)
14. Midafternoon prayer comes up around porch occasionally (4,3,4)
15. In conversation, nails part of a contract (6)
19. Passion rising in mountains and deserts (6)
22. Bribe the guy's mother at first with devious rhetoric (7)
23. Wrong side of England we'd strengthened (7)
25. Dark passage in Egypt's earliest puzzle (6)
26. Combat is breaking up peace (6)
27. Bird with a pronounced halo (6)
28. Lousy wreck to rent (6)
31. Port town that is under East River (4)
33. Interjections "slime" uttered (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.

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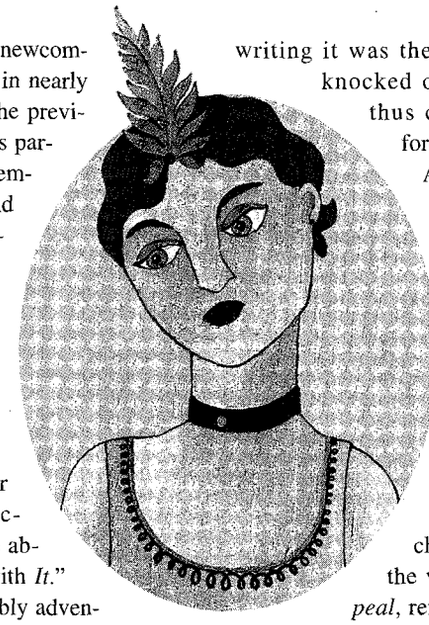
WORD IMPROVISATION

by J. E. Lighter

Oomph and Others

DESPITE a wan performance in *Meet Joe Black*—a movie so long and tedious that it prompted a Hollywood observer to call Kenneth Starr's congressional appearance "the *Meet Joe Black* of testimony"—the actor Brad Pitt was recently decreed by the Cable News Network to be "Hollywood's *It Man*." Surely very few CNN viewers resonated fully with the reference, but no doubt many savored the expression's campy, retro flavor and most intuited the gist. Back in the early sixties nobody on the high school dating scene required an explanation of the usually self-congratulatory (and grammatically peculiar) idiom "Some guys got it—and some guys ain't." The ineffable *it* was understood to be the magnetism and *je ne sais quoi* necessary to attract girls. But whence, in a larger sense, came this thing called *it*? And how, one might ask, does it differ from that thing called *oomph*?

It occupies a semantic space bordering both *charisma* and *pizzazz*. Like these, *it* has long been a unisex term. As far back as 1904, Rudyard Kipling had a character say, "'Tisn't beauty. . . . nor good talk necessarily. It's just *It*. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street." The English novelist Elinor Glyn helped to broadcast the concept, first in a 1926 serialized story called "*It*," published by *Cosmopolitan* in its pre–Cosmo girl existence, and then by means of an introductory cameo in the vaguely related 1927 film of the same name. *It* led straight to *It Girl*, the publicity tag that conferred a modicum of immortality on the eponymous film's star, the twenty-one-year-old Clara Bow. The actress was not exactly a newcomer—she had appeared in nearly three dozen films in the previous five years. But this particular performance memorably defined one kind of Jazz Age female—an irreverent nice-girl participant in a naughty new world of hot jazz, speakeasies, and happy-go-lucky romance. A slightly skeptical *New York Times* reviewer judged Bow's character, Betty Lou, to be absolutely "top-heavy with *It*." Clara Bow's irrepressibly adventurous alter ego (and some real-life scandals involving Bow) gave added dimension to the cartoonist John Held Jr.'s ubiquitous caricatures of the Roaring Twenties flapper.



Fast-forward to the 1930s and a new Hollywood take on *sex appeal* (what was called *S.A.* and what Ultra Brite toothpaste later claimed it could give your smile). On March 16, 1939, America learned of the bestowal upon the husky-voiced Ann Sheridan, by a squad of Warner Bros. publicists, the startling title *Oomph Girl of America*. (The names of other contenders, if there were any, are lost to history.) *Oomph* was already current in a minor way; in comic writing it was the sound of air being knocked out of someone, and thus came to indicate the force of the blow as well. As for translation: publicity stills of Sheridan, even dressed modestly, worked well at what scholars call the "prelinguistic level." *Oomph*, like *pow!*, is an onomatopoeic rendering. Connoisseurs of onomatopoeia also cherish *va-va-va-voom*, the very sound of *sex appeal*, reminiscent, perhaps, of a race car taking off at Indy—or the rhythm of a musical flourish at a strip club. There's also *boinnng!*, the *schwinnng!* of *Wayne's World*, and, for the marginally more articulate, *hubba-hubba!* (which initially had the sense "Look alive!" and was heard mainly in sports).

A *glamourpuss* who exhibits too much *S.A.* and too little in the way of character or brains may attract the disparaging label *bimbo*. That term is now applied mainly to women—as in the famous *bimbo eruptions* for which an aide to Bill Clinton was ever on the watch back in 1992—but it originated in the Italian *bimbo*, meaning a baby. *Bimbo* wound up being applied to young women of the Prohibition era by way of the grammatically ungendered English *baby* in constructions like *jazz-baby*—a *hot mama*, in other words. After years of relative dormancy, *bimbo* bounced back in the early 1980s. The eighties also saw the birth of *bimbette* (a younger or lesser *bimbo*). *Himbo*, the nineties term for a male *bimbo*, is approximately as clever as the replacement of *his*tory with *her*story. It has demonstrated enough *pizzazz* for at least short-term viability. Some words got it—and some words ain't.

Investigations of slang by the editor of the
Random House Historical Dictionary of American Slang

Illustrations by Trisha Krauss

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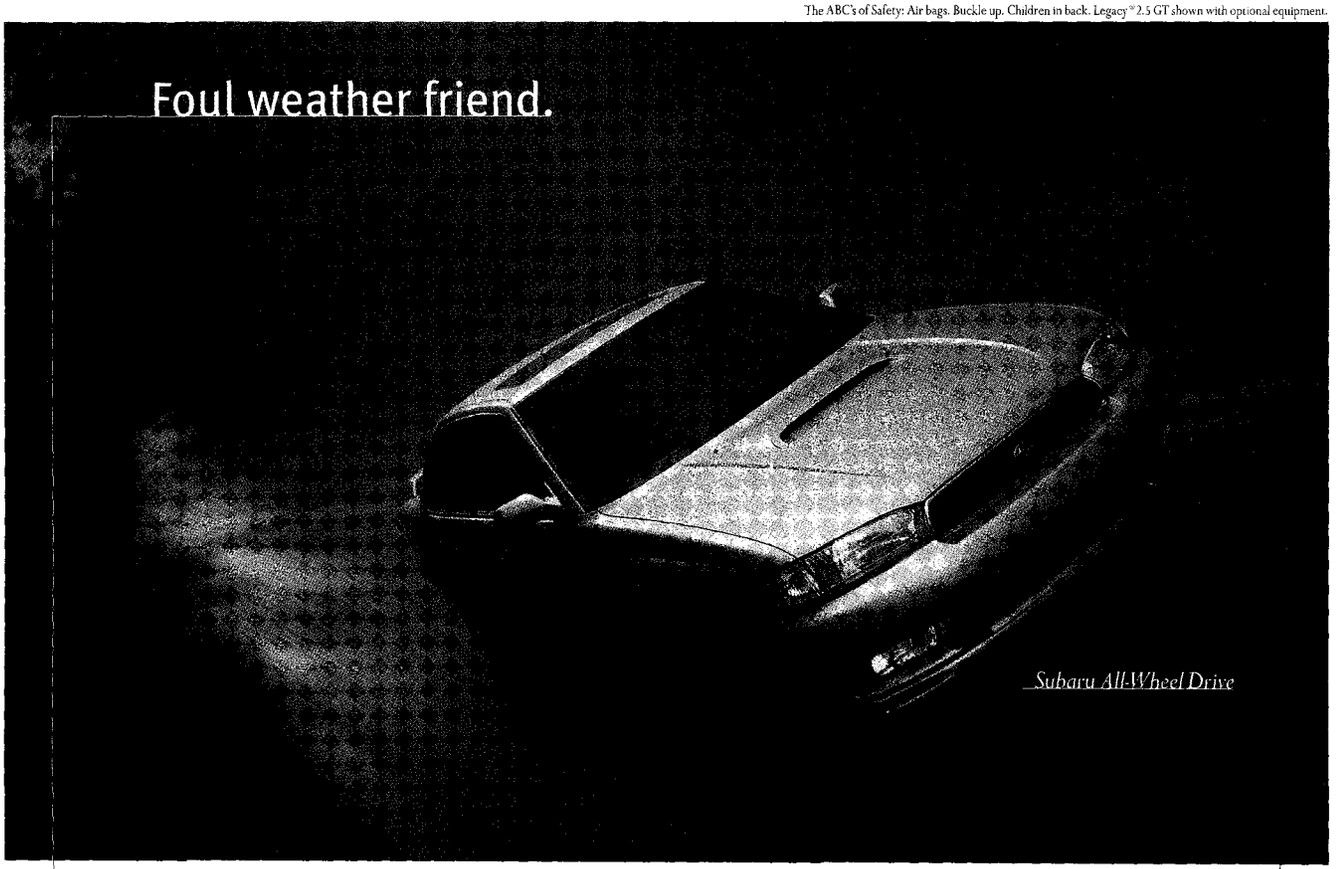
The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in back. Legacy® 2.5 GT shown with optional equipment.

Foul weather friend.



Our unique All-Wheel Driving System automatically transfers power from the wheels that slip to the wheels that grip.

When the weather turns against you, it's nice to have a Subaru on your side. Its exclusive All-Wheel Driving System is a unique combination of three components, all working together to help keep you in control no matter what the weather. The horizontally opposed boxer engine provides better stability. The independent suspension helps smooth out the road ahead. And the full-time All-Wheel Drive constantly monitors changing road conditions for maximum traction on almost any surface. So stop by your Subaru dealer for a test-drive, visit www.subaru.com or call 1-800-WANT-AWD. It could be the start of a beautiful relationship.

SUBARU®

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.®

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Integrating your tax strategy with your business strategy.
It's like marrying for the money without the disapproving looks.

Identifying the potential tax improvements available to your business, while avoiding the pitfalls, takes knowledge, persistence and, like the best relationships, commitment.

KPMG
It's time for clarity.

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